And you will face the sea of darkness, and all therein that may be explored.

–Lucio Fulci, The Beyond

Yet who shall declare the dark theme a positive handicap? Radiant with beauty, the Cup of the Ptolemies was carven of onyx.

–H.P. Lovecraft, "Supernatural Horror in Literature"

University of Alberta

Beast with a Million Eyes:

Unleashing Horror through Deleuze and Guattari

by

David Eric Annandale ©

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research

in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

Department of English

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The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research for acceptance, a thesis entitled "Beast with a Million Eyes: Unleashing Horror through Deleuze and Guattari" submitted by David Eric Annandale in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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Feb 27, 1998

This thesis is dedicated to my parents

Eleanor and Eric Annandale

who saw me all the way through this journey

and to the memory of my grandparents

Bernard Sidney Payne (1905-1997)

and

Mary Marchak Payne (1914-1997)

who saw me through as far as they could.

ABSTRACT

The purpose of "Beast with a Million Eyes: Unleashing Horror through Deleuze and Guattari" is twofold: to define horror fiction in non-genre terms, and to analyze horror with an eye to political deployment. To this end, the thesis uses the work of Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, with special attention to A Thousand Plateaus.

The Introduction considers the problems of genre theory and proposes defining horror fiction as narrative art where the primary affect (as described in What is Philosophy?) is horror.

Chapter One approaches A Thousand Plateaus via the stories of H.P. Lovecraft (the horror writer most frequently cited by Deleuze and Guattari), selecting the five concepts (rhizome, war machine, refrain, faciality, and becoming) that appear to have the most in common with horror fiction. The rest of the thesis elaborates on these concepts, using a variety of horror fiction case studies to explicate the concepts, to show how they illuminate the nature of horror, and to show how they can facilitate tapping into the subversive potential of horror.

Chapter Two redefines the form of horror fiction through an examination the rhizome, a concept that embodies the innumerable forms that horror fiction adopts in order to raise the horror affect. Subsequent chapters explore the concepts that show different aspects of horror's tactics.

Chapter Three deals with the war machine and shows how horror fiction acts (dealing specifically with the tactics of assault on the audience).

The refrain (Chapter Four) demonstrates how horror fiction mutates (tactics of

renewal and change).

Chapters Five and Six are the ones most concerned with horror fiction's political roles, as they explore, respectively, the concepts of faciality (the mechanism that produces repressive social and political structures, and is that which must be resisted) and becoming (a means to that resistance).

The Conclusion examines David Lynch's film Lost Highway as a quintessentially Deleuzoguattarian horror film, showing to advantage each of the analyzed concepts.

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INTRODUCTION

STALKING THE BEAST

The Beast is invisible, yet its effects are not. It can take over any multitude of animals and bend them to its will. It sees through their eyes. From a million perspectives, from a million shapes, from a million eyes, it can attack. It is a chaotic multiplicity, yet it is also unified in its goal. It is out to get you.

The Beast with a Million Eyes (1956) was one of the early products of the fledgling American-International Pictures. Made for a paltry $23,000, it is chiefly remembered (when at all) for its wonderful title and for its lurid poster (both of which were dreamed up and pre-sold before there was so much as a script). For all its flaws, it is not without interest, featuring, for instance, a bird attack seven years before The Birds. But the film is also conceptually interesting. The invisibility of the monster may have been economically motivated, but I find the result fascinating. And it will provide me with a useful image for describing my conception of horror fiction.

My purpose in this thesis is twofold: I want to define horror fiction, and I want to analyze horror with an eye to political deployment. Two questions, then: 1) what is horror? and 2) what can we do with it? These questions betray a personal interest. Horror fiction has been a huge part of my life for over 20 years, and will no doubt continue to be so. I want to understand this phenomenon that obsesses me, and I want to explore what it can do.

What then, is horror in fiction?[1] And what is horror fiction? How close a connection is there between these two terms? They are not necessarily synonymous. There have been many attempts at defining horror, and doubtless such efforts will continue. Most of these attempts make the underlying assumption that horror is a genre. From that premise, the next step is to define this genre. While some very useful studies[2] have come out of this approach, I wish to avoid it. The difficulty with most genre studies is the difficulty with the concept of genre itself. Andrew Tudor defines genre as "a set of conventions of narrative, setting, characterization, motive, imagery, iconography and so on which exists in the practical consciousness of those fluent in its 'language'" (5–6). To define a horror genre, one would have to say exactly what the appropriate pool of narratives, settings, etc. is, something Tudor admits is not easy: "while most people have ideas about what might generally constitute a horror movie . . . they might very well disagree about the classification of specific films" (6). Attempts to define the genre characteristics of horror produce what are at best partial definitions of horror, leaving out too many works that, while clearly important to the field, do not conform to a given definition, and are thus excluded from consideration. Dennis Gifford, for example, feels that the horror film must include elements of the supernatural, and so there is no mention of Psycho in his seminal Pictorial History of Horror Movies (1973). Yet even the most superficial examination of the development of horror films since 1960 could hardly miss the incalculable impact Hitchcock's picture has had.[3] But if one tries to widen the definition to include all forms of horror film, the categorical definitions have a tendency to become so vague as to be virtually meaningless.

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[1] By fiction I mean to include narratives appearing in whatever medium. My focus in this thesis will be print and film.

[2] Andrew Tudor's Monsters and Mad Scientists: A Cultural History of the Horror Movie, for instance, is an invaluable guide to the broad trends of horror film development, surveying some 990 films and demonstrating how the preponderance of one type of horror film over another reflects the cultural anxieties of the time. Tudor argues for a flexible genre definition, and he divides the horror genre into various subcategories designed to include as many films as possible (supernatural vs. secular horror, external vs. internal, autonomous vs. dependent). He does not, however, provide a definition of the horror genre generally.

While genre criticism can be a powerful tool, I think it can be more fruitfully applied to something like the western, which, circumscribed as it is by time and location, is more amenable to generic analysis.[4] But there is, once again, a certain monolithism to genre criticism that renders it unsuitably reductive and rigid in its application to horror.[5]

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[3] Leaving aside the more transparent imitations of Psycho (either in title—1961's Homicidal, for instance—or in scenes—the innumerable shower murders of slasher films), Hitchcock's film firmly established the killer with the big knife as one of the new standard monsters in horror film, and greatly elevated the importance of the shock set piece.

[4] I freely admit to being open to correction here. While the western, especially in film, strikes me as one of the more instantly recognizable genres, it did undergo striking mutations in the 30s and 40s, incorporating elements from the musical, the film noir, science fiction, comedy, horror, and so on. Furthermore, films such as Outland (1981), which was promoted in its PR kits as "High Noon in space," suggest that a more flexible approach to the western might also be in order.

[5] One solution to the problem is to side-step it by avoiding definition altogether, as David Skal does in The Monster Show: A Cultural History of Horror. Skal, whose book is one of the few to consider film and print, sticks to works whose classification as horror fiction is unproblematic (for the most part involving the vampire/Frankenstein monster/Jekyll & Hyde themes)—i.e. these are works that, even lacking a precise definition of horror, everyone would agree are horror fiction. Since Skal's focus is on the horror narratives that have had the greatest cultural impact in the US this century, his

Further, most genre studies (indeed, most studies on horror of any kind) are passive or reactive. By this I mean that they analyze the phenomenon of horror, state what they think it is and what they feel it does, but very few look at what horror can do, or propose a means of extracting that potential. They look on from the point of view of observers having no impact at all on the object of study.

A notable, and extremely important, exception to the above is Carol Clover's 1992 study Men, Women and Chain Saws: Gender in the Modern Horror Film. Clover takes an active role, seeking out and exploiting subversive gender possibilities in the horror film. She challenges the conventional view that the slasher film is purely and simply a festival of rampant misogyny,[6] demonstrating the cross-gender identification that takes place between a primarily male audience and a female protagonist. Clover's work has had tremendous impact. It has been a success far beyond the confines of the ivory tower, changing the way both scholars and fans view the horror film (especially the slasher and rape-revenge films). It has also, at some level, changed the horror film: Clover notes that she is aware of "three instances in which directors of slasher films made adjustments to their work in response to reading the separately published version of chapter 1 of this book" (232).

All of this indicates that Clover's book goes beyond being merely passive-

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approach works well. But should one decide to venture off into greyer territory, the way becomes more difficult, and that is why, for my purposes, a definition of some kind is necessary.

[6] A view that, in most quarters, stands as one of the most unchallengeable pieces of Received Wisdom in film criticism, academic or popular.

observer criticism; rather it actively engages the artform it discusses, and provides useful tools for critics, practitioners and audiences alike. The popularity of Men, Women and Chain Saws will likely further the cross-gender identification that Clover highlights, as future audiences are now explicitly conscious of this possibility, and can seek it out.

Clover's book is a perfect example of what I see as active criticism: it helps create new approaches, new ways of thinking and new ways of creating. The cross-gender movements are just one case of the sort of thing that I believe horror is capable of doing, and that I want to encourage in these pages. Broadly speaking, I would like to examine how we can play up the destabilizing elements in horror fiction in order to take apart various repressive social constructions. In this respect, my project is very much in sympathy with Robin Wood's. In "An Introduction to the American Horror Film," he writes that "[f]or the filmmakers as well as for the audience, full awareness stops at the level of plot, action, and character, in which the most dangerous and subversive implications can disguise themselves and escape detection" (174). He then sets out to pry out those implications. I hope to do the same.

Clover deals with the problem of definition by largely ignoring it until near the end of her study. She examines subcategories of horror (slasher, rape-revenge and so forth), creating her own groupings as necessary in order to serve the purpose of her inquiry. While her delineation of her categories is rigorous, one of the few times she approaches the question of the larger category of horror raises both some awkward questions and some interesting possibilities. She writes:

> the first and central aim of horror cinema is to play to the masochistic fears and desires in its audiences. . . . It may play on other fears and desires too, but dealing out pain is its defining characteristic; sadism, by definition, plays at best a supporting role. To the extent that a movie succeeds in "hurting" its viewers in this way, it is good horror; to the extent that it fails, it is bad horror; to the extent that it does not try, it is not horror, but something else. (229)

This is a much more flexible definition than any genre-based one. It is important because it identifies horror films not by their manifest content but by their effect on the audience. The idea that the films fulfill and release the masochistic desires of the audience suggests an important way in which horror fiction can play out a destabilizing role. I shall return to this. The problems with Clover's definition arise, however, in the process of application. To her definition she appends the following note: "Thus a film like Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer [1986], which plays definitively on sadistic impulses, does not in my view qualify as horror" (229). I am not sure what she means here. If she is suggesting that, lacking a Final Girl (the female character who invariably dispatches the male slasher), and having instead Henry as the central focus of the film, our identification now lies with the killer, and so Henry is not horror film, then neither is Peeping Tom (1960), a film that plays a very important role in her study. Furthermore, this scenario is violently at odds with my own experience of Henry. It was one of the most upsetting, hurtful, deeply shocking viewing experiences I have ever had. Watching Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer was an intensely masochistic event from start to finish.[7]

One problem with Clover's definition as it stands, then, is one of subjectiveness. Audience reaction is too unpredictable and varying to be a firm guideline. To say that a movie is good horror to the extent that it hurts its audience presupposes a standard reaction. But if one section of the audience chuckles contentedly during the mortifications of the flesh in Hellbound: Hellraiser 2 (1988) while the other is sent fleeing to the lobby (as happened at the screening I attended), are we dealing with horror or not? That Hellbound is a horror film should be beyond question, but by the terms of Clover's definition, an unfortunate ambiguity arises.

We need then, to find a way of defining horror that, while remaining flexible, will not be too dependent on the vagaries of audience reaction (otherwise Dracula, be it 1897 novel or 1931 film, would no longer be considered horror because it no longer frightens), will permit the inclusion of widely disparate yet clearly related works, and will show how unusual linkages can form. And beyond that definition, we still need tools to move beyond identification and into productive consumption and examination of horror.

I think a working definition can be arrived at by modifying Clover's. I will define horror as an affect. But rather than saying that a work of horror is a work that raises the affect of horror (which would be a position different from Clover's only in the sense that I am privileging horror rather than masochism), I propose that the means by which artists attempt to create horror, what I choose to call (given the aggressiveness of this artistic gesture) the tactics of a given work, are recognizable, and so they are the objects of study. In this way we can identify works (or the elements within the works) that attempt to trigger fear and terror in the audience. Whether the work is successful or not will depend on a variety of factors, the skill of the artist in deploying these tactics not least among them, but also the individual reader/viewer/listener and his/her particular predispositions. Does the story happen to hit upon a pressure point of yours? Or, on the contrary, are you not vulnerable to the targets it is trying to hit? The answer to these question shouldn't really matter. The point is to be able to say that a given work tried to raise the affect of horror.

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[7] My experience with Henry is far from unique. It makes the list in Stanley Wiater's "Disturbo 13: The Most Disturbing Horror Films Ever Made" (262). And two of my friends had extreme reactions: one, who is as jaded as myself when it comes to screen horror, was reduced to violent paranoia when he left the theatre and had to walk home through a seedy district. The other, who has not had as much exposure to horror, went into complete denial, refusing to read the ending of the film as it was presented to her.

I believe that this sort of standard, if not precisely articulated, has nevertheless been applied many times already. I am sure that Horace Walpole's The Castle of Otranto (1764) has not frightened anyone in at least a hundred years, but its claim to be the First Horror Novel remains largely unchallenged. The Universal Studios horror films of the 30s no longer cause people to faint,[8] but these were the first pictures actually to be called horror films, and no one has claimed that they are anything else. And I think this is how we can answer Clover's rejection of Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer. I believe that we can demonstrate the presence of tactics in that film whose purpose is to horrify the audience as much as possible.

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[8] As happened at the Christmas premiere of Frankenstein (1931).

In order to elaborate my definition of horror as an affect, to identify and analyze the tactics within horror fiction, and to see how horror fiction might be applied in a political sense, I turn to the work of Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. Their ideas, particularly those set out in A Thousand Plateaus (1980, translated 1987), are among the very few in contemporary theory to deal explicitly with horror fiction.[9] They use horror fiction in their philosophical inquiries, and I would like to travel further down that road, clarifying their concepts through the use of horror, and then using their concepts to clarify and release horror's potential.

Travel down this road is helped by the way Deleuze and Guattari have constructed A Thousand Plateaus. Deleuze calls his earlier Logic of Sense "a logical and psychological novel" (xiv). This statement invites a very different manner of reading than one would normally adopt when approaching a philosophical text. By describing his book as a novel, Deleuze summons for the reader notions of fiction, characters and dramatic arcs. In a similar vein, Ronald Bogue comments that "Deleuze's own books . . . must be conceived of as works of art, and his thought as a nomadic distribution of singular points" (Deleuze 79). If we read A Thousand Plateaus in this way, we are not reading as if the purpose of the book were simply to explicate a particular set of concepts, the intended effect on the reader nothing more than intellectual understanding. It is in this spirit that I propose to read A Thousand Plateaus. Specifically, I want to consider A Thousand Plateaus as a horror novel. It is, of course, a very particular horror novel, one from which we shall gather the means necessary to consider horror more generally.

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[9] Julia Kristeva's Powers of Horror deals with a very particular, narrowly defined form of horror (as it relates to her concept of abjection), and has nothing to do with horror fiction as such. Slavoj Žižek's work on Lacan and popular culture is more directly relevant, and is, I think, a model approach in its use of film and literature to explain and apply theory. I am not completely in sympathy with the Lacanian project, however, and am more interested in the flexibility and multidisciplinarity of Deleuzoguattarian concepts.

I define horror fiction as fiction designed to raise the affect of horror in its audience. Before beginning a reading of A Thousand Plateaus as horror fiction, I should consider the affect itself in a bit more detail. Its role in the composition of horror fiction is the same as that of the special ingredient, in any tale involving mad scientists, that is absolutely crucial to the madman's project. This is the element whose absence will bring everything to a halt. The Frankenstein family (father and sons) of the Universal films, for instance, need lightning to give the monster life. In The Invisible Ray (1936), Dr. Janos Rukh (Boris Karloff) harvests a substance called Radium "X." This substance can cure blindness, melt granite, makes Rukh glow in the dark, drives him insane, makes his touch lethal and ultimately burns him to ash. We are told that the potential for this element has barely been tapped, and yet as it is we see it act as the core ingredient for multiple forms of technology and of action, good and evil. The horror affect is the Radium "X" of horror fiction. As Radium "X" transforms Rukh, so the horror affect can have a profound impact on the audience. Rukh is contaminated in the process of harvest, and starts going insane before he can fully study the element. His friend Dr. Felix Benet (Bela Lugosi), however, does examine it safely, and so is able to put it to use without harm. A horror audience is not in the same danger with the affect, but as with Radium "X," the affect needs to be understood before being unleashed. Furthermore, I should make clear what it is that I am looking for as I read A Thousand Plateaus. Given the blurring between forms (novel and treatise) that Deleuze seems to want to produce with his work, the interlinkage of concept, affect and percept that he and Guattari set out in What Is Philosophy? (1991, translated 1994) is very much apropos.

There is a strong interrelationship between philosophy and art, according to Deleuze and Guattari. Philosophy is the process of creating concepts. Concepts operate through connections, and therefore "it is inevitable that philosophy, science and art . . . are immediately posited or reconstituted in a respective independence, in a division of labor that gives rise to relationships of connection between them" (What is Philosophy?; hereafter WIP, 91). Deleuze and Guattari's collaborative works, especially A Thousand Plateaus, are a very explicit illustration of this very principle. The works are philosophical, yet elements from all branches of science and the arts combine to produce the whole. Everything from the botanical rhizome to the paintings of Paul Klee to a movie about killer rats come together to make up A Thousand Plateaus. There is something about these elements that is connective, that facilitates the creation of concepts, or that can be turned into concepts, even if, in their field of origin, they function independently of concept production.

I am attempting to create a concept of a particular affect. Deleuze and Guattari claim that "the concept as such can be concept of the affect, just as the affect can be affect of the concept" (WIP 66). Once I have the concept of the affect of horror clarified, once I know exactly what it is that I am looking for, it should be much easier to detect that affect in A Thousand Plateaus, and from that point to look back to see which concepts, in turn, appear to have gone into the creation of that affect. I find it useful to begin, then, with the general Deleuzoguattarian concept of the affect, and build on that toward the particular concept of the horror affect. Affects are "the active discharge of emotion" (A Thousand Plateaus; hereafter ATP 400). As opposed to feelings, which are directed inwardly, affects go out, and are thus disruptive: "Affects are projectiles just like weapons; feelings are introceptive like tools" (ATP 400). Horror strikes me as a particularly strong instance of the affect as weapon. To experience horror is to experience fear, terror, repugnance, loathing. We are affected violently. Something has been disrupted. Assemblages that were operating in a particular fashion in and for us have had their smooth functioning interrupted. By definition, something is wrong. What exactly is wrong is for a later stage in this analysis. For now, it is sufficient to note that the disruption has occurred in the affective state of the audience.

Art constructs and preserves blocks of sensations, made up of percepts and affects. The percepts, what we perceive, are what trigger the affects. They are that which permits the affect to have its way with us. If the affect is a weapon, say an arrow, then the percept is the wood that makes up the arrow. Without the wood, there is no arrow. Without the percept, there is nothing to disrupt our assemblage. The blocks of sensation are independent of those who experience them and those who create them. "Sensations, percepts, and affects are beings whose validity lies in themselves and exceeds any lived"

(WIP 164; emphasis theirs). Elsewhere, Deleuze defines the concept in terms that mirror this definition of art, further blurring the line between philosophy and art:

> C'est que le concept, je crois, comporte deux autres dimensions, celles du percept et de l'affect. . . . Les percepts ne sont pas des perceptions, ce sont des paquets de sensations et de relations qui survivent à celui qui les éprouvent. Les affects ne sont pas des sentiments, ce sont des devenirs qui débordent celui qui passe par eux (il devient autre). ("Signes" 17)

There is a point of confusion here. In the above interview, Deleuze refers to affects as becomings ("devenirs"), while he and Guattari insist in What Is Philosophy? that the affects are beings. Actually, the affects (and the percepts) seem to function as both. Only a few pages after telling us that affects "are beings," Deleuze and Guattari inform us, just as emphatically, that "[a]ffects are precisely [the] nonhuman becomings of man" (WIP 169). The key is whether or not the affect-weapon hits a target. Is there, in other words, an audience to be affected, to be caught up in the becoming that will occur if the being of the affect hits them?

When the readers, listeners or viewers come into contact with the work of art, this triggers the force of becoming on the part of the block of sensation. The percept and the affect overwhelm the audience. We cannot recuperate these emotional discharges into the prior emotional assemblages. This is the point at which the potential becoming of the being of the affect is triggered, and we become part of the block. A becoming-other takes place in the audience.

I shall return to the concept of becoming-other in more detail later. Briefly, however, the following question arises: just what is this becoming-other of the audience? What path are we sent on? Horror has a very wide dominion, and the particular vector of the affect will be different from work to work, and from one audience member to another. My interest, as I will show later, is to show what some of the possible becomings are that horror fiction can trigger, and, since becomings are one of the principle sites identified by Deleuze and Guattari for political resistance, how they might be furthered.

The concept of the percept and the being of the affect enable us to deal with the difficult question of how to identify the presence of the affect of horror in a work. It is now an extremely rare occurence for me to feel horror while watching a film or reading a book. And yet I know, with absolute certainty, that The Exorcist is a horror film and that The Shining is a horror novel. How do I know this if I do not feel fear?

I find the answer in the being Deleuze and Guattari assign to art. "The artist's greatest difficulty," they tell us, "is to make [art] stand up on its own" (WIP 164; emphasis theirs). When successful, a work of art is independent both of audience and of creator. "The work of art is a being of sensation and nothing else: it exists in itself" (164). This is the "being" of the percepts and the affects. This being is a "compound of sensations . . . preserved in itself" (164). There is no becoming of the affect until the audience interacts with the art (and this interaction takes place by means of the percept). Nonetheless, the percept and the affect still exist in the work of art (by virtue of the fact that they compose it) regardless of the presence of any spectator. Imagine, then, a piece of horror fiction as a landmine. The landmine does not react until it is stepped on, but that does not make it any less a landmine prior to the explosion, or even if it is a dud. Similarly, horror fiction should still be indentifiable as such even if the coiled affect within is not unleashed. The artist "creates blocs [sic] of percepts and affects" (164), and the challenge of the artist is to mold the blocks of sensation so that the work does stand on its own. The failed work of art is one that deals in feelings and perceptions instead of affects and percepts. It would be a totally unproblematic piece, easily recuperable into the dominant (majoritarian) discourse, with the audience perceiving and feeling precisely what it would expect to perceive and feel. Comfort and familiarity would be the watchwords, not disruption.

The percept and the affect are in the material. With writing, the material is not the page, but the narrative as it is formed by words and their order. Further, what we perceive (the percept) is not the represented object, but the material itself. "As percepts, sensations are not perceptions referring to an object (reference): if they resemble something it is with a resemblance produced with their own methods; and the smile on the canvas is made solely with colors, lines, shadow, and light" (WIP 166). So the material itself is completely affective. Ultimately, "[w]e paint, sculpt, compose, and write sensations" (WIP 166). The material is then preserved in the sensation. Or, more accurately, "[w]hat is preserved by right is not the material, which constitutes only the de facto condition, but . . . it is the percept or the affect that is preserved in itself" (WIP 166). Our encounter with art (or, at least, "successful" art) is entirely an encounter with percepts and affects.

The material thus permits the work of art to create the percept and affect independently of the objects of perception and memory. This is what I understand by the Deleuzoguattarian concept of pure blocks of sensation, a being of sensation. And this independence is what leads to the vast multiplicity of forms that horror fiction can take on. We experience the horror affect when the shaping of the materials is successful (that is, when we are caught up in the becoming-other of the affect), not because of their manifest content. One of the points that has bedevilled theories of horror is the question of how we are frightened by what we know is not "real." The perception of a monster is not what frightens us. The Frankenstein monster is fearsome in House of Frankenstein (1944), but comic in Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein (1948), yet his physical appearance in the two films is absolutely identical (he is even played by the same actor). From a Deleuzoguattarian perspective, there is no contradiction, since the presence of a monster is not what generates fear, but rather the molding of the material. The order of words in the text, the selection and presentation of images in film, these are the material elements that will produce the sensation. The content of a horror story can then be just about anything. This is why I have appropriated the title of The Beast with a Million Eyes for this thesis. Horror fiction very much resembles the beast of the film in its infinite multiplicity of forms but unity of purpose.[10] A horror story can have supernatural elements or not. It can take place in the 18th century or in the depths of space. But whatever its setting, its characters, and its plot, it will marshall these elements in order to horrify us.

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[10] A qualification is in order here. While all horror fiction is out to raise the affect of horror in the audience, this does not mean that this is the only purpose of an individual work (or the only purpose to which it can be put).

The problem now arises that perhaps this approach is too loose. If horror can be generated by anything, couldn't we hold up any work as being horror fiction? And if the affect is not determined by the audience's reaction, how can we identify the affect? The answer is that while the being of the affect is independent of the audience, its becoming is not, and the reactions of the audience can still serve as a guide to the affect's presence, the becoming indicating the presence of the being. Similarly, there are plenty of works whose declared purpose is to horrify. These are neither infallible nor exhaustive guidelines, but they are a start. Furthermore, the presence of the monster may not be a guarantee of horror, but it certainly raises the possibility. If the percepts of the artwork are going to drive the affect into us, they must be effectively constructed, and so creating the perception of a monster is a good place to start (the next step being the nature of that perception, i.e. making it into a percept). Earlier, I spoke of tactics as being the elements of the fiction that could be analyzed and examined as the means of producing horror. The shapes that the percepts take on in order to generate the horror affect are these tactics. Even if these tactics are no longer successful (the audience may no longer be vulnerable to a particular form of narrative fright), they are still identifiable.

I said previously that the horror affect has a disruptive effect on the audience. This disruption is the key to turning horror fiction to political uses. Horror can break up rigid emotional, social or political organizations. In Deleuzoguattarian terms, the horror affect has a strong deterritorializing potential. If the concepts of the affect and percept help us identify horror, the concept of deterritorialization helps show horror in action.

Horror fiction on the one hand creates territories in the forms of the recognizable narrative spaces of these tales, and on the other hand takes territories apart, targeting any construction where we might feel safe and sense normality. Deleuze and Guattari's concept of a territory, with attendant deterritorialization and reterritorialization, first appears in Anti-Oedipus, but undergoes considerable mutation in A Thousand Plateaus. In the first volume of Capitalism and Schizophrenia, territorialization and reterritorialization appear to be synonymous and refer "to the imprint of maternal nourishment and care-giving on the child's libido, a process which creates charged erogenous zones and objects out of organs and orifices" (Holland 57). Deterritorialization frees desire from these specific points. The same principle holds at the social level, where deterritorialization "designates the freeing of labor-power from the seigneurial plot of land, the assembly line, or other means of production" (57) and reterritorialization is the capture by one of those means of production. In this scenario, deterritorialization has the heroic role, and is "the motor of permanent revolution" (58). Come A Thousand Plateaus and the distinction is no longer a simple dichotomy. Territorialization is now an inclusive term, incorporating both reterritorialization and deterritorialization. Now, "one deterritorialized element serves as a new territory for another deterritorialized element" (59). In other words, an element that is disruptive in one context can be the agent of the norm in another. This is true of horror fiction, which can certainly take on a strongly conservative role (though my interest is to promote the contrary potential). There are also potentially dangerous and oppressive forms of deterritorialization: absolute deterritorialization can lead to cancerous bodies-without-organs and lines of abolition (i.e. absolute deterritorialization can mean absolute chaos and absolute destruction). Even with these dangers, Deleuze and Guattari's principle interest still lies with deterritorialization. It is a process necessary to any kind of effective change. Horror fiction helps bring about deterritorialization by representing scenarios where the existing order is threatened or brought down (sometimes portraying this collapse as desirable, and sometimes depicting totally destructive absolute deterritorialization) and by jolting the audience members and readers out their firmly established territories. Part of my job, as I see it, is to facilitate this process.

Once again, I define horror fiction as narrative art where the primary affect is horror. But given the composite nature of art, the horror affect can turn up almost anywhere, not just in horror fiction. A block of sensation containing the horror affect can turn up in a murder mystery, a western, a memoir (horror has a million eyes). A Thousand Plateaus, as we shall see, seethes with horror. Taking my lead from the intertwining of philosophy and art that Deleuze and Guattari describe in What Is Philosophy?, my task will be to examine the interconnecting (or, in Deleuzoguattarian terms, rhizomatic) concepts from the point of view of horror fiction, to see which ones best serve to illuminate the nature of horror, and which can be used as tools to deploy the deterritorializing potential of horror fiction. Chapter One will perform this search, and will sketch out the concepts to be developed in the rest of the thesis. Chapter Two will attempt a redefinition of the form of horror fiction through an examination the rhizome, a concept that embodies the innumerable forms that horror fiction adopts in order to raise the horror affect. Subsequent chapters explore concepts that show different aspects of horror's tactics. Chapter Three deals with the war machine and shows how horror fiction acts (dealing specifically with the tactics of assault on the audience). The refrain (Chapter Four) demonstrates how horror fiction mutates (tactics of renewal and change). Chapters Five and Six will be the ones most concerned with horror fiction's political roles, as they explore, respectively, the concepts of faciality (that which must be resisted) and becoming (a means to that resistance).

I will begin, then, with the search for horror in A Thousand Plateaus. In order to do this, I will enlist the aid of Deleuze and Guattari's favourite horror writer: H.P. Lovecraft. His fiction, invoked many times in A Thousand Plateaus, will serve as a guidepost indicating the crucial concepts for the understanding and deployment of horror.

CHAPTER ONE

THE SILVER KEY: GETTING TO HORROR THROUGH A THOUSAND PLATEAUS

I. READING A THOUSAND PLATEAUS FOR HORROR

A Thousand Plateaus is not a treatise on horror fiction. Yet it is filled with references to (and echoes of) horror fiction (in both its print and film forms). Deleuze and Guattari use the film Willard (1971) to illustrate their concept of becoming-animal. The uncredited film still at the beginning of Plateau 4 ("November 20, 1923—Postulates of Linguistics"), captioned "The Order-word Assemblage," is a shot from Das Testatment des Dr. Mabuse (1933). Even more significantly, the structure and language of A Thousand Plateaus frequently recall that of horror fiction. Plateau 3—"10,000 B.C.: The Geology of Morals (Who Does the Earth Think It Is?)"—is written as a horror story. To read this book for horror is, I think, precisely the kind of use Deleuze and Guattari had in mind for it.

Deleuze and Guattari offer A Thousand Plateaus as a collection of tools—and not a system—to be selected and modified as necessary. The ideas they present are not ideas in the Platonic sense. Rather, they are, as Ronald Bogue puts it, "problems without solutions" (Deleuze 59): ways to ask productive questions, rather than means to final answers. (So there will be no last words here.)

In "A Thousand Trails to Work with Deleuze," André Pierre Colombat writes that

Deleuze wants his concepts to be usable by anyone interested, regardless of field, and that each "reader-operator who wants to work with these concepts must redefine them within his or her own field of study" (11). Since horror is my field, I will read A Thousand Plateaus with an eye to those concepts that can best be shaped to help me work that field. Considering A Thousand Plateaus as a horror novel is the necessary first step in this process.

I read A Thousand Plateaus in shades of darkness and intuition. I have a databank of all my knowledge of the horror field, the experience of a lifelong consumer of fear, along with the apparatus of dozens of critics. Whatever the differences I may have with various writers, they have informed and taught me about horror. But there is no system (that would be entirely counterproductive). Hence a degree of intuition: I am seeking the elements of A Thousand Plateaus that most strongly resonate with what I know and feel about horror. I need to take into account the affects that A Thousand Plateaus itself raises. This is paramount. In the Introduction, I tried to show how intertwined the production of the affect is with the production of the concept, and so I must watch out for concepts during the course of whose elaboration Deleuze and Guattari seek to raise (if only in passing) the affect of horror. Once all these elements have been gathered together, I will look at horror through A Thousand Plateaus. I hope to generate a continuous dialogue between theory and horror.

As I read A Thousand Plateaus from the perspective of a consumer of horror, the first thing that leaps out of the dark is a story. It goes like this: a respected, though mysterious, expert in an arcane field delivers a lecture to an audience of other experts. The lecture is long and complex, and some members of the audience are thoroughly sceptical of the claims being put forth. As the lecture progresses, the speaker begins to change, at first gradually, then dramatically. His speech slurs, then becomes a buzz. He becomes less and less human. Finally, to the horror of all present, he loses all human shape. The revealed monster slumps and flows into a strange, coffin-shaped clock with four hands, and disappears.

I have just outlined H.P. Lovecraft's "Through the Gates of the Silver Key" (1932). I have also described Plateau 3 of A Thousand Plateaus. The former is perhaps Lovecraft's most theoretically oriented tale, with much of the narrative devoted to the description of an elaborate cosmology of identity. "The Geology of Morals," on the other hand, is the most story-driven chapter of A Thousand Plateaus. The similarities between the two works are not coincidental. Deleuze and Guattari might name their character Professor Challenger (thus invoking the spirit of Arthur Conan Doyle, and playing off the geological imagery of The Lost World) instead of Randolf Carter, but the trajectory of the chapter belongs to Lovecraft: the last paragraph of "The Geology of Morals" is made up largely of quotations from "Through the Gates of the Silver Key." Here, the line between fiction and theory blurs. In instances such as this, Deleuze and Guattari do more than use the story for illustrative purposes. They are using horror fiction to create an affect here, and, in so doing, rivet the reader's attention to the concepts that are caught up in the production of said affect.

Given that "The Geology of Morals" deliberately mirrors and quotes a horror story, logically the next step one might take is to see what concepts are developed in this plateau that might be useful to a study of horror. But I would like to try something else first. I do not believe that A Thousand Plateaus' usefulness is limited to one 30-page section. The entire book has riches to offer. So can Challenger's contagion spread throughout the rest of the text?

I believe that it can, and does. "Through the Gates of the Silver Key" turns up several times throughout A Thousand Plateaus. In Plateau 10 ("1730: Becoming-Intense, Becoming-Animal, Becoming Imperceptible . . ."), for instance, Deleuze and Guattari again quote from the story as a means of explaining their own concepts (in this instance, the plane of consistency and multiplicities of dimensions).[11]

Then there is the structure of the text: Deleuze and Guattari emphasize that "[i]t is composed not of chapters but of "plateaus." . . . To a certain extent, these plateaus may be read independently of one another, except the conclusion, which should be read at the end" (xx). We do not have to begin reading on page 1 and go on from there in strict, linear, sequential fashion. Further, "when one writes, the only question is which other machine the literary machine can be plugged into, must be plugged into, in order to work" (4). We are back at the idea of the book as tool, to be fashioned as need dictates. And where we plug into the book is going to alter the way it functions as much as what we plug it into. So I have plugged A Thousand Plateaus into horror via Lovecraft. The connection is made through "The Geology of Morals." Our reading of the rest of the book changes immediately. For instance, consider the last sentence of the plateau: "'The abnormal clicking went on, beating out the dark, cosmic rhythm which underlies all mystical gate openings'—the Mechanosphere, or rhizosphere" (74). The words are Lovecraft's, except for the very end. "Mechanosphere" and "rhizosphere," are positioned where Lovecraft usually situates the final revelation, the final horror, the punchline. Through the filter of horror, they thus acquire menacing overtones, a menace reinforced by their unfamiliarity.[12] The last sentence of A Thousand Plateaus is, simply, "Mechanosphere" (514): an echo back to the end of "The Geology of Morals," a refrain in the text, a thread that spins out of one section and reaches all the way to the end. We see this in Lovecraft too, with the same sinister words turning up over and over again, repeating themselves through different stories. The island of R'lyeh itself may only appear in "The Call of Cthulhu" (1926), but the language on a crucial parchment in "Through the Gates of the Silver Key" is R'lyehian.[13]

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[11] Cf. A Thousand Plateaus, page 251.

I have called the end of the story the punchline. There are no universals, but this particular structure, the last hard blow aimed at the audience as the story ends, comes very close to being one. The horror story with a weak ending is quickly dismissed. This would suggest then, that we pay special attention to the punchline of "The Geology of Morals." This "rhizosphere" must be important. Perhaps we can get the first of our specialized tools here. The translation of the R'lyehian parchment (and recognition of its importance) would have saved Randolf Carter from his dire fate. Professor Challenger is giving us a similar tool. We might wind up like him, but we don't yet know definitely that this is a bad thing.

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[12] And this is another link to Lovecraft. Lovecraft delighted in creating nonsense words for the alien languages and names of his evil gods. Most famously: "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn" ("Cthulhu" 136; emphasis his). (Translation: In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming.) Deleuze and Guattari are not making up nonsense collections of syllables, but I believe the principle holds. And certainly "Cthulhu" has achieved much more common usage in the culture at large than "rhizosphere."

[13] Similarly, the deity Yog-Sothoth has both a cameo in "Through the Gates" and is the principle menace in "The Dunwich Horror" (1928). Lovecraft's interconnected tales have come to be known as the "Cthulhu Mythos," and other writers have since added to the refrain, among them Ramsey Campbell, Brian Lumley and Stephen King.

Given the frequency with which Lovecraft appears in A Thousand Plateaus, I will keep him as a guide. I will expand my use of him, no longer relying exclusively on passages where Deleuze and Guattari mention him explicitly. My purpose here is to use Lovecraft to illustrate the principal concepts for this study, thus shaping them into tools appropriate to the study of horror fiction. Just as "Through the Gates of the Silver Key" meshes with "The Geology of Morals," I will look for stories whose content mirrors the concepts of A Thousand Plateaus. The first of these will permit a new understanding of the shape and development of horror fiction in non-genre terms.

II. THE LURKING FEAR: RHIZOME

Rhizosphere: "the soil immediately surrounding the root system of a plant" (OED).

"The Lurking Fear" (1922): entire villages are being slaughtered. The killer or killers seem to come with lightning. The authorities can find no trace of the attacker's approach. Lovecraft's narrator ultimately discovers a massive underground tunnel system through which a horde of creatures, degenerated from an inbred, xenophobic family, travel. They can erupt anywhere in the countryside, at any time (though they are driven to violent frenzy by thunderstorms). The creatures are linked to their origin by having one blue eye and one brown. Significantly, when the monsters erupt in their thousands from the tunnels, the narrator describes them as a single entity: "The thing came abruptly and unannounced . . . a loathsome night-spawned flood of organic corruption. . . . Seething, stewing, surging, bubbling like serpents' slime it rolled up and out of that yawning hole, spreading like a septic contagion" (184).

That which occupies the rhizosphere is, naturally enough, the rhizome. If we are moving from Lovecraft to Deleuze and Guattari, we would expect the concept of the rhizome to be in some way compatible with the above loathsome night-spawned flood of organic corruption. I believe that this is the case.

While a rhizome, strictly speaking, is "a prostrate or subterranean root-like stem emitting roots and usually producing leaves at its apex; a rootstock" (OED), Deleuze and Guattari are not interested in the botanical definition, except insofar as it becomes useful on the metaphorical plane. On a rigorously scientific level, the following statements are nonsense: "Rats are rhizomes. Burrows are too, in all of their functions of shelter, supply, movement, evasion, and breakout. The rhizome itself assumes very diverse forms, from ramified surface extension in all directions to concretion into bulbs and tubers. When rats swarm over each other" (ATP 6–7). Many of the characteristics assigned to the rhizome of A Thousand Plateaus—such as the ability to connect with any point whatever—have nothing to do with the botanical rhizome. There are thus too many differences between the Deleuzoguattarian rhizome and the botanical rhizome to consider the term a metaphor. It is not a metaphor because it is in fact something larger than the botanical rhizome; i.e. all botanical rhizomes are rhizomes, but not all rhizomes are botanical. Deleuze works with "rigorous yet inexact" (Colombat 11) concepts, where each is engaged in a continuous to-and-fro movement between series, being neither one definition nor the other, yet both. The reader is forced to think, and the purpose of these concepts is to generate the non-stop creation of other concepts. The rhizome concept, according to Colombat, is rigorous because of the elements taken from botany and insisted upon, but inexact because it cannot be reduced to the botanical rhizome. It therefore takes us into new configurations of thought and application. So the Deleuzoguattarian rhizome and the botanical rhizome, while related, are still two entirely separate things, one no less real than the other. The rhizome, as defined and deployed in A Thousand Plateaus, is a collection of characteristics to which any number of phenomena might conform. The botanical rhizome is merely one of those phenomena. It lends its name to the Deleuzoguattarian concept, but none of its restrictions.

The creatures in "The Lurking Fear" would seem to correspond to the rhizome as it is manifested in rats, if on a much bigger scale. They present the characteristics that

Deleuze and Guattari see as defining the rhizome: neither a single thing nor a collection of individuals, they are a multiplicity; they can appear at any point; they may "be broken, shattered at a given spot, but . . . will start up again on . . . old lines, or on new lines" (ATP 9). While Deleuze and Guattari do not refer to "The Lurking Fear" by name, they do quote from it: "Lovecraft applies the term 'Outsider' to this thing or entity, . . . which is linear yet multiple, 'teeming, seething, swelling, foaming, spreading like an infectious disease, this nameless horror'" (245).[14] Lovecraft's tale is but one example (if a particularly clear one) of the rhizomatic monster—a monster that is not one single being, but a multiplicity, but a multiplicity that nevertheless constitutes a specific, focused, recognizable threat.[15]

In the same spirit, I propose that not only can we see the rhizome in horror (in the form of swarming monsters), but that horror fiction itself is a rhizome. And by this I mean more than the sheer variety of tone and content in works already explicitly designated (by themselves or by others) as horror. If a Deleuzoguattarian rhizome is not an object but a set of connecting concepts or functions, then I believe that I can show that horror is a very similar phenomenon. And if one thinks about horror in this way, one can avoid the confining strictures of genre criticism, while still having a useful and recognizable concept at our disposal.

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[14] While the implication is that the quotation is from "The Outsider," there is no such passage in the story. This seems to me to be a slightly distorted version of the climactic lines of "The Lurking Fear." The passage of this text (from one of Lovecraft's lesser-known stories) from English to French and back again may account for the inaccuracy. Thus, where Lovecraft writes "surging, bubbling," Deleuze and Guattari write "houleuse, écumante" (Mille Plateaux 299), which, in the trip back to English, becomes "swelling, foaming."

[15] Other examples: the insects in Guy N. Smith's Abomination (1986), which, swarming over their victims, can be killed individually, but act as an unstoppable whole; the giant worms in the film Tremors (1989) who, like the creatures in "The Lurking Fear," erupt from the ground anywhere at any time; the zombies in George A. Romero's Living Dead films—Night of the Living Dead (1968), Dawn of the Dead (1979) and Day of the Dead (1985)—and their imitators, which, like Smith's insects, can be killed on an individual basis, but constitute one inescapable collective threat.

I define the horror rhizome as the set of percepts whose function it is to transmit the affect of horror to the audience. The characteristics of the Deleuzoguattarian rhizome comfortably account for what seems so problematic in the more rigid, genre approach to horror. There are innumerable works that seem (from the genre perspective) to be neither fish nor fowl, and so we have endless debates as to whether or not The Thing (1951), for example, is horror or science fiction. One need no longer worry about such distinctions. One need only note the presence of the rhizome in The Thing.

Such an approach also explains why 2001: A Space Odyssey (1968), usually upheld as science fiction pure and simple, is sometimes mentioned in connection with horror. The reason for this is HAL 9000, and what we see in his attempts to wipe out the crew of the Discovery is the horror rhizome twisting to the surface of the film. Particular tactics are suddenly being used against the audience, tactics that raise the affect of horror when the primary sensation until now has been wonder. Kubrick changes the percepts connected with HAL, transforming him into a figure of menace. Initially, the red light on HAL's terminals (which provides visual information to the computer) is not much more than an indicator of HAL's presence, and a substitute face for the astronauts to address.

Gradually, as HAL's motives become suspect, the tight close-ups of the light become more frequent, and we come to think of it as HAL's cold, all-seeing, implacable gaze, a sinister match to HAL's glacially calm voice (performed by Douglas Rain). The eye's threat is clearly articulated when we look through HAL's eyes as he lip-reads, spying on the astronauts. When Frank Poole (Gary Lockwood) is killed by his work pod, we do not see the actual moment of murder. Rather, at the precise moment that we sense the killing is taking place, the camera cuts in three quick, progressively closer shots to HAL's eye. From this point on, we perceive HAL as the monster of horror. The tactics that Kubrick deploys here (the insistance on the eye, the juxtaposition of murder and observation, and so on) are the percepts that reach us and raise the affect of horror. At this moment of the film, the horror rhizome has twisted its way to the surface, briefly taking over the narrative to serve its purposes.

From the general rhizome described by Deleuze and Guattari, I have come to a more specific form: the horror rhizome. I shall examine its characteristics and possibilities in detail in Chapter Two, where I might have cause to expand its definition, but for now, let me simply repeat that it is the assemblage of percepts that carry the horror affect. I should thus expand my reading of A Thousand Plateaus to look for moments where, as with HAL in 2001, the horror rhizome comes to the fore. Given the interconnection of concepts with percepts and affects, what other concepts have a sinister affective ability? Where else might Lovecraft lead us?

III. THE CALL OF CTHULHU: WAR MACHINE AND SMOOTH SPACE

"[T]he geometry of the place was all wrong. One could not be sure that the sea and the ground were horizontal, hence the relative position of everything else seemed phantasmally variable" (Lovecraft, "Cthulhu" 151).

The place is the city of R'lyeh, "the tangible substance of earth's supreme terror" (150), newly risen from the depths of the ocean. It is the home of Cthulhu, a monstrous and utterly malevolent god, and the most famous of Lovecraft's monsters, one of a group whose complete alienness to us is matched only by their threat. The space of R'lyeh is equally foreign, and just as hostile. As the unfortunate sailors who stumble upon the island try to escape Cthulhu, one of them is "swallowed up by an angle of masonry which shouldn't have been there; an angle which was acute, but behaved as if it were obtuse" (152).

Distorted, untrustworthy space, and the creature that lives there, spider in a web. From the haunted house to the maniac in the forest, from the alien in the spaceship to malevolent lay lines, space constitutes perhaps the most universal threat of horror fiction. The space of horror is dangerous, and is rendered so by the monster that roams it. A Thousand Plateaus illuminates these threats with the concepts of the war machine and smooth space.

Deleuze and Guattari distinguish between two kinds of spaces: the smooth and the striated. "[T]he difference between a smooth (vectorial, projective, or topological) space and a striated (metric) space [is] in the first case 'space is occupied without being counted,' and in the second case 'space is counted in order to be occupied'" (ATP 361–62). Striated space is controlled, regulated. Our cities, particularly the North American grid metropolises, are attempts at striated space. So are maps.[16] Edmonton, laid out on a grid with almost all streets assigned numbers instead of names, is a very good example of explicit efforts towards striation. Being given no other information than an address, 4495 99th St. for example, we instantly have a rough idea of this location in relation to our own. It is as if the city itself were a map.

Smooth space, on the other hand, is not sectioned, gridded, controlled. It has vectors instead. One positions oneself in it as a nomad, not as a manager. "Whereas in the striated forms organize a matter, in the smooth materials signal forces and serve as symptoms for them" (ATP 479). Smooth space has eddies and currents. We can see how something is affected by forces in that space, and draw conclusions about the nature of those forces, but we cannot predict precisely how (or when or where) those forces will act. If the city is the perfect example of striated space, then the sea is the stereotypical case of the smooth.

Smooth space "is a space of affects, more than one of properties" (479). Gridding, predictability and control lead to the tameness and diluted nature of feelings, rather than the sudden discharge of affects. If it is here that affects work most freely, then it stands to reason that the horror rhizome would grow most freely here, that its percepts would be the best developed and most effective in horrifying their targets (the audience, the willing victims of horror). That which deploys the affects in smooth space, while creating and travelling that space, is the war machine. In horror fiction, the war machine manifests itself most frequently as the monster.

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[16] As in city maps. These gridded maps are not the same as the Deleuzo-Guattarian map. City maps are tracings. They are representations, not explorations.

The monster is what makes the space dangerous. Sometimes, as in Stephen King's The Shining (1977) or Shirley Jackson's The Haunting of Hill House (1959), the space itself is the monster. R'lyeh is a terrifying space, but the core of horror is what dwells therein: Cthulhu. R'lyeh (Cthulhu's city, his space) exists for him, and is determined by him. The same is true of the relationship between the war machine and smooth space. And while the war machine is not inherently dangerous, dealing with it is risky, given its volatile function.

Paul Patton writes that war machines "imply a regime of affects. These are essentially mobile, rapid discharges of emotion" (75). The speed and the violence that Patton evokes here suggest that the war machine is also a shock machine. This should come as no surprise: the more violent the blow, the more sudden the creation of smooth space can be, and the more damage striated space suffers. And since horror causes disequilibrium in the audience, horror fiction (particularly horror film) frequently takes the form of a shock machine (a term that Phil Hardy uses to describe the work of Dario Argento). "Affects are projectiles just like weapons" (ATP 400). And these weapons have two targets. One is the characters in the story. They are mortally afraid of Cthulhu, and rightly so, because he's out to get them. But, with Lovecraft working through him, he is also out to get us. We are the second target. Horror's war machine appears to have a dual function.

Even when a work of horror is not, strictly speaking, a shock machine (much of horror literature is too atmospheric and subtle in its development thus to be labelled), the depiction of that engine is always present. Take, for instance, M.R. James' short story "'Oh, Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad'" ([1904] 1992), a fine example of low-key horror. James is the model held up by the exponents of "Quiet Horror"—horror where little (if anything) overtly horrible is described (or shown), where there is usually very little violence, and where a slow, concentrated build-up of atmosphere is paramount.[17] If we are not subject to any sudden shock or grotesquerie, however, the protagonist of "'Oh, Whistle'" most certainly is: his bedsheets become the manifestation of the being he has accidentally summoned, and rise up and attack him.

Given this split, I will speak of two war machines in horror: the virtual and the fictional. I speak of "virtual" in the Deleuzian sense. Quoting Proust, Deleuze writes in Difference & Repetition that the virtual is "'Real without being actual, ideal without being abstract'; and symbolic without being fictional" (208). The virtual is "part of the real object—as though the object had one part of itself in the virtual into which it plunged as though into an objective dimension" (209). Further: "The reality of the virtual is structure. We must avoid giving the elements and relations which form a structure an actuality which they do not have, and withdrawing from them a reality which they have" (209). For instance, an equation, describing the relations between a certain set of elements, is not actual in that it has no physical existence. That said, the particular solutions to the equation describe very real points. Solving an equation marks the passage from the virtual to the actual.

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[17] Charles L. Grant is the most committed current practitioner of this kind of horror. He is also the most vocal, making clear, in various articles, his opposition to so-called "Loud Horror" and "Splatterpunk." Examples of "Quiet Horror" are more infrequent on the screen, which, by virtue of being able to assault the viewer with sudden images much more effectively than print, tends to favour the more violent shock. Still, the Val Lewton pictures of the 40s (Cat People [1942] and The Seventh Victim [1943] in particular) and, more recently, Don't Look Now (1973) are in the spirit of "Quiet Horror" (though Don't Look Now gets quite loud at its climax, going for a most visceral shock).

The virtual war machine operates in a very similar fashion. It is present in any work of horror, waiting for the reader, viewer or listener. It has an actual effect on that person as it propels her/him into smooth space. The rhizome is also a virtual concept, and the individual tactics of a particular work constitute the specific solution of the equation at that given moment.

So the virtual war machine of horror is the one that we experience when we read. The fictional war machine, on the other hand, is the one that we read about. It is the force of evil described by the narrative. Most simply and most commonly, the fictional war machine is the monster. Every horror story is the story of some sort of disruption. The force that causes that disruption is the war machine. And, more often than not, the war machine embodies itself in the monster. Both war machines work to create a smooth space in which the audience and characters must now navigate. The rules (of existence, of society, of emotion) that are the striations in space have been altered or destroyed.

A horror story will begin with some form of striation either in place (the ordered day to day existence of small town America, for example) or in the process of being imposed (e.g. scientists engaged in experiments designed to provide absolute control over some aspect of nature). The challenge to striation, the re-impartation of smooth space, can be seen positively, negatively, or ambivalently, but it is inevitable. The force that causes this breakdown is the war machine. At the fictional level, in "The Call of Cthulhu," the striated space is the rational, everyday world where crimes have mundane motives (rather than being committed by a cult dedicated to resurrecting an obscene god) and dreams are no more than the subconscious at play (rather than being premonitions of doom or psychic flashes broadcast by the nightmarish mind of Cthulhu). Cthulhu, the fictional war machine, extends his influence out from R'lyeh: psychics feel his presence, artists sculpt his image without knowing where the inspiration came from, and cults do his bidding. Cthulhu stands for a reality of utter chaos and madness that the narrator, Francis Thurston, gradually comes to realize is more powerful than the one he knows. By the end of the story, Thurston has abandoned any illusion of an ordered universe and must hope that he has learned enough to survive in the new, fluid, frightening space in which he finds himself.[18]

For an example at the virtual level, let us leave "The Call of Cthulhu" and see what happens with A Thousand Plateaus. It assaults the rigid (striated) notions of what a book is or should be. The reader's reaction can be something not unlike fear. This was certainly the case for a friend of mine, when confronted by the first page of "The Geology of Morals." The combination of strange title, photograph of lobster and caption reading "Double Articulation" (39) worked as a shock machine, triggering a sudden discharge of confusion and disgust. This plateau goes further, of course. It unites itself with Lovecraft's fiction, to the point of becoming Lovecraft's story by the end (his prose takes over). In so doing, in transforming more and more completely into a horror story, it reaches for the same weapons, the same projectiles as Lovecraft. It is not content with conveying concepts to us: percepts are sending out the horror affect as well.

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[18] He fails. He has learned too much. The subtitle of the story indicates that this narrative has been "Found Among the Papers of the Late Francis Wayland Thurston, of Boston" (125).

The fictional and virtual war machines are not inherently good, liberatory, subversive, or any other such thing. They can be utterly destructive (as is very often the case with the fictional war machine). They can be co-opted by the State, and forced into the service of the striated. Such is often the fate of the virtual war machine. For example, Ruby Jean Jensen's The Lake (1983) deploys all its horrors only to emphasize the paramount importance of the Christian, patriarchal nuclear family.[19] The war machines can also reach a limit stage where the smooth space they create is more terrible than any striation. This is true of Cthulhu: a force of pure evil and chaos, his freedom would mean a total collapse of order, and an absolute reign of death. In A Thousand Plateaus, we have a similar example, another horror from the depths: the nuclear submarine fleet. The strategic submarine, Deleuze and Guattari write, "outflanks all gridding and invents a neonomadism in the service of a war machine still more disturbing than the States" (ATP 480). With the submarine, total devastation can be launched from an infinite number of invisible locations. Control, which is as necessary to prevent an accidental holocaust as it is to cause a deliberate one, becomes more and more tenuous. We should note too, however, that though the submarine example shows the striated becoming smooth again, "in the strangest of reversals, it is for the purpose of controlling striated space more completely" (480). Everything is now under the threat of the submarine strike, just as everything would be at the mercy of an unleashed Cthulhu. "All of this serves as a reminder that the smooth itself can be drawn and occupied by diabolical powers of organization" (480; emphasis theirs). In other words, even if Cthulhu reimparts an absolutely smooth space, it is one that is nonetheless subject to his will, a space whose very chaos is exclusively oriented towards evil. Similarly, the submarine fleet's nuclear arsenal is only good for one thing.

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[19] The result of the lake monster's trepidations is the reunification of the nuclear family that has been split as the novel begins. A woman, clearly coloured scarlet, seduces the protagonist for the purpose of having a child, and is conveniently devoured by the beast.

But these are all possibilities, not inevitabilities. The potential is there to go in any of these directions, and which possibility wins out must be determined on a case-by-case basis. Smooth space and striated space are in opposition, but it is a complex opposition. There is nothing of the inherently Good/Evil or Manichaean about this struggle: "smooth spaces are not in themselves liberatory. But the struggle is changed or displaced in them, and life reconstitutes its stakes, confronts new obstacles, invents new paces, switches adversaries. Never believe that a smooth space will suffice to save us" (500). Thurston gives up his old notions of reality, but the smooth space he encounters is too hostile, and it kills him. Smooth space then, activated and traversed by the war machine, provides us with the potential for change (for good or ill), change which a striated space seeks either to prevent altogether or, at the very least, completely regulate.

If a character is to survive in a horror story, he/she must be adaptable, must give up preconceived notions and obsolete attachments to regimented order, and must be able to navigate according to the dictates of smooth space. For a nomad, "although points determine paths, they are strictly subordinated to the paths they determine, the reverse of what happens with the sedentary" (ATP 380). The journey is primary, and not the arrival. To remain in movement is to remain open to new possibilities, and to escape striation. Francis Thurston may well arrive at a terminal conclusion, but along the way he learns to navigate dream logic, and if he dies, he comes to see important (if nasty) truths long before the rest of us. Other horror protagonists are more fortunate: Danny Torrance, in The Shining, learns to navigate the Overlook Hotel and play by its changing rules. When he first arrives at the Overlook, Dick Halloran tells him that anything frightening he might see is not real, and if he turns his back on it, it will go away. Later, this rule changes, and the terrors are real. Danny recognizes the shift in time, and adapts accordingly. He survives. His father, on the other hand, struggles for total control, which is a weakness the Overlook uses against him. He dies.

Many works of horror attempt to make the reader/viewer adopt similar, nomadic, strategies, and we, at least, are assured of survival. New ways of thinking, viewing and reading open up before us. Apparently formulaic fiction takes a sudden turn, throwing our expectations to the wind. A story that appears to be one thing becomes another, forcing us to re-evaluate our reading strategies. (A philosophical treatise becomes a horror story, and a horror story becomes a philosphical treatise—what do we do now?) While the fictional war machine is attacking the characters, the virtual is taking its shots at us, frequently by breaking away from striated forms of narrative. Lovecraft's stories are often in the form of found manuscripts whose authors break off in mid-sentence. Closure is not closure, but one last hint at something beyond.[20]

The opposition between the smooth and the striated, and the relationship between the war machine and the State, are complex. Within a given work, there can be many different levels of the smooth and striated. A space that is smooth in one context can be striated in another, as Deleuze and Guattari are at pains to remind us (the smooth space Cthulhu creates is subject to his control). Knowledge in Lovecraft is both liberatory (old illusions are shed) and destructive (new realities madden and kill). The war machine's cure can be worse than the State's disease (as with Cthulhu), or it can become the disease (the vampire takeover in Kim Newman's Anno Dracula [1992] transforms Britain into a Victorian fascist state). And so again here is the importance of considering works on their own terms, case by case, and not in global, universalizing (striating) terms. Smooth space is a haptic space, where one uses close-range vision;[21] "it operates step by step" (ATP 493). Step by step: like the terrified protagonist inching down the dark castle corridor. One must always be on the lookout for the dangers that lurk on one's path, but with them is the potential for something other than the safe, the codified and the good-for-you.

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[20] Here, for instance, is the conclusion to "The Haunter of the Dark" (1935):

> I am Robert Blake, but I see the tower in the dark. There is a monstrous odour . . . senses transfigured . . . boarding at that tower window cracking and giving way . . . . Iä . . . ngai . . . ygg. . . .
>
> I can see it—coming here—hell-wind—titan blur—black wings—Yog-Sothoth save me—the three-lobed burning eye . . . . (115)

Note also Lovecraft's continued use of unclassifiable, non-gridded combinations of letters and punctuation.

If A Thousand Plateaus is both tool box and horror novel, then a horror film, story or novel should potentially be a tool also. The different works, in their function as tools, will be the points both determining, and subordinate to, my path.

The next tool I will examine is closely related to the war machine, and the formation of smooth and striated spaces. It is the refrain.

IV. THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN: THE REFRAIN

A student of metaphysics finds room and board in the mysterious, hellishly steep Rue d'Auseil. In the garret above his rooms, an old man plays strange, otherworldly music on a viol. One night, up in that garret, the student discovers that Zann plays this terrible, terrifying music to keep something even more hideous at bay. This night, the thing Zann fears comes closer than ever. In his fear, Zann takes his playing to a new, shrieking level. He continues to play even after he has died, and when the student sees that it is a corpse sawing away at the strings, he flees in horror. Zann and the unknown thing have, for the student, become one in terror.

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[21] "Haptic" and "vision" are not, for Deleuze and Guattari, contradictory terms. They write: "'Haptic' is a better word than 'tactile' since it does not establish an opposition between two sense organs but rather invites the assumption that the eye itself may fulfill this nonoptical function. . . . It seems to us that the Smooth is both the object of close vision par excellence and the element of a haptic space (which may be as much visual or auditory as tactile)" (ATP 492–93).

The importance of music to the horror film hardly needs to be pointed out. The shrieking violins of Psycho (1960) and the menacing rhythms of Jaws (1975) are just two examples of horror film music that have become fixtures on the map of popular culture, and not only instantly evoke the films they come from, but have also become shorthand code for, respectively, psychotic attack and approaching danger. As Lovecraft's story shows, however, music's role in horror extends far beyond the film soundtracks. The Phantom of the Opera, after all, first appeared in a novel, and his most memorable film incarnation is silent. It would seem then that there is something about music that can serve to generate horror even if we hear nothing at all.

This is, after all the case with "The Music of Erich Zann." There is nothing to hear when we read. But Lovecraft must have felt that there was a sufficiently shared experience of music in his readership so that a description of sinister music would not be meaningless. For Lovecraft's story to work, it must be possible for music to generate fear on its own, and not simply as a support to visual images.[22]

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[22] This has certainly been true in my own experience. I remember attending, in late childhood, a concert by the percussion group Nexus. The—to my ears—unpredictable mix of quiet and sudden explosively loud crashes reduced me to a quivering wreck long before intermission. An example I shall return to in Chapter Three is the soundtrack to Suspiria. On more than one occasion, I have seen this music trigger extreme fear in the audience, and this during the opening seconds of the film, when all we see is a woman leave an airport.

Lovecraft's student undergoes a spectrum of musical experiences. Not all of them are horrifying. In fact, it is the lack of outright horror at the initial stage that lures him into the situation that will drive him to a nervous breakdown. When he first overhears Zann's playing, he tells us that "none of his harmonies had any relation to music I had heard before" (85). This is the attraction: music that is completely new. Unconnected to any familiar type of music, it suggests a space absolutely smooth.

When Zann consents to play for the student, the student is disappointed. Zann plays strains that "were a kind of fugue, with recurrent passages of the most captivating quality, but to me were notable for the absence of any of the weird notes I had overheard from my room below on other occasions" (85–86). The music is still strikingly new and different, but not alien. The narrator can give it a name (fugue). The music may be beautiful, but, compared to Zann's other pieces, there is something domesticated about it. It is safe, working out a variation on familiar ground. The student gets around Zann's reluctance by eavesdropping, and the alienness of Zann's special music becomes even more pronounced: "I often heard sounds which filled me with an indefinable dread—the dread of vague wonder and brooding mystery. It was not that the sounds were hideous, for they were not; but they held vibrations suggesting nothing on this globe of earth" (88). Now the music goes further: not only is it unconnected to any other form of music, but it is not connected to any known structure or thought. This is also the last stage at which the student derives any pleasure from the sounds.

The next time the student confronts Zann, the musician tries to explain the motives behind his music (which has become increasingly frenetic and frightening). He is interrupted by "an exquisitely low and infinitely distant musical note" (89) and, starting with horror, he begins to play his final piece:

> It would be useless to describe the playing of Erich Zann on that dreadful night. It was more horrible than anything I had ever overheard, because I could now see the expression of his face, and could realise that this time the motive was stark fear. He was trying to make a noise; to ward something off or drown something out—what, I could not imagine, awesome though I felt it must be. (89)

The music has a multiple function here. Zann is using it as a defense against the greater horror that lurks without. At this level, the music is supposed to be, if not exactly comforting, at least protective. It is still a sound of human origin, and we see now that we were previous in thinking we had left all forms of recognizable structure behind. However, the music is also at its most terrifying, because the student sees that it takes its origins in fear, and that its existence means that something far worse is closing in. Ironically, then, the fact that the music is a defense becomes itself a cause of fear. Furthermore, the narrator tells us: "I recognised the air—it was a wild Hungarian dance popular in the theatres, and I reflected for a moment that this was the first time I had ever heard Zann play the work of another composer" (89). The music is at its most alien and terrible, yet also at its most recognizable: instead of vaguely describing the music as "a kind of fugue," the student knows exactly what tune he is hearing. But because the known is so distorted, it is all the more frightening. The familiarity becomes symbolic of what is lost and destroyed rather than a comfort. The student hears the moment at which the alien invades.

Looking for a soundtrack to the horrors I have already unearthed in A Thousand Plateaus, I turn to Plateau 11: "1837: Of the Refrain." And here I find not only matches for Lovecraft's student's experience with the music of Erich Zann, but tools that will help me examine elements of horror fiction that go beyond music.

Deleuze and Guattari begin this Plateau with an image where a "child in the dark, gripped with fear, comforts himself by singing under his breath" (311). This scene of (quite literally) whistling in the dark finds its analogue in countless tales of horror. It describes, after all, precisely what Erich Zann does throughout Lovecraft's story. In Zann's case, it is simply that the stakes are much higher. The child's singing, and the function it fulfills, constitute one aspect of the Deleuzoguattarian refrain. And refrains, they tell us, turn up in "both horror stories and fairy tales" (ATP 312).

Refrains come in various flavours. They range from the most comforting, as they set about assembling and defending a home ground (a territory), to the most terrifying as they demolish the territory, opening the home up to the treacherous cosmos. The terminology (refrain) is musical, because sound is the privileged medium. Since it does not have to signify, it affects us most directly, and, "[s]ince its force of deterritorialization is the strongest, it also effects the most massive of reterritorializations, the most numbing, the most redundant. Ecstasy and hypnosis" (ATP 348). Music can serve the State, or it can be deployed by the war machine. Erich Zann's music holds the darkness at bay, but it also signals its presence, and becomes a source of disorientation and fear in its own right.

Music, because it is sound, may be the most direct, the most immediate example of the refrain, but it is hardly the only one. Gestures, actions, words and colours can all act to assemble or disassemble territories. Thus, very much like the case of the virtual and fictional war machines, we can see the refrain both illustrated in a given story (as in "The Music of Erich Zann") and shaping the horrific fiction. Characters sing to hide or mitigate their terror. The music on the soundtrack to a horror film comforts or terrifies us, and the same is true of the very construction of the story: much horror fiction is formula oriented. A particularly popular story might establish a territory.[23] It spawns endless imitators, and we encounter familiar characters, familiar settings, familiar images, familiar monsters and familiar plot constructions, creating a space of replicating narratives. The result can be rather too comforting, delivering increasingly diluted horror, and we feel disappointment (the student is impatient with Zann's fugue variations—all very nice, but he knows that kind of music). But we also encounter characters, settings, images, monsters and plots that we think are familiar, but then, to our (delighted) terror, turn out to be only pretending to be known quantities, and are in fact dangerously new (the Hungarian dance transmogrified into a musical shriek of terror and madness and death).

It will be important to our understanding of horror fiction and the ways in which it shapes itself to examine the reterritorializing aspects of the refrain. However, it is the deterritorializing side that both generates the most creative growth in horror fiction, and resists the gridding attacks of A Thousand Plateaus' monster: the Face.

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[23] The story might be popular because it is very successful as horror fiction. The resultant imitation, however, very quickly dulls the edge of the particular tactics thus employed.

V. THE OUTSIDER: FACIALITY

The narrator has lived his life in a huge and terrible castle, completely cut off from human contact. He dreams of joining the outside world, and of friendly society. One day, he decides to leave the castle. He does, discovering in the process that the fortress was underground, and the highest tower emerges under graveyard vaults. When he finally reaches other people, they run away, screaming. He encounters a hideous monster, "a putrid, dripping eidolon of unwholesome revelation" (Lovecraft, "The Outsider" 51), which of course is his own reflection. Human interaction is forever denied him, but he does find alternative society:

> Now I ride with the mocking and friendly ghouls on the night-wind, and play by day amongst the catacombs of Nephren-Ka in the sealed and unknown valley of Hadoth by the Nile. I know that light is not for me, save that of the moon over the rock tombs of Neb, nor any gaiety save the unnamed feasts of Nitokris beneath the Great Pyramid; yet in my new wildness and freedom I almost welcome the bitterness of alienage. (52)

The Outsider lists the norms that are now denied him. He is shut away from the usual conceptions of society and happiness. He cannot have light (but yes he can, only in a different form). He cannot have gaiety (but yes he can, only a strange new kind). The words associated with his dark (to us) world—"friendly," "play," "feasts," "wildness" and most of all "freedom"—suggest that his loss might, after all, be a gain.

Deleuze and Guattari once again use Lovecraft as theorist: "Lovecraft applies the term 'Outsider' to this thing or entity, the Thing, which arrives and passes at the edge, which is linear yet multiple" (ATP 245). Their usage here is actually in the service of their exploration of becoming. Nevertheless, what actually happens to the Outsider in Lovecraft's story can also help us with faciality.

At the most simple and basic level, what is it that makes the narrator an Outsider? Why does he experience terrified rejection? Because his appearance is monstrous, something that he recognizes as clearly as anyone else. Even in the complete absence of social contact, he nonetheless has been (prior to his violent emancipation) thoroughly inculcated with knowledge and beliefs about the norms of physical beauty (or, at the very least, acceptability). He knows what his face should look like, and the reality of his appearance is so far removed from what he expects that he experiences not only extreme horror, but at first does not even realize that he is looking at his reflection. Something has conditioned him to expect what he does. Something has determined that he is so far off the acceptable grid of human faces that he is the Outsider—so far beyond the pale he no longer qualifies for the appellation "human." The something that brings this about is faciality.

Of all the abstract machines that A Thousand Plateaus describes, faciality is perhaps the most sinister, because of its power, and because it is so difficult to escape without even more destructive consequences. The despair that radiates from Plateau 7 ("Year Zero: Faciality") recalls that of Lovecraft's narrators, when they finally realize the true, utterly hostile and implacable nature of the horror-ridden universe. I would like to consider the final paragraph of the plateau in this light. I will return to this passage again in Chapter Five to see how to apply it to horror, but for now I want to read it as if it were horror fiction.

The paragraph begins with "The face, what a horror. It is naturally a lunar landscape, with its pores, planes, matts, bright colors, whiteness, and holes: there is no need for a close-up to make it inhuman; it is naturally in close-up, and naturally inhuman, a monstrous hood" (ATP 190; emphasis theirs). The italicized opening sentence is an exclamation of horror, a recoil like that of Christine's before the unmasked Phantom of the Opera. The ensuing description is that of a monster. With its evocation of the cold, bleak alienness of the moon and its piling on of inhuman detail (details that are nonetheless vague—we do not get the delineation of a specific face), the description could almost come from Lovecraft. The use of the words "horror," "inhuman" (twice) and "monstrous" emphasize the terrible distance this monster has from us, as well as its malevolence. But the eerie thing is that this monster is the face, the human face one normally does not think twice about. To drive home their point about (among other things) the tyranny of the normal, Deleuze and Guattari need to separate us, their readers, from the unthought norms of the face. They are rendering the face alien to us, making it as monstrous to us as the Outsider's face is to him. The result is that we recoil.

Perhaps, if we are to escape the evil of the face, this alienation is necessary. The Outsider achieves a kind of freedom once he discovers what he is. Free of the imprisoning underground castle, free of the longing to belong to human society, he rides the wind, revelling in the night with beings that, like him, are beyond any definition of human. After presenting the face to us as a horror, Deleuze and Guattari appear to find hope in modes of existence very much like that of the Outsider:

> Beyond the face lies an altogether different inhumanity: no longer that of the primitive head, but of "probe-heads"; here, cutting edges of deterritorialization become operative and lines of deterritorialization positive and absolute, forming strange new becomings. Become clandestine, make rhizome everywhere, for the wonder of a nonhuman life to be created. Face, my love, you have finally become a probe-head. . . . (ATP 190–91; emphasis theirs)

The story seems to be ending on a hopeful note. If the face and its normality that we once took for granted are monstrous, if it is in fact inhuman, then once we realize this and escape, we are free to construct new representations of ourselves, and to become something new. This new construction is "nonhuman," which is not the same thing at all as "inhuman." "Inhuman" is that which hurts, that which is malefic. It is evil. And it is inhuman because it is unattainable, even while presenting an enforced norm. "Nonhuman" is that which is free of the inhumanity of the face. "Nonhuman" is linked with "Face, my love," the negative image of "The face, what a horror" (which was inhuman). The multiple use of the word "face" might be confusing, but it would appear that the new face (that has become probe-head) is a face that, by virtue of being nonhuman, is free of all the strictures and oppressive impositions that the paradoxical inhuman human face imposes.

But then there is the last sentence of the Plateau: "Must we leave it at that, three states, and no more: primitive heads, Christ-face, and probe-heads?" (ATP 191). There is an ambivalent, questioning, almost plaintive tone here. We seemed to be building toward a kind of ecstasy in the previous quotation, but that has come to a sudden stop. Now there seems to be doubt: is that all there is? should there be more? have we done enough? The primitive heads are from an earlier state, to which we cannot (and should not wish to) return. The Christ-face is the enemy: it is the face that stands as the norm to which we are being forced to conform, and from which we are trying to escape. The probe-heads are that escape, but are they strong enough? This uncertain ending is common to countless horror stories, particularly those of the latter part of this century. The monster appears to be defeated, but there is doubt. There are often signs that something is yet stirring.

I have begun at the end of the Plateau, because that is where the imagery most strongly echoes that of horror fiction. Now, having seen the (possible) end of the story, we should take a step back and consider the rest, asking two questions: what is the monster? and how is it to be defeated? These are questions that will be answered in detail in Chapter Five, but I shall attempt a brief sketch now.

The monster in this story, in this Plateau, is the faciality machine. The machine consists of a White Wall/Black Hole system. These are the basic components of the face: the White Wall that our gaze bounces off, the Black Hole from within which eyes gaze out at us, judge us and grid us. These are "dead eyes, which see all the better for being inside a black hole" (ATP 184). Once again, we have a passage that could be from horror fiction. A living dead entity inside a black hole is another idea worthy of Lovecraft, in line with the "cosmic fear" he extols in his essay "Supernatural Horror in Literature."[24] Dead eyes also suggest a cold, implacable, inhuman intelligence. This particular instance appears to be a very conscious evocation of horror fiction on the part of Deleuze and Guattari, since they gloss the quote thus: "This is a recurring theme in horror novels" (534). If faciality is frequently depicted, in one form or another, in horror fiction, then that same fiction will perhaps provide us with a guide as to how to combat the monster.

We already have one possible tool for resistance. Faciality is the establishment of a grid onto which we are all slotted according to our deviation from the face of the norm (which is not, I should add, reducible merely to a physical face). The face is the force of striation. It is the totem and generator of the State. Since the war machine opposes the

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[24] "Children will always be afraid of the dark, and men with minds sensitive to hereditary impulse will always tremble at the thought of the hidden and fathomless worlds of strange life which may pulsate in the gulfs beyond the stars, or press hideously upon our own globe in unholy dimensions which only the dead and the moonstruck can glimpse" ("Supernatural" 349).

State, its weapons should be trained against the face.

What is the Outsider's strategy? A "leering, abhorrent travesty on the human shape" (51), he fails so utterly to conform to any position on the face's grid that he is thrown outside. But if he is outside, then the grid no longer has any hold on him. Faciality's harshest penalty also marks the limit of its authority. The Outsider now welcomes the "bitterness of alienage" because of the "new wildness and freedom." He finds his own, alternative society ("the mocking and friendly ghouls"), one that the face both fears and cannot control. He and his cohorts travel smooth spaces (they ride the night wind, they play in a valley "sealed and unknown"—i.e. unmapped), spaces beyond the grasp of the State, beyond (their bizarre names suggest) any normal standard of comprehension. The Outsider is perhaps dangerous too, now that faciality no longer has a hold on him. Who knows what form his "new wildness" will take? The one time he did encounter human society, he was not driven out by force; rather, that society fled from him in terror. There is potential there for considerable disruption.

Deleuze and Guattari call us to form "strange new becomings, new polyvocalities. Become clandestine, make rhizome everywhere, for the wonder of a nonhuman life to be created." They could be describing the Outsider's existence at the end of the story, with his wild freedom and exploration of unknown, nonhuman worlds. So there is hope in the horror, and the horror gives hope in its attack on the face. But can we reach this state? To become an Outsider involves terrible risks and terrible costs, and just because Lovecraft's character escapes total destruction does not mean we will.

Horror is not utopian. Again and again, it shows the consequences of uncontrolled defacialization: the metamorphosis gone berserk; the creation of monsters; the horrors of facial deformity or utter facelessness.[25] But there are strategies to be taken up even here, weapons for the war machine. Do you want to fight the face? Then become.

VI. THE SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH: BECOMING

Something is wrong with the inhabitants of the isolated community of Innsmouth. They appear to suffer from a degenerative disease where the older they get, the more fish-like characteristics they acquire. Past a certain age, they are never seen in the street. The narrator uncovers more about Innsmouth than he should, discovering that the transformations are the result of interbreeding with the underwater-dwelling, Cthulhu-worshipping Deep Ones. He barely escapes the town with his life, but then discovers that the Innsmouth blood runs in his veins. As his transformation begins, horror changes into delight, and by the end, he looks forward to his return to the sea: "and in that lair of the Deep Ones we shall dwell amidst wonder and glory forever" ("Shadow" 367).

"The Shadow Over Innsmouth" (1931) shows a merging of cultures. The Deep Ones provide the humans with plentiful food and immortality in exchange for access to the land and breeding rights. The result is offspring who begin life as humans, but gradually change, on both the physical and psychological planes, into Deep Ones. One of the central ironies of the tale is that the narrator, during his flight from Innsmouth, on a couple of occasions imitates "the typical shamble of the Innsmouth folk as best I could" (351). The best he can is surprisingly good—good enough to fool the Innsmouth folk. The reason he takes to this gait so naturally, of course, is that his transformation has, however subtly, already begun. At this moment, he is obeying the imperatives of the change, anticipating the demands his transforming body will make in the future, even though he does not know it yet.

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[25] A couple of examples from film: The Phantom of the Opera (the 1925 version, with Lon Chaney's living skull make-up, being the best example); the hugely influential Les yeux sans visage (1959); the recent Faceless (Les prédateurs de la nuit, 1987–88).

There are two movements in the story with respect to transformation. Throughout the bulk of the tale, the narrator conveys unqualified horror at the idea and sight of the changes: he faints when he gets his first good look at Deep Ones, and faints again when he discovers his family connection. Terrified that he too is destined to transform, his life becomes "a nightmare of brooding and apprehension" (365). But at the very end, there is a sudden shift to joyful anticipation. As the narrator's metamorphosis takes hold, it pushes him further and further towards the edge (and beyond) of the normative grid of faciality. As long as he clings to his humanity, or fears its loss, the narrator is held by the face, no matter how much he changes physically. Once he embraces the change, however, he cuts himself free. The freedom could thus potentially arrive without an actual bodily change (though in this case the physical transformation also brings about the psychological shift). The process by which the narrator disengages himself from the grid is one of becoming. In this instance, becoming is powerfully deterritorializing, opening up radically new lines of flight to the narrator. His escape from the strictures of human society will be complete.

Becoming and transformation are not, as we shall see in Chapter Six, synonymous terms. Nor is becoming mere mimicry. A transformation can well be a finite event, whereas a becoming is a process. This does not mean, however, that a physical transformation cannot play a part in a becoming. And the pitfalls and dangers of transformation as played out in "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" are very close to those Deleuze and Guattari describe for becoming. Blocked, a becoming fails. Similarly, "Innsmouth"'s narrator's cousin is trapped inland as his change begins in earnest. Unable to get back to the sea, he is caught and thrown into an asylum. His access blocked to the route necessary for his continued and successful change, he goes mad.

Becoming is the subject of Plateau 10: "1730: Becoming-Intense, Becoming-Animal, Becoming-Imperceptible . . ." And this Plateau invokes horror fiction from its very first sentence: "I recall the fine film Willard" (ATP 233). (Willard is a horror film about a young man who trains rats to do his bidding, up to and including murder.) Later, Deleuze and Guattari tell us that "[o]f course there are werewolves and vampires, we say this with all our heart" (275), thus allying themselves with legions of horror protagonists, all desperately trying to prove, before it is too late, that there are such things. The year in the plateau's title is there because it marks a sudden proliferation of reports of vampires. Lovecraft returns, and this time Deleuze and Guattari use his words from "Through the

Gates of the Silver Key" to show a division of the self into an infinite multiplicity. It is in this Plateau too that they present the Outsider as "the Thing, which arrives and passes at the edge, which is linear yet multiple" (245). But then, curiously, the quotation that Deleuze and Guattari present as describing the Outsider is actually a passage from "The Lurking Fear."

This (con)fusion of stories is actually quite helpful, at least for my purposes. I have chosen "The Outsider" to introduce faciality, and "The Lurking Fear" to introduce the rhizome, and here they collide in an illustration of becoming. This collision should not be surprising. Though I have addressed each concept separately, and will be treating each in an individual chapter, such divisions do the concepts an injustice, and introduce a certain degree of warping. They are all, in fact, closely interrelated, and should not be imagined as existing in isolation from one another.

Deleuze and Guattari define becoming largely through negation. They tell us explicitly what it is not, but do not come out with a simple definition of what it is. Becoming, they tell us, "is a rhizome, not a classificatory or genealogical tree" (239). So we should not expect a clear-cut, precise, rigid definition, which, by strictly limiting what becoming can be, would make it a classificatory concept. If becoming is a rhizome, it will adapt and change according to different circumstances and contexts, while still (as with the horror rhizome) remaining recognizable. Examining becoming through the filter of horror will thus mean seeing a form of becoming shaped by its contact with the concerns of horror fiction. Part of becoming's rhizomatic consistency is the fact that it is a process.

Like nomadic thought, it is always in progress, always in motion. It has "neither culmination nor subject" (507). To stop is to fall back in the clutches of faciality. And be locked up in the insane asylum.

Deleuze and Guattari's definition by negation continues as they tell us that

> [b]ecoming is certainly not imitating, or identifying with something . . . neither is it corresponding, establishing corresponding relations. . . . Becoming is a verb with a consistency all its own; it does not reduce to, or lead back to "appearing," "being," "equalling," or "producing." (239)

The negations here do not place limits on becoming's possible manifestations. Quite the reverse, in fact: Deleuze and Guattari are concerned with avoiding such limits, which would occur if it were possible to equate the difficult concept with one of the options above. Such an equation would make becoming disappear in more than one sense. Not only would we no longer have to deal with the slippery term, since we would now have a more comfortable substitute, but any action on the part of becoming would also vanish, since we would have reduced it to metaphor, analogy, or some other kind of entirely fictional wordplay. Similarly, distancing becoming from "being" and the other verbs listed again avoids the reduction and disappearance of the concept, but also forces us to think about how this verb acts, about what exactly its consistency is.

The narrator of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" progresses through different stages of becoming-Deep One. When he adopts their shamble, what is happening is much more than mere imitation, and is a hint of the unique character of becoming, and how it goes beyond mere analogy. Becoming involves "endowing the parts of [one's] body with relations of speed and slowness" (ATP 258) that correspond to that which one is becoming. This is what the narrator must do in order to survive. In order to escape detection, he must become-Deep One. And so he finds the precise gait, which matches him with creatures that are in the zone "of proximity and undecidability" (507): creatures that, while still able to pass (barely) for human, are in the late stages of becoming-Deep Ones. By the end of the story, he has not reached a stasis point of simply "being" Deep One, since he can still draw on the complete memories and fears of a humanity he no longer recognizes as relevant.

More often than not, horror concerns itself with failed becomings, where the result is a monster pure and destructive. But as we see in Lovecraft, the possibility of successful becomings does exist. These are stories where the deadening result of failure is made clear. Furthermore, the conclusion of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" puts the lie to any notion that the transformation is some sort of devolution, in spite of the narrator's initial perceptions. The narrator has entered a nonhuman form of existence, but it is one of "wonder and glory," and not of some base animalism.

For Deleuze and Guattari, the most important becoming, the necessary first step toward all other becomings, is becoming-woman. This raises issues that I will need to explore in some depth in Chapter Six. Becoming-woman might be all very well from a male starting point, a necessary and salutary blow to the face, and one that horror loves to explore (Clive Barker's "The Madonna" being one of the most rigorous examinations).

However, how a molar woman becomes a molecular woman is another question, and a rather problematic one. The danger seems to be that molecular becoming might mean a surrender on the part of women of an identity they have only just reclaimed, all in the name of a male-directed agenda.

So the concept of becoming must be carefully adapted if the deterritorialization of which it is capable (in this study, via horror fiction) is not to lead to a reterritorialization as sinister as the territory of departure. A possible route of adaptation involves the vampire. Vampire fiction is an area that, in print, is thoroughly dominated by women. For that reason if for no other, this area merits careful scrutiny. Even more interesting is the popularity of the lesbian vampire. These narratives frequently involve transformation, and this, coupled with a narrative line that rejects the male as (at best) dull (The Hunger [1983]) and (at worst and most frequently) murderously patriarchal (Vampyros Lesbos [1970] and Le rouge aux lèvres [1971]) suggests to me that, with some work, the concept of becoming might also be of use to women in escaping the White Male Face.

It is time, then, to take this assemblage of concepts, and set them loose on horror.

CHAPTER TWO

"SPREADING LIKE A SEPTIC CONTAGION": RE-DEFINING AND RE-CONNECTING WITH THE RHIZOME

> The thing came abruptly and unannounced; a demon, ratlike scurrying from pits remote and unimaginable, a hellish panting and stifled grunting, and then from beneath the chimney a burst of multitudinous and leprous life—a loathsome night-spawned flood of organic corruption more devastatingly hideous than the blackest conjurations of mortal madness and morbidity. Seething, stewing, surging, bubbling like serpents' slime it rolled up and out of that yawning hole, spreading like a septic contagion and streaming from the cellar at every point of egress—streaming out to scatter through the accursed midnight forests and strew fear, madness, and death.
>
> —H.P. Lovecraft, "The Lurking Fear"

In Chapter One, I examined the case of 2001: A Space Odyssey, and attempted to show how, in a film not usually thought of as horror, a moment occurs where Kubrick shapes the film in order to raise the horror affect in the audience. This point in the film, I argued, is an instance of what I call the horror rhizome coming to the surface. The process and its effect are much like the scene described by Lovecraft in the epigraph above (if not necessarily quite so extreme): a disorienting, unexpected change occurs, and the environment turns hostile and dangerous. In 2001, the contagion is contained—only one portion of the film is infected. Or so it seems. Taking into account every possible moment of menace, from the first hints that something has gone wrong with HAL to his disconnection, we still cover only 33 minutes out of 141. However, HAL is perhaps the most universally recognized character from the film, and his blandly understated, yet sinister, lines (such as "Look Dave, I can see you're really upset about this") have entered the lexicon of film quotes. In this sense, the septic contagion has indeed spread and scattered through the midnight forests, colouring the audience's perception of the entire film.

Such is but one potential of the horror rhizome. By virtue of the force of the affect it raises, its touch can alter an entire work, or one's perception of the work. It can thus affect both the production and the reception of the text. I am particularly interested in four possibilities opened up by the rhizome. One: the rhizome premits a re-definition of horror fiction that allows us to see the connections (spatial instead of historical) between works without the constraints and limits of genre. Two: the rhizome opens the door to freer experimentation through a knowing combination of disparate elements. Three: the rhizome connects with exteriority—i.e. the rhizome multiplies the links the work can make with concerns beyond the manifest narrative. So, for instance, I will show how a rhizomatic approach to Gorgo can connect giant monsters and Irish nationalism. Four: the rhizome can lead to a tracing of the lines of flight created by the war machine, and an examination of both what sort of map the lines of flight make and what kind of map the horror audience can make with them. In other words, one can see how horror follows particular lines (e.g. describing a nightmarish outcome of environmental devastation). One can examine where these lines go, map out worst-case scenarios, and find hope or not, and then see how horror itself can push us down various lines (of becoming, for instance). Explaining, elaborating and exploring these possibilities will be the task of this chapter.

The rhizome creates these possibilities thanks to the six principles that Deleuze and Guattari assign to it (and that are therefore, I feel, also true of horror fiction): 1) connection: "the rhizome connects any point to any other point" (ATP 21); 2) heterogeneity: the rhizome is made up of seemingly disparate parts; 3) multiplicity: no one part of the rhizome dominates the whole; the rhizome, in fact, is not a whole; 4) asignifying rupture: the ability of the rhizome to sprout new growth in a new direction wherever it is broken; 5) cartography: the rhizome explores rather than traces; and 6) decalcomania: the map "is always detachable, connectable, reversible, modifiable" (ATP 21). These characteristics of the rhizome will serve, to varying degrees and in various combinations, to define and put into action horror fiction and its rhizome.

The risk with the inexact (or anexact, as the term appears elsewhere, thus avoiding connotations of "incorrect" or "wrong" that "inexact" carries) concept is that the concept might appear ambiguous or worse. Christa Bürger, in "The Reality of 'Machines,' Notes on the Rhizome-Thinking of Deleuze and Guattari," finds that rhizome-thinking is an invitation to forgetting and fascism, and to dereliction of responsibility. "Concepts," she argues, "such as 'political,' 'collective,' and 'deterritorialization' . . . seem to refer to concrete socio-historical functional interconnection. Within rhizome-'grammatology,' however, they . . . become the empty screen for any projections whatsoever" (Bürger 37). The rhizome, she seems to be arguing, merely hands one an impressionistic license to kill. Furthermore, she finds that the rhizome defines itself negatively, and does this primarily by identifying its enemy in order to refute it. Worse, she argues that the rhizome does not offer a clear alternative to its enemy, and "again and again reproduces the categories that it negates" (34). So in the very attempt to get away from the binary oppositions of arboreal thought, another opposition is created.

To a certain degree, this is true. Even as they warn against oppositions, Deleuze and Guattari do set up a "rhizome good, tree bad" structure. They struggle against this tendency, in part by acknowledging the danger. They ask, after discussing the mapping characteristic of the rhizome (which we shall discuss a bit further on), "Have we not, however, reverted to a simple dualism by contrasting maps to tracings, as good and bad sides?" (ATP 13). Similarly, I tend rather too easily toward defining genre as the enemy. The solution to this difficulty "is a question of method: the tracing should always be put back on the map" (ATP 13; emphasis theirs). If we start seeing things as easy dualisms, we are playing the tree's game, and Bürger's description of the rhizome structures and arborifies it. The tracing takes over. However, if we "connect the roots or trees back up with a rhizome" (ATP 14) (if we link up with what can be helpful in genre), then we avoid replicating these simplistic dichotomies.

This process is not easy, and Deleuze and Guattari fall prey to arboreal privileging, dividing and hierarchization on more than one occasion. Bürger is troubled by "a mode of thought that defines itself in opposition to science and culture but that at the same time clings to a virtually fetishistic concept of book" (35; emphasis hers). Deleuze and Guattari's emphasis on the book is due in part to the fact that they "are writing this book as a rhizome" (ATP 22), and thus must insist on the book in order to take apart our conventional approaches to the said object and then re-create the book as "assemblage with the outside, against the book as image of the world" (ATP 23). They do, however, wind up privileging fairly conventional notions of literature. With the exception of Lovecraft, all of their literary exemplars (Woolf, Miller, Lawrence, Fitzgerald, etc.) fit comfortably within the canon of contemporary literature. They may claim that "RHIZOMATICS=POP ANALYSIS" (ATP 24) and invoke the Pink Panther and B-movies, but they still spend most of their time on canonical authors. There is no great challenge to established concepts of art here, and given the emphasis on writers who are usually modernists, frequently American, and almost always male, we should be forgiven for suspecting the recreation of an arboreal trunk. A truly rhizomatic approach, it seems to me, would build its case and takes its strength from a much more widely disparate group of examples. I feel, then, not that the concept of rhizome is itself at fault, but that Bürger has highlighted moments where Deleuze and Guattari fail to follow through on their own principles. The challenge then is to avoid falling into the same trap.

Therefore, while my textual examples are all from horror, since that is the focus of my study, and not the rhizome tel quel, I will attempt to make my selections as wide-ranging as possible, avoiding, I hope, any canonical core.[26]

What about the vagueness, the impressionism and the negative definition of the rhizome with which Bürger charges Deleuze and Guattari? The rhizome, considered on its own, can certainly appear rather amorphous, though it is not negatively defined. Deleuze and Guattari do provide the rhizome with some positive characteristics (the connectedness, heterogeneity, multiplicity, asignifying ruptures, decalcomania and cartography listed earlier). While these are not arboreal characteristics, they are not necessarily in binary opposition with the tree. It would, however, be a mistake to consider the rhizome on its own. The particularity about the anexact concept is that it must be adapted to the field in which it is to be applied. André Pierre Colombat writes: "[the rhizome] really makes sense only when applied to a variety of experimental fields—philosophy, arts, the sciences, or even everyday life. It is inseparable from its many possible but concrete applications, each of which will slightly modify its definition" (Colombat 15–16). Thus, Deleuze and Guattari discuss the book at some length in their first plateau, which bears the title "Introduction: Rhizome," since their purpose is to make A Thousand Plateaus a rhizome, and they must therefore carry out an application of their own concept.

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[26] Furthermore, if this study is to have any merit, it must be applicable to horror fiction as a whole, and not just to a particularly amenable group of works.

I. RE-DEFINITION

I have defined the horror rhizome as the set of percepts that strive to transmit the affect of horror to the audience. And, I have argued, this rhizome can appear in works that are not, themselves, horror fiction. I define horror fiction as fiction where the horror rhizome has completely taken over. In other words, one recognizes a text as horror fiction when it is a narrative text whose overall thrust is determined by the horror rhizome. The blocks of sensation in such texts appear to have been molded for the primary aim of horrifying the audience. All of the percepts, regardless of form, are slaved to the creation of the horror affect.

This definition allows us not only to find traces of horror in other works (as we did with 2001), but gets us out of the difficulty that plagues most other definitions of horror fiction. Horror is usually defined as a genre, and this is a rigid, arboreal classificatory system. The concept is not flexible. A given work must conform to a particular set of narrative devices (plot elements, narrative concerns) or it is not horror. Further, there are oppositions: horror/science-fiction or horror/fantasy or horror/thriller. That is, a given work is either horror fiction or it is something else. Yes, there are hybrids, but either the hybridization is not acknowledged, or the importance of the work to the development of the art of horror is downplayed; i.e. it is relegated to one of the outlying branches of the tree, getting further from the trunk the less it conforms to the critic's definition of what horror is. So the process of genre studies seems to involve the creation of a central definition (a trunk) and then binary/dialectical argumentation that considers given works as either belonging to the core (thus leading to the creation of a canon), related but impure (an outlying branch), or not horror at all (as is the effect, as I mentioned in the Introduction, of Dennis Gifford's supernatural definition).

A rhizomatic definition of horror fiction gets us away from having to decide whether a film or a book is horror or not based on its narrative content. Instead, we can examine a given work and decide if the percepts that carry the horror affect are sufficiently dominant to warrant the appellation "horror fiction." Narrative content can certainly act as a guide, since there are particular kinds of story elements that are more conducive to triggering horror than others. Nevertheless, this is still only a guide. We would be misled, for instance, if we thought that the presence of the Frankenstein monster, Dracula and the Wolf Man in Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein (1948) made that film a horror film. It is not a horror film, because it seeks to create laughter rather than shudders. There are no supernatural beings in Seven (1995), but it is a horror film. The ultimate criterion is that the work attempt to horrify and frighten, regardless of how it does so. My argument here is in many respects quite similar to that put forward by horror novelists John Skipp and Craig Spector:

> Fear is the natural province of horror; and horror is the worst-case scenario of fear. When the worst case goes down, you've got a moment of horror, no matter what kind of film you're watching.
>
> It's important, at this point, to note that only those films that wear

> their worst-case scenarios on their sleeves wind up in the "Horror" section [of a video store].
>
> But horror is the secret ingredient in every conflict-driven film.
>
> Or, as we posited earlier:
>
> HORROR IS THE ENGINE THAT POWERS
>
> EVERY MOVIE YOU EVER LOVED.
>
> ("Splatterpunk" 242; emphasis theirs)

Skipp and Spector have deliberately left any form of genre theory behind. They apply their theory to a case study of Amadeus, showing how the Salieri character is straight out of Edgar Allan Poe. Their point is not that Amadeus is a horror film, nor that it is the events or characters in themselves that constitute the horror engine. It is the effect on the audience that counts. The affect comes first: the structural characteristics of the film occur in order to raise the affect, and not the other way around. I would then say that in Amadeus we have an example of the horror rhizome coming to the fore, as in 2001. Skipp and Spector's definition is still content-derived (horror films play out the worst-case scenario), but is much more flexible than the genre approach, and is closer to the rhizomatic. The nature of the worst case is not set down; it is enough that it animates the film.

Ultimately, I find the rhizome still offers us more possibilities than Skipp and Spector's outline, given (among other things) the theoretical elaboration Deleuze and Guattari provide. And I differ from Skipp and Spector in defining horror fiction not as a text where the worst-case scenario is front and centre, but one where the generation of the horror affect appears to be the primary goal. This will, however, mean that the worst-case scenario is often enough in the foreground.

I have called genre an arboreal approach to defining horror. The tree is a form of thought for which Deleuze and Guattari present the rhizome as an alternative. The tree is the image of classical philosophy. Todd G. May writes that it is "the philosophy of the founding principle" (6) and that "[t]he purpose of that principle is to gather the disparate into a unity, to account for the seemingly different or irregular in terms of the same or the regular, to bring the unruly under the sway of the rule" (May 6). The founding principle would produce the canonical core or trunk mentioned above, and each attempt at a founding principle similarly leads to all sorts of works that do not fit the definition well, but must be accounted for in some way in relation to that definition. With the rhizome, Deleuze and Guattari criticize "notions of contradiction and opposition, of depth and organic unity within classical thought, in order to develop an open system based on multiplicity, simultaneity and surfaces" (Colombat 15). So even though the rhizome is an alternative to the tree, it is not the tree's opposite. Deleuze and Guattari are against opposition, feeling that even dialectics ultimately reproduces the very systems it supposedly struggles against. Even two so apparently diametrically opposed concepts as, for instance, the State and the war machine are not, strictly speaking, opposites. Their goals are different, in the sense of a heterogeneous, non-oppositional difference. The goals are frequently antagonistic, but they are not binary opposites. The State, furthermore, does not seek to destroy the war machine but to capture it. We have a similar dissymmetry with the tree and the rhizome. The tree, with the root going into depth, is an image of opposition. The rhizome, because it is anexact, and because of its multiplicity of connections, is an alternative that is not an oppositional mirror image to the tree.

We can see this perhaps most clearly in the rhizome's connectivity and heterogeneity: "any point of a rhizome can be connected to anything other, and must be. . . . A rhizome ceaselessly establishes connections between semiotic chains, organizations of power, and circumstances relative to the arts, sciences, and social struggles" (ATP 7). Because any point can connect to any other point, one cannot identify an originary line. What we have is a tangle. So, unlike a tree, the rhizome does not have a central trunk, a centre with respect to which everything else is defined. Its heterogeneous composition means that no one part is necessarily more important than another. Different elements will be more important or useful at different times and locations. A rhizomatic approach is very local. Thus, with respect to classification, there are times, while tracing the rhizome, that we will find horror fiction very strongly conforming to an arboreal genre definition. Just because the rhizome is not a tree does not mean it cannot, at times, assume a form that resembles a tree: "[i]s it not of the essence of the rhizome to intersect roots and sometimes merge with them?" (ATP 13). But an altered tree is not a tree. I am speaking here of a very localized phenomenon within the larger rhizome. The rhizome can connect, ivy-like, with the tree, taking what it needs to grow and then moving on. So again, there is difference, not opposition. In tracing the development (in the sense of changes and mutations, but not in any teleological sense of linear historical progress) of horror, one can bounce off various genre definitions, using them as suggestions, signposts of change, and points at which to find ruptures.

I can bring together the widely disparate works that, in my definition, qualify as horror fiction, thanks to the rhizomatic principle of heterogeneity. Deleuze and Guattari use the example of language, showing that "there is no language in itself . . . only a throng of dialects, patois, slangs, and specialized languages" (ATP 7). Similarly, there is no universalizing tale of horror, only myriad stories in a variety of media, linked by their efforts to frighten. Furthermore, just as "[l]anguage stabilizes around a parish, a bishopric, a capital [and] forms a bulb" (ATP 7), so certain types of stories in particular contexts prove to be more successful at generating terror than most, and so there is a grouping of individual works around that narrative structure. So, for instance, one sees a proliferation of films involving hulking masked murderers killing teenagers in the wake of Halloween (1978). These bulbs can sometimes become quite large, and potentially mislead us into mistaking them for trunks (and hence generic attempts to construct an Ur-horror text).

Deleuze and Guattari see the principles of connectedness and heterogeneity as working very much in tandem. When they first start enumerating rhizome characteristics, these two are presented as "1 and 2. Principles of connection and heterogeneity" (ATP 7).[27] They do in fact mutually presuppose each other: if the rhizome can connect any point to any other point, there will clearly be many very unusual linkages, and conversely, if the rhizome can even bring into play "very different regimes of signs, and even nonsign states" (ATP 21), then clearly its ability to connect is prodigious. We can clearly see both principles at work in the formation of bulbs on the rhizome formed by the connection of works of horror fiction.

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[27] The only other characteristics so linked are "5 and 6. Principle of cartography and decalcomania" (ATP 12). Again, these are principles that work so closely together that it

Consider, for example, the case of Dracula. Bram Stoker's 1897 novel has had countless imitators, re-tellings, re-visions, and adaptations; 133 films, as of 1980, featured a vampire by that name (Twitchell 312). This bulb alone sends out stems in numerous directions, and we can follow connections that form such stems as the sexual nature of Dracula (the Hammer films of the late 50s to the early 70s, the 1979 Dracula with Frank Langella playing Dracula as a matinée idol, the lush sensuality of Coppola's 1992 Bram Stoker's Dracula), the political impact of such a being (Kim Newman's Anno Dracula and The Bloody Red Baron pick up Stoker's thread of Dracula's trip to England being an attempt at conquest), the technical aspects of representing the character (Coppola's film evokes many of the images of the 1922 Nosferatu, while at the same time using film techniques that would have been available at the time of the novel's publication), and so on.

There are vast numbers of bulbs, a fact which highlights the multiplicity of the rhizome. Certain types of stories might be in positions of strength at various points along the rhizome, but no one can be said to dominate the whole. This is unlike the tree, where

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becomes very difficult to disentangle them, and in fact misleading to discuss one without the other.

no matter how many different parts there are, they must finally come together in the service of an overall unity. An arboreal definition of horror fiction would be one like James Twitchell's. In Dreadful Pleasures: An Anatomy of Modern Horror, he proposes that all horror narratives are ultimately about incest and sexual initiation. Quite apart from the fact that Twitchell's numerous errors of fact would lead me to question his conclusions (plots, names and dates are frequently erroneously reported), his definition creates the same sort of limitations and exclusions as do genre approaches, but is in some ways even more limiting in that now every work, no matter how apparently different from every other, is really telling the same story. Frankly, I find the effort necessary to make all horror fiction conform to an incest narrative distorting and misleading. Twitchell manages to make Godzilla fit his pattern (Godzilla is our childlike impulse to do whatever we want, but he pays the price by having no sex life), but in so doing makes nonsense of the film, and completely ignores its more manifest (and, I think, more interesting) concerns (such as a rigorous recreation of the effects of atomic war). Deleuze and Guattari argue against interpretation, saying that "the only question is which other machine the literary machine can be plugged into, must be plugged into in order to work" (ATP 4). Do the connections Twitchell sets up make a workable machine? I believe not, or at least, the machine does not work in a very interesting way, since in order to make this machine work (i.e. to make all horror stories conform to the incest narrative), such contortions are necessary that the only thing the machine does now is search out incest (or related) stories.

Recognizing the horror rhizome as a multiplicity gets us away from any forced scenario where we feel compelled to force widely different stories all to be about the same thing. Furthermore, the rhizome "is reducible neither to the One nor the multiple. It is not the One that becomes Two or even directly three, four, five, etc. . . . It is composed not of units but of dimensions, or rather directions in motion" (ATP 21). Just as thinking about horror fiction as being about one story does not recognize the multiplicity of the horror rhizome, neither does coming up with a group of core narratives (as, for example, Stephen King does in Danse Macabre, dividing horror into variations on tales about the vampire, the werewolf, the Thing Without a Name, and the ghost). This is still a multiple based on a unity. My argument is that horror can be about anything, can be plugged into anything, as long as the story is designed to frighten.

The criterion that horror fiction must demonstrate an attempt to horrify the audience is not an attempt to create another unity. Connection and unity are not the same thing. This is merely the means by which we recognize the works as being horror fiction, and by which we follow the flows and stems of the rhizome. A multiplicity is still a recognizable entity—it is not a completely amorphous, gaseous concept. The drive to create horror is the direction of motion that defines this particular rhizome. It in no way prescribes the precise nature of the stories that are being connected. Thus, we do not have to go through all sorts of unlikely contortions searching for thematic continuity between The Mysteries of Udolpho, Godzilla and Dawn of the Dead. We might well be able to, but we should also ask ourselves just how useful (and stable) the resultant conceptual framework is. Does this definition lead anywhere? Furthermore, given that such a structure is almost invariably based on a group of works that happen to lend themselves particularly well to the given interpretation, what are we doing to the works that are more difficult to fit into the scheme, the works that are among the most outlying branches of the tree? Do we simply do our best to slot them in, and then otherwise ignore them because their awkwardness doesn't permit us to do anything else except force them into the proper classification?

The multiplicity of the rhizome gets us away from such confining structures and difficult questions. Groups of stories are merely the bulbs on the rhizome, and have no way of dictating to the whole. Differences in narrative form and other changes are not to be feared, but are simply evidence of the different paths along which the rhizome grows.

When we examine the bulbs, and the connections flowing out of them, concentrating exclusively on works of horror fiction, it might seem that we are seeing a second horror rhizome come into play. This one, rather than the collection of percepts raising the affect of horror (which can appear in any work, whether it is a case of horror fiction or not), is made up exclusively of those works which are horror fiction. This second rhizome is actually a subsection of the first. This, after all, is the collection of works that are completely in the grip of the horror rhizome. In fact, what we are creating is a map. We are lifting off, in the manner of decalcomania, the collection of works that we define as horror fiction. If we were to take this map, and consider it as a defining guide for horror, then we would have a tracing, which limits and dictates. Hence the necessity of putting the tracing back on the map, which evolves and flows as the rhizome proliferates. The creation of the map is not, however, a purely passive, reactive process, as we shall now see.

II. EXPERIMENTATION

Currently, works self-defined as horror fiction are rather thin on the ground. Screen time is now almost the exclusive province of the major budget release, and producers are reluctant to spend vast sums on horror films, whose core audience, if loyal, is narrow. The horror film, formerly a staple, now only appears occasionally on the big screen.[28] A similar crunch is beginning to take place in the direct-to-video market as well. In print, the boom of the early 80s has been followed by a long and severe bust. Most bookstores no longer have a section marked "Horror," very few publishers are putting out novels that identify themselves as such (except those by Clive Barker, Stephen King, Dean Koontz, Brian Lumley and Anne Rice—a handful of established authors who are so prolific that they appear to satisfy what market needs there are). Some publishers, such as Zebra (which formerly was quite strongly identified with paperback horror), now will no longer publish horror fiction at all.

In spite of this grim climate, horror fiction, as defined here, still appears, only now under different names (such as "dark fantasy" or, in the case of the innumerable serial-killer novels now on the shelves, "thriller"). Thomas F. Monteleone has, with his most recent novels (The Blood of the Lamb [1992], The Resurrectionist [1995] and Night of Broken Souls [1997]), taken the political-suspense thriller and, through the introduction of supernatural menace, twisted it to serve the purpose of raising the horror affect. Meanwhile his publisher can avoid the current stigma attached to horror novels by advertising the books as "millennial thrillers" (Marotta 78).

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[28] At the time of writing, horror seems to be undergoing something of a resurgence on the screen.

As we can see from the above, the directions in which the rhizome grows (and the degree of this growth in a given direction) can be dictated by the degree of hostility of the terrain through which it travels. The bulbs that formed in the boom no longer appear to be effective, and so new growths are necessary. While the situation does not necessarily lead to a higher proportion of innovative works (a reader of horror fiction today typically has a choice of reading about either vampires or serial killers, whereas the early years of the bust saw the creation of the Abyss imprint [now defunct], which consciously sought out and published innovative writers), Monteleone's success is an example of the kind of experimentation that will see horror fiction through this fallow spell.

A consciously rhizomatic approach to horror fiction would, I feel, lead to greater innovation. Just as a recognition of the rhizome's ability to connect to any point whatever, and of its heterogeneous multiplicity, permits us to identify and discuss works as horror fiction that might otherwise be ignored (or distorted in order to fit a conceptual schema), a similar exploitation of the rhizome's potential at the creative end of things opens up a wide field of possibilities. It is in exploring the rhizome's paths that the difference between mapping and tracing becomes crucial. Tracing partakes of the arboreal. It is "something that comes ready-made. The tree articulates and hierarchizes tracings; tracings are like the leaves of a tree" (ATP 12). To trace is to reproduce. The horror artist is engaging in tracing, even when considering the rhizome, if she or he simply tries to follow lines that have already been set down. Taking the path of least resistance goes a long way toward transforming the rhizome into a tree. The map, on the other hand, "is open and connectable in all of its dimensions; it is detachable, reversible, susceptible to constant modification. It can be torn, reversed, adapted to any kind of mounting, reworked by an individual, group, or social formation" (ATP 12). There is nothing complete about the map, nothing predetermined. It is a record of exploration, but it is also a product of exploration, and is constantly being modified. Going over what has been done before produces the tracing, but the map is made by going elsewhere, by creating new connections. The detachable, reversible qualities of the map are the principle of decalcomania. One can detach the map and examine it as a provisional whole to get a sense of the rhizome's journey at a given point, and use it for suggestions as to which way to go next. The risk here is seeing the map as a complete product whose indicated routes are the only ones possible. Hence the admonition always to put the tracings back on the map, and keep the process alive.

After making a map for one's particular position with regards to the horror rhizome (a position dependent on individual needs, desires, purposes, and so forth), one can examine it for asignifying ruptures, either actual or potential. Ruptures on the rhizome are asignifying not because they are meaningless, trivial events (quite the contrary, in fact), but because they do not necessarily signify anything in particular, such as ill-health or a wound on the part of the rhizome. They are breaks in that at these points the rhizome begins to grow differently. Deleuze and Guattari set the asignfying rupture "against the oversignifying breaks separating structures or cutting across a single structure. A rhizome may be broken, shattered at a given spot, but it will start up again on one of its old lines, or on new lines" (ATP 9). A break does not mean a fragmentation of the rhizome into discreet pieces, or a break as one would have in a tree, dividing (for instance) two branches one from the other. Once divided, those branches will never meet again. The rhizome can quite easily reconnect with itself. Even if the break appears severe, it is nothing like the felling of a trunk: "You can never get rid of ants because they form an animal rhizome that can rebound time and again after most of it has been destroyed" (ATP 9). The current market situation appears to be one of the more shattering ruptures. The rhizome's old lines (at least in the sense of the lines it was following until the point of rupture, these lines being characterized, in literature, by a pronounced supernatural emphasis) have ceased to grow, and the rhizome is proliferating along new ones. It is entirely possible, however, that there will be, some time into the future, a reconnection with these currently immobile lines. Nothing is forever, and no rhizome rupture categorically separates one line from another.

While the market rupture we have just discussed provides an example of the rhizome reacting to adversity, not all ruptures have the same cause (or even have a cause at all, but it is not an either/or proposition). Ruptures also occur at points not where the rhizome's growth is being opposed, but rather where the growth is becoming overly stratified. Deleuze and Guattari write that

> [e]very rhizome contains lines of segmentarity according to which it is stratified, territorialized, organized, signified, attributed, etc., as well as lines of deterritorialization down which it constantly flees. There is a rupture in the rhizome whenever segmentary lines explode into a line of flight, but the line of flight is part of the rhizome. (ATP 9)

The more set on a particular grouping of lines the rhizome is, the more stratified it becomes. The tree does not have a monopoly on rigidity of structure. However, the rhizome always has other lines that flee from this stratification, and the rupture here does not mark the division between one form of growth and another, but rather the transformation from one to the other. The rupture here is salutory, breaking up tendencies to ossification. George A. Romero's Night of the Living Dead (1968) creates one such rupture. Kim Newman writes: "In a graveyard, at sunset, the nightmare movie begins. It's the where and when you'd expect of the first scene of a film called Night of the Living Dead, as if the producers were trying to qualify for a Most Typical Horror Movie of 1968 award" (Nightmare 1).[29] Romero's film turns out to be anything but typical, but a great deal of its shock comes from its shattering of lines of stratification. Thus, when Barbara and her brother Johnny appear in the opening scene, we "have [Johnny] pegged as one of those movie types who need a crisis to bring out his best" (2). Instead, Johnny is promptly killed. Our female lead becomes virtually catatonic for the rest of the film. A young couple turns up later, who "finally give the audience characters they can accept in a horror film, a pair of utterly conventional young lovers" (3). But they are burnt to death and then devoured. And so it goes. Heroism is useless, cowardice the only conceivable way to survive, and everyone dies at the end anyway. Romero seeks out all the standard narrative lines that a film audience could expect Night of the Living Dead to follow, and systematically shatters them.

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[29] Newman calls Romero's film a "nightmare movie," instead of a horror movie, because of his attempt at redefinition. I find that my project is in very close sympathy with Newman's. He writes that "the central thesis of horror in film and literature is that the world is a more frightening place than is generally assumed . . . . By these lights, I feel films not usually listed as horror classics (Dirty Harry, Smooth Talk, The King of Comedy) are as important to the genre as monster movies" (xii). In other words,

As every line of flight can in turn become a line of stratification, so Night of the Living Dead became the model for virtually every zombie film to follow in its wake. For the first time in film, the zombies were not the mindless slaves of a megalomaniacal voodoo practitioner.[30] Romero's zombies are cannibals, and their only function is to eat and kill. And all zombies since 1968 have followed the same pattern. The new lines created by Night of the Living Dead stratified so quickly, and so completely, that when

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Newman's nightmare film is one devoted to frightening the audience. Though Newman still uses the term "genre," his approach is at odds with most conceptions of that word, and he goes on to say that "the out-of-genre horror film is currently [1988] producing more interesting work than the formularised and repetitive glut of teenage horror comedies" (xii). I would not call The King of Comedy a horror film, since I do not see this film as being completely in the service of the horror rhizome, but it would be another case, as with 2001, of the rhizome making its presence known.

[30] This particular narrative line was laid down by White Zombie (1932), with Bela Lugosi as Murder Legendre operating his sugar mill with re-animated corpses.

Romero scripted and produced a remake in 1990, he was able to perform a similar (though not quite as extensive) sort of shattering, spinning the plot off in directions unanticipated by audiences now thoroughly immersed in a new set of expectations.

This is the challenge for the creator of horror fiction: to create a map of the horror rhizome, examine the different routes offered, and, where necessary or desirable, create ruptures. Thinking rhizomatically (being open to unusual connections, aiding and abetting lines of flight) aids and encourages experimentation. The disruption Night of the Living Dead caused may not have been intentional, but the horror practitioner can look at the effect the film achieved, and see a model for breaking up ossification. I believe that this form of approach pushes us to go beyond merely thinking in terms of formula and tinkering with established narratives. The rhizome's ability to connect with any point whatever suggests the huge range of possibilities that open up to us (as creators) once we make a rupture. We can take a line of flight that leads not just to a reworking of an established narrative (which would really not be much of a break at all), but it can take us into realms unheard of in the usual constructions of horror. The creator can bring the rhizome into narratives usually seen as completely disconnected from horror. The result can be simply a horrific influence making itself known, shifting the tone and concerns of the work to a greater or lesser degree. Or, if the takeover of the new territory by the rhizome is complete, the result can be the creation of a new type of horror story. This new form could still be fairly recognizable as horror fiction even by generic standards (as is the case with Monteleone's novels), or it could be such that it is recognizable as horror fiction the same way in which it was created: rhizomatically.

Furthermore, the experimentation can and should obviously reach beyond coming up with new forms of narrative. In what realms can a rhizomatic approach prove fruitful? What else does the rhizome link up? And to what end?

III. EXTERIORITY

Let us return to the principles of connectivity and heterogeneity. When discussing the linguistic rhizome, Deleuze and Guattari point out that

> not every trait in a rhizome is necessarily linked to a linguistic feature: semiotic chains of every nature are connected to very diverse modes of coding (biological, political, economic, etc.) that bring into play not only different regimes of signs but also states of things of differing status. (ATP 7)

The composition of a rhizome is thus heterogeneous in every conceivable sense and to the highest possible degree. Domains that do not, on the face of it, have anything directly to do with language nevertheless both make up and affect the development of the rhizome. The same holds true for the horror rhizome, since as a general rule the rhizome (whatever the specific type) "ceaselessly establishes connections between semiotic chains, organizations of power, and circumstances relative to the arts, sciences, and social struggles" (7). Just as Deleuze and Guattari declare the book a rhizome, and then also treat it as a machine, asking not what it means but what it can be plugged into, with what other machines it can be made to work, so we must ask ourselves the same questions of the horror rhizome. I have discussed some of the ways in which connectivity can be used, but I was still limiting the analysis to a purely fictional or artistic plane (inasmuch as such a thing, as with the purely linguistic plane, can be said to exist at all). I am interested in seeing how the lessons and approaches of horror fiction can reach beyond the fictional frame. So let us now see how the horror rhizome can incorporate and address (plug into) social and political struggles. In order to do this, I would like to do a case study of Eugène Lourié's 1961 film Gorgo.

A young Irish male gets himself into trouble. He is captured and hauled off to England, where he is imprisoned. The Irish government complains that its jurisdiction has been violated, but this is all so much ineffectual hand-wringing, and the prisoner remains where he is, a trophy to English power. His mother then takes action, travelling from rural Ireland to the seat of power in London. The authorities throw obstacles in her path every step of the way. Overcoming them all, she finally arrives at the Houses of Parliament . . .

. . . and knocks them flat.

The young male in question is a 65-foot tyrannosaurus-like dinosaur, his mother is over 200 feet tall, the prison is a circus, and the obstacles are military rather than legal or bureaucratic. Nonetheless, the description I have given above of the film's plot, while deliberately written to invoke such Irish Problem films as In the Name of the Father (1993) and Some Mother's Son (1996), is still perfectly accurate.

Produced during a relatively quiet period of Anglo-Irish relations, the best part of a decade before the Ulster bombings began in earnest, Gorgo appears—with its depiction of a force of violence destroying Irish lives before turning the full force of its fury on the English capital[31]—eerily prophetic. Because of the events that have transpired since its release, it is now even easier to connect Gorgo to a sense of national injustice, and of ecstatic revenge.[32]

When Sean (Vincent Winter), an orphan boy, first meets sailors Joe Ryan (Bill Travers) and Sam Slade (William Sylvester), he describes a moment of Irish pride (the repulsing of Viking raiders), with which the sea monster "Ogra" is explicitly connected. All the while, however, Captain Ryan, apparently Irish but thoroughly anglicized (he can't understand a word of Gaelic), is already sizing up the cash value of archaeological treasures raised from the sea, and will soon be speculating on the profits involved in selling Gorgo to the English. Later, when the plan to capture Gorgo is first hatched, Sean warns that "It's a bad thing you're doing, a terrible bad thing, Mr. Ryan." We should note that it is not a "dangerous" thing that Ryan is doing, but a "bad" one. This is a moral judgement on Sean's part, and it is one that the film shares.

The English appropriation of the Irish beast includes not only capture but renaming. The circus owner, Dorkin (Martin Benson), perversely changes to the name from Ogra to Gorgo, after the Gorgons of Greek mythology. In the capture and exploitation of a deeply symbolic beast, we have plenty of hooks to connect Gorgo up to anticolonial desires. And at the climax, as London burns and crashes to the ground, these desires are satisfied. Once again, the Irish sea spirit routs the invaders.

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[31] Gorgo's mother destroys the village near which her son was captured before heading for England.

[32] This is not to suggest that there had been no bombings are other violence previously, but merely that the intensity increased dramatically late in the 60s.

The recent spate of Irish-themed movies has tended to vary from such action fantasies as Patriot Games (1992), Blown Away (1994), and The Devil's Own (1997) to the based-on-a-true-story approach of In the Name of the Father, Some Mother's Son, and Michael Collins (1996). The latter group are explicitly political, with very focused concerns. There is nothing wrong with that. If you have something specific to say, it is not a bad idea to be as explicit and articulate about it as possible. However, this very specificity can be a limiting factor from the point of view of pure cinema, and creates certain vulnerabilities. Unlike Gorgo, it is difficult for these films to be about anything other than their literal content. The audience must deal with, and confront their reactions to, a very circumscribed set of issues. It is difficult to see these films as commenting on anything not directly connected to specific moments of recent Irish history. Again, this is not bad, as such, since clearly the films are not interested in being about anything else. However, the insistence on "truth" is a problem. In the Name of the Father, for instance, plays fast and loose with the actual facts of its story. From a dramatic, cinematic point of view, this is both understandable and necessary. But the film is now left wide open to attack from those opposed to its political stance (which is precisely what happened). Raised but unanswered are the questions of where artistic license ends and propaganda begins (Some Mother's Son has been criticized for being a misguided hagiography), and whose propaganda is justified.

Gorgo faces no such difficulties. Since it depicts events that obviously have never happened, and never will, it can hardly be accused of distorting the truth. And yet, for that very reason, when we connect it to an Anglo-Irish political struggle, its argument becomes even harder to refute. Horror, we remember once again, is an affect. That which permits the affect to occur in us is the percepts, and the percepts will be different in each individual work. The way in which we experience the affect will thus be consequently varied, and will be influenced by the particular rhizomatic connections we make (whether our choice be conscious or not). Not all horror is the same kind of horror. In the case of Gorgo, and of the particular connections I am making here, I am considering horror caused by a particularly extreme imagining of the consequences of English imperialism. The film's sympathies are so unequivocally in the monsters' camp,[33] the storyline so straightforward in its presentation of wrongdoing and retribution, that it is very difficult for audiences not to share its outrage. And because Gorgo does not present supposedly historical facts and personages, it gets past defenses audiences might have erected in advance to resist unwanted political agendae, and makes audiences react as if they were accepting the truth of its argument. And once they have experienced this particular shape of affect, it might be easier to get the audience to consider or re-consider their position on the issue. Gorgo is also able to make its point with more violence than the more "fact-based" films. Completely unshackled from the suffocating constraints of verisimilitude, it moves beyond a mere shout of rage into a full-throated roar of vengeance.

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[33] Lourié wrote the film with the dinosaurs triumphant partly in response to his daughter's reaction to the ending of his earlier Beast From 20,000 Fathoms (1953): "You are bad, Daddy, bad. You killed the nice beast" (Lourié 240).

Furthermore, is Gorgo really that much more fictional than In the Name of the Father or Some Mother's Son? Both these films make use of fictional and composite characters, and alter events to suit either their argument or the dramatic needs of the story. In the Name of the Father's Gerry Conlon (Daniel Day-Lewis) no more spent the years of his imprisonment in the company of his father (Pete Postlethwaite) than Big Ben was toppled by Gorgo's mother. But while In the Name of the Father's liberties have been used by critics as a means of invalidating the whole, anyone raising similar objections to Gorgo's storyline would look foolish. Gorgo does not pretend to any "truth" other than the affectual. But from that, an altered way of thinking might subsequently emerge.

Gorgo might not be as politically immediate as the other films. I have performed the connections here, but the film did not advertise itself as being about anything other than a giant monster on the rampage. But what it loses in specificity it gains in versatility. There are other struggles to which we can connect it. Consider, for example, the role of women in Gorgo. Gorgo's mother is the only female character. We could easily look at the film as another example of the monstrous feminine, a particularly egregious illustration of masculine fears. That, however, would be a rather facile, and inaccurate, interpretation. In the first place, as I have said, the film champions the dinosaur. Because of this, just as we can hook the film up to Irish rage and English guilt (and an English fear of a justified Irish rage) more easily than to English fear (of irrational, infantile terrorism), so the film would seem to lend itself more easily to connections with a femininity not monstrous in itself, but as a force rightfully bringing patriarchy down in flames.

While Gorgo's mother is the only female character in the film, there is one scene where women speak, and it is a significant one. The scene is an interview with Dorkin. There are three reporters, two women and one man. The man simply asks where the monster's name comes from. The women's questions are more pointed: "I have a report from Dublin that the Irish government are going to take legal proceedings to recover the animal," says one. "And how much money do you expect to make out of it?" asks the other. Dorkin, discomfited, sidesteps the first question by stating that there is now all the more reason for the public to come and see the monster before it is taken away. He categorically refuses the answer the second question: "I'll answer that question later on," he snaps. He recognizes the harder issues behind that query, i.e. how does he justify exploiting the creature?

Transcending nationality, all of the men in the film are motivated by greed or power. The scientists might object to Gorgo being put on display in a circus, but it is clear that their objections are not moral or ethical, but proprietary: Gorgo does not belong to the sailors, he belongs to them. That he should be released is never an issue. Again, only Sean provides an alternative viewpoint, and, as a child, he too is marginalized in the patriarchal hierarchy.

The scene with the reporters thus functions as a way into the film that allows the audience to use the film in three very different ways. The critique is simultaneously Irish, feminist, and economic. These are all struggles that come to make up Gorgo's rhizome. None of these precludes the others: it is entirely possible for the audience to be moved by all of them at once. Or at least, it can be part of the critic's role to help bring this about.

IV. MONITORING THE FLIGHT

I have tried, in the preceding section, to suggest some of the machines with which Gorgo functions well. Bürger also applies this concept to a text, the fascistic La comédie de Charleroi by Pierre Drieu La Rochelle. Because the book seems to function very well with the rhizome, she sees this as illustrating the dangers of denying meaning and interpretation in favour of machinic experimentation. The marriage with fascism occurs, she argues, because "rhizome-thinking emphatically opposes remembrance and elevates forgetting to its program" (Bürger, 38).

Deleuze and Guattari certainly warn us often enough about the dangers of fascism, and of mistakenly seeing the rhizome (or the war machine, or smooth space, or any number of other concepts in A Thousand Plateaus) as being in itself anti-fascist. When working with the rhizome, "[y]ou may make a rupture, draw a line of flight, yet there is still a danger that you will reencounter organizations that restratify everything . . . anything you like, from Oedipal resurgences to fascist concentrations" (ATP 9). I believe that Bürger has demonstrated the validity of this warning, but has not shown that the rhizome necessarily tends to fascism (or is prone to seduction by the same) any more than it is inherently good and liberatory. "Good and bad," Deleuze and Guattari tell us, "are only the products of an active and temporary selection, which must be renewed" (ATP 9–10). One should not be emphasizing the fact that the rhizome-thinking forgets as much as the fact that its memory is short term. The rhizome can certainly grow in unfortunate ways, but its growth not dictated to by long-established (and all-too-frequently long-antiquated) structures of thought. If the rhizome can plug into a fascist machine, it can also unplug on short notice.

It is not, then, enough merely to plug the rhizome into various machines to see with which ones it functions. Once we have done so, we have to see how it functions. Is this a kind of functioning we want to encourage? Or should we unplug forthwith? When we see the lines of flight being drawn, either in the rhizome itself, or by the war machine in the space we are examining, are these lines productive? Where do they go? With her examples of fascist seduction, Bürger shows us the potential dangers of the rhizomatic approach, and we would do well to keep them in mind. But I do not believe that the rhizome is any more prone to this sort of danger than is the tree. If anything, the rhizome's connectivity and heterogeneous composition would militate against a complete fascist takeover. (With new linkages happening all the time, and new lines of flight exploding out of segmentarity, it would be very difficult to impose a fascistic unity on the rhizome, and next to impossible to keep out disruptive influences.) What I have attempted to do with Gorgo is both to show the kinds of machines that it is worthwhile to plug into, and to hint at the variety of connections that one can make with a rhizomatic approach. And while the language of machinic experimentation and the language of interpretation might seem rather difficult to tell apart, there is a difference, and I have tried to observe it. I am not arguing that Gorgo is about any one of the struggles I have mentioned, or that a particular vision of the film must be the true one. Gorgo can work as allegory, but it is not limited to such a function, or even to working as one allegory at a time. Rather, I have named three different social and political struggles, and shown how Gorgo can hook up with each. At that point, we can envisage the film deploying its resources, utilizing the very special powers of horror fiction, to further these causes by making the audience experience, at a direct, visceral level, the necessity of these struggles.

The answer to Bürger's objections then is not to dismiss the real dangers to which she draws our attention, nor to discard the rhizome as being too dangerous. Rather, we should explore the rhizome's possibilities for all they are worth, and all the while keeping a vigilant eye open for moments when the proliferation seems to be taking us onto poisonous ground.

Here again we see the necessity for maps, which do grant us the opportunity to do more than blindly follow the growth in any direction whatever (which would appear to be another of Bürger's concerns). They allow us to take a step back and examine the rhizome's development from a more expansive viewpoint, and, if necessary, provide a check against the dangers of purely short-term, close-up strategies. They also help us evaluate what effect (if any) our rhizomatic intervention might have had in a given field.

Unlike Bürger, Todd May finds that the Deleuzoguattarian rhizome lays "the groundwork for positive political action" (May 11). He acknowledges the apparent difficulty that confronts us when trying to evaluate changes we might have made to a system when it is highly unlikely that we will be able to say that we are no longer part of that system ourselves. Nevertheless, there certain advantages to this situation. The system is transformed by the lines of flight of the rhizome, which

> are not escapes from the social field in which they arise, but rather escapes within it. They are disruptions that work not negatively by resistance or destruction, but positively by creating a new reality that, solely in the act of creation, subverts the system formed by the intersection of other lines. (5).

So lines of flight are not a retreat. They are not a flight from (and dereliction of) responsibility, a flight from an unpleasant situation that leaves it to its own devices. A line of flight is a break-up of stratification within the system, and is a means of its transformation. The terms "within" and "without" should be qualified however. Imagining any system as a closed and isolated whole defeats the purpose of rhizome-thinking. A system is still a self-referential whole, but Deleuze and Guattari ask us "to conceive such wholes as open and rhizomatic rather than closed and arboreal" (May 10). Just as we have envisioned the horror fiction rhizome as open and connecting with myriad other fields (social, political, etc.) while still being a recognizable entity (even as it is a multiplicity), the same must apply to any other system that we look at, particularly those where we would like to use the horror rhizome to create lines of flight. So being within the system does not carry the same kind of imprisoning implications as the arboreal conception does.

May argues that in order to assess the changes we might have made to the system, changes that take place at the local level of new stems growing on the rhizome, we must step back to make the assessment "from the perspective of the system itself, and from the place that the rhizomatic stem has in the holistic functioning of the system. In short, the rhizomatic stems may be generated from the bottom up, but they are assessed as other . . . from the top down" (10). Deleuze, May finds, is leery of considering systems holistically, but May tries to demonstrate that this fear is unfounded. May's approach does, I think, answer both Deleuze and Bürger's fears, but does not violate any essential principle of Deleuzoguattarian thought.

The danger of the holisitic approach is, of course, to fall back into arborescence, to be tempted to apply a blanket stratification and thus transform the multiplicity into a unity. Conversely, a wider view might help avoid a blind burrowing away in a particular direction, oblivious to all wider concerns. May's approach is both global and local, since it involves considering the system in question generally, but from the point where the line of flight has been drawn. Thus, there is a constant process of evaluations, each one looking, from a different perspective, at a whole that has itself changed in the act of creating that perspective. Stratification is not encouraged by this state of flux.

It is when we attempt to look at the whole that we must use the rhizomatic maps.

They have precisely the kind of ability we need: the potential to take in the larger view, while remaining flexible and versatile (an attempt to create a fixed holisitic view would be to make a tracing). It is imperative to make maps as we follow a rhizome's growth, so that we can, as necessary, stop and see exactly the where and how and why of the new growth in relation to the whole. Some changes will be more significant than others. Night of the Living Dead demolished virtually every rule that had grown up surrounding the storylines of the American horror film. Gorgo, on the other hand, conforms for the most part to the standard pattern of giant monster narratives, differing only in the fact that the monsters triumph.[34] Gorgo does, however, offer certain possibilities, and I have tried to exploit them.[35]

The narratives of horror fiction themselves form maps, as they explore worst-case scenarios and extreme examples of "what if?" speculation. In subsequent chapters, as I explore other Deleuzoguattarian concepts, and see what I can do with them and with horror fiction, I will be looking at some of these maps. I will show how horror fiction can play out a concept, putting it to the test, finding it valid or wanting. I can then modify the concept if necessary, and use the new map to make further experiments.

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[34] Along with the Japanese Mothra, which was released the same year, Gorgo is, to my knowledge, the first film to let its city-destroying giant creature live since The Lost World in 1925.

[35] This is not meant to imply that Night of the Living Dead offers no such potential. It does, and much has been written about Romero's criticism of American society through his Living Dead trilogy. I wished to show what could be done with a film that has not received the same kind of attention, in order to demonstrate just how versatile the rhizome is, with productive connections being made in the most unlikely places.

CHAPTER THREE

"RAVENING FOR DELIGHT": THE WAR MACHINE UNLEASHED

> The Thing cannot be described—there is no language for such abysms of shrieking and immemorial lunacy, such eldritch contradictions of all matter, force, and cosmic order. A mountain walked or stumbled. God! What wonder that across the earth a great architect went mad, and poor Wilcox raved with fever in that telepathic instant? The Thing of the idols, the green, sticky spawn of the stars, had awaked to claim his own. The stars were right again, and what an age-old cult had failed to do by design, a band of innocent sailors had done by accident. After vigintillions of years great Cthulhu was loose again, and ravening for delight.
>
> — H.P. Lovecraft, "The Call of Cthulhu"

I wish to set Cthulhu loose. With reservations.

In Chapter One, I showed how Cthulhu functioned as a war machine, existing in the smooth space of R'lyeh and spreading his influence (and consequently the reach of smooth space) around the globe. Cthulhu's freedom, joyous as it is for him, comes, however, at a terrible cost for everyone else. Hence my reservations. I would like to see if we, the horror audience, can release Cthulhu in a way that allows us to share in his delight, or at least experience a form of our own, however dark. At one level, we already are, since we voluntarily read the story. We may experience horror, but not the same kind that the sailors face. They did not ask for this. We do. I want, then, to see what can happen when we let slip the war machine.

"War machine" is an evocative, and troubling, term. In the context of anti-fascist philosophy, we do not generally think of the war machine as being a Good Thing. Indeed, the term it might summon most readily to mind is "military/industrial complex." I do not believe that Deleuze and Guattari were unaware of the connotations the term carries. Why choose it then? Could they not have found another concept to serve their purposes that would not summon the images of tanks and bombers in the readers' minds?

Perhaps. But I am inclined to believe that they knew what they were about. And crucial to the concept of the war machine, created by its definition and by its name, is ambiguity. Deleuze and Guattari seek to avoid binary oppositions, looking instead for the "or . . . or . . . or" or "and . . . and . . . and" structures. Clear-cut goodguy/badguy concepts fall back into old polarizing patterns, and the status quo remains. The names may be different, but the structure has not changed. We might be tempted to privilege smooth space, and Deleuze and Guattari, seeing it as a generally undervalued phenomenon, emphasize its possibilities, but their last word on the subject is that the smooth space alone will never suffice to save us. Since it is my contention that horror seeks the creation of smooth space, my emphasis is necessarily here as well, and on the subversive potential we may find therein. But note that I say potential. I am looking for perspectives that help undermine oppressive political structures, approaches to horror that are perhaps too often ignored, but I freely admit that horror is a double-edged sword. I simply mean to focus on the side of the blade that will slice for us (instead of simply slicing us). So, too, with the war machine.

But I must be constantly on my guard. I cannot set the war machine loose and sit back, complacent in the belief that all will be well. The machine might well run amok, and I might get carried away along with it. Deleuze and Guattari are not immune from this risk. Their choice of term does have a suspiciously masculinist appeal (one might think of the war machine as celebrated by Tom Clancy), and shines with the glamour of destructive might. While the Deleuzoguattarian war machine is not the same thing as the war machine of common parlance (i.e. the huge military muscle of the nation-state), they do overlap. For all the anti-authoritarianism of A Thousand Plateaus, the military society seems to be admired. And there is something deeply troubling about the following: "We have seen how the man of war, by virtue of his furor and celerity, was swept up in irresistible becomings-animal. These are becomings that have as their necessary condition the becoming-woman of the warrior, or his alliance with the girl, his contagion with her" (ATP 278; emphasis theirs). Deleuze and Guattari's example of the becoming-woman of a warrior is when Achilles takes refuge with the Amazons. All abstract considerations aside, the movement of a military machine across a given region has never, to my knowledge, resulted in any particular benefit to the women caught in its path. On the contrary, the usual result seems to be a monstrous pandemic of rape. The linkage created here between the man of war and the (presumed) feminist interests in becoming-woman completely ignores this fact, and is just one of the problematic features of becoming-other (see Chapter Six for a more detailed discussion of this issue). Deleuze and Guattari do distinguish between their war machine in its pure state, and the war machine as co-opted by the State (which is the military machine we are more familiar with), and it is the former that they are describing here. Nonetheless, in spite of the sexually ambiguous character of Achilles (having been raised as a girl), he is still, after all, a member of the Greek army, which is not a guerilla force but the war machine of a major power, and so there is a high risk of confusion here. It seems to me that at this point in their argument, Deleuze and Guattari have been seduced by their own concept, and led astray, no longer properly distinguishing between the war machine and its State-controlled counterpart in spite of all their many warnings against just this sort of confusion.

The seduction is understandable. The appeal of the war machine to Deleuze and Guattari (and to others, from which I do not exempt myself) is that of destruction, and the bigger the war machine, the more grandiose the destruction. Independence Day (1996) is a film whose one standout feature is a superb ability to portray vast devastation. This is also its primary appeal. Critic and novelist Stephen Hunter writes: "I'm not sure what obscure human need it satisfies, but the audience (of which I was an enthusiastic member) really tripped out as the Empire State Building and the White House were deconstructed into napalm meringue" (380). The war machine seems to satisfy the same need (perhaps more accurately the desire to see Rome burn) in Deleuze and Guattari that Hunter describes here. This comes out even when they warn against the always possible destructive effects of the war machine. These warnings invariably come at the end of chapters. The effect is one of climactic apocalypse.

I have discussed this troubling aspect of the war machine because the same warnings, hesitations and ambiguities equally apply to horror. I know that my seduction by horror is, to all intents and purposes, absolute. And so the above stands as one of my own warnings: that whatever crimes Deleuze and Guattari commit under the influence of their war machine, I may well have compounded. But these very difficulties, all the troubling ambiguities that both surround the term "war machine" and are part and parcel of what it is and what it can do, are precisely what make it such a valid concept for examining horror. A powerful war machine operates in horror fiction. I have called horror fiction a rhizome, and that is how we can identify it and follow its development. But when we feel its impact, when it attacks us, when it unleashes the horror affect, and when lines of flight are created, then we are seeing the war machine in action. All of the characteristics that Deleuze and Guattari assign to the war machine apply to horror, along with all dangers and benefits. And horror examines the war machine too. Its narratives explore the possibilities of the concept, sometimes exalting, sometimes critiquing.

The war machine stands (or rather moves) against the State apparatus. As the State apparatus (along with its tamed war machine) seeks to striate space, to capture and control, so the war machine seeks to create a smooth space. It is this conflict of interests, rather than a predisposition to violence, that leads to war. "Mutations spring from [the war machine], which in no way has war as its object, but rather the emission of quanta of deterritorialization, the passage of mutant flows (in this sense, every creation is brought about by a war machine)" (ATP 230; emphasis theirs). The war machine, claim Deleuze and Guattari, was invented by the nomadic tribes[36] in opposition to the State apparatus. War itself results from the conflict between the war machine and the State. But war only becomes the object of the war machine when it is no longer capable of mutation, when it has lost the power to change, when it is taken over by the State, or when it constructs a State apparatus itself. "When this happens, the war machine no longer draws mutant lines of flight, but a pure, cold line of abolition" (ATP 230). Destruction rather than mutation becomes its one and only mode. The war machine, it would seem, powers the rhizome. When the rhizome grows down lines of flight, it is the war machine that is the mechanism of that growth (i.e. it is what actually draws the lines). When co-opted by the State, the war machine produces lines of stratification.

In Chapter One, I distinguished between the virtual and the fictional war machines, claiming that both go into the composition of horror. Or, more precisely, that horror as an affect is communicated by the virtual war machine, and that in the course of its deployment there is a depiction of a fictional war machine (the monster, the force of evil or disruption in the story). I would like now to explore in more detail how each of these machines can (be put to) work. It must be understood, however, that my distinction is functional. When it comes to horror, one cannot have one machine without the other.

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[36] While Deleuze and Guattari appear to root their concepts of nomads and war machine to some degree in the actual nomads, the concepts very quickly mutate into a more abstractly philosophical form, much as the rhizome deviates from its botanical origin.

The virtual war machine needs the fictional war machine in order to produce its effect (which is to release the affect). It is this complete interrelation, this fusion, that characterizes the horror war machine.

My goals in this chapter are as follows: 1) to examine the characteristics of the war machine and its weapons and to see how these features appear in horror fiction; and 2) to suggest (as I did with the rhizome's connections) how the war machines of horror (both fictional and virtual) can function to subversive effect (blowing apart ossified ways of viewing, reading and thinking). Dario Argento's films Opera and Inferno will show how the virtual war machine operates on the audience, while we will see the fictional war machine depicted to political ends appears in John Skipp and Craig Spector's The Bridge. Finally, I will turn to the work of Carol Clover (particularly her concept of the Final Girl) and The Texas Chain Saw Massacre to suggest some of the ways in which critics can help the positive deployment of the war machine.

I. WHATEVER IT TAKES: HORROR AND THE WEAPONS OF WAR

To go about its project, the war machine uses weapons. Weapons are to be distinguished from tools, which are in the service of work[37] and are characteristic of the State. Weapons and tools are not defined by their material form: a hammer can be a weapon just as easily as it can be a tool. Weapons and tools are determined by the nature of the assemblage that uses them. Assemblages are passional: shaped by desire and shaping passions. This thesis, because it is essentially conventional in structure and presentation of argument, is a manifestation of work, and thus a tool. But my hope is that, if it is a tool, it is a tool that might ultimately be pressed into the service of weapons. If I am at all successful in my project, and provide means by which the war machines of horror fiction can be seen and encouraged, then I hope the reader might be able to incorporate this work into a passional assemblage.

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[37] A note of clarification: when I refer elsewhere to a "work of horror fiction," I refer to the artefact, to the text, and not to "work" as a philosophical concept.

It is the presence of weapons that produces the impact of horror fiction. The criteria that distinguish between weapons and tools are "the direction (sens) (projection-introception), the vector (speed-gravity), the model (free action-work), the expression (jewelry-signs) and the passional or desiring tonality (affect-feeling)" (ATP 402). There is a fair degree of overlap and interrelation between these criteria.

The weapon reaches out. "Anything that throws or is thrown is fundamentally a weapon, and propulsion is its essential moment. The weapon is ballistic" (ATP 395). To take a simplistic example, a spear can hardly be anything other than a weapon. Its entire being is predicated on being projected at an opponent. A hammer used as a weapon involves a striking-out motion of the hand and arm that is very different from the much more constrained, containing and shaping movements when the hammer is a tool. The tool seeks to bring matter in, in order to shape it. The weapon does not so much reach out as fly out. It travels. We would then expect a weapon-affect to jar us, to shock us, to jolt us out of our current striated space, to (perhaps) release lines of flight.

The weapon has speed. The tool does not. Once again, the materiality usually associated with the term "speed," the distance-per-time-period that an object covers, does not necessarily apply, but nor is it excluded from the definition. The difference between weapon-movement and tool-movement is qualitative, not quantitative. Gravity (or slowness) indicates motion along striated lines, motion that striates, motion that goes point-to-point. Speed "applies only to movement that deviates to the minimum extent and thereafter assumes a vortical motion, occupying a smooth space, actually drawing smooth space itself" (ATP 371). The war machine's purpose is to create and occupy smooth space, and the weapons are its means to this end (an end, it should be added, which is itself a process). We would expect, then, the horror-affect to have speed, to take us up in a vortical motion that takes apart our striated spaces. As well, "the most absolute immobility, pure catatonia, is a part of the speed vector, is carried by this vector, which links the petrification of the act to the precipitation of movement" (400). The war machine will have "catatonic fits, swoons, suspenses [and] utmost speed" (400). The horror affect achieves its ends precisely through these differing modes: the prolonged moments in horror film where nothing happens not only can be extremely effective themselves in putting the screws to the audience, but further increase the impact of the sudden eruption of evil when it does come.

Take, for example, the most notorious scene in William Peter Blatty's The Exorcist III (1990). The camera sits immobile, looking down a long corridor. The action takes place primarily at the far end of the corridor. We know that people are being killed in this hospital, and we know that the nurse is next. Or, at least we think we do. We watch the nurse cross back and forth, going first into one room, then another. After a couple of false alarms, the scene seems ready to end. We think that the nurse is safe. And at precisely this moment, the split second at which our guard begins to drop and we think we are out of the woods (and are therefore most vulnerable), the nurse is killed. Her death is not graphic. We don't see it at all. We simply see her, far in the distance, cross the hallway, and then another figure (barely glimpsed, it could be either a patient in a night gown or a headless angel) strides after her, bone shears extended. The moment takes no more than a second. We have gone from extreme stillness (the prolonged, static take) to extreme speed (still the same shot, but now with terrible information coming in a flash just long enough for us to register it). The effect, impossible to describe in print, is sensational, and delivers a heart-stopping fright. I recall, on my first viewing, seeing an entire theatre of heads rear back at the climax of the scene. Blatty has linked "the petrification of the act to the precipitation of movement. The knight sleeps on his mount, then departs like an arrow" (ATP 400).

In The Exorcist III, the stillness becomes part and parcel of the terrible speed of the shock. The shock of the movement is so powerful because of the extreme tension created by the stillness that precedes it. So the stillness itself generates horror. Steven Shaviro, in The Cinematic Body, analyses the special properties of this stillness (again, very much an instance of Deleuzoguattarian speed) as deployed by George Romero in Dawn of the Dead (1979). The zombies in this film do not move quickly. There are very few instances of the living dead suddenly erupting into frame to seize the characters. Instead, they shuffle slowly towards the protagonists and the viewer, taking forever to arrive, yet impossible to escape. The result breaks up conventional means of viewing—signs of a weapon at work:

> The stimulating sensation fails to arrive, and the motor reaction is arrested. The slow meanders of zombie time emerge out of the paralysis of the conventional time of progressive narrative. The strangely empty temporality also corresponds to a new way of looking, a vertiginously passive fascination. The usual relation of audience to protagonist is inverted. Instead of the spectator projecting him- or herself into the actions unfolding on the screen, an on-screen character lapses into a quasi-spectatorial position. This is the point at which dread slips into obsession, the moment when unfulfilled threats turn into seductive promises. Fear becomes indistinguishable from an incomprehensible, intense, but objectless craving. This is the zombie state *par excellence*: an abject vacancy, a passive emptying of the self. . . . Passively watching and waiting, I am given over to the slow vertigo of aimless, infinite expectation and need. . . . The hardest thing to acknowledge is that the living dead are not radically Other so much as they serve to awaken a passion for otherness and for vertiginous disidentification that is already latent within our own selves. (99)

The zombies are slow, which slows the characters down, which slows us down. What then ensues, triggered by the special application of speed, is a complex block of becoming. There is the becoming-spectator of the character, which brings about a concomitant becoming-character of the spectator. "Becoming is always double, that which one becomes becomes no less than the one that becomes—block is formed, essentially mobile, never in equilibrium" (ATP 305). But these becomings are merely preliminary steps to the becoming-zombie of the spectator—we are carried along by the character's double becoming. The stillness, which acts as catalyst for the becoming-zombie, is also the most salient factor of that becoming: "becoming is to extract particles between which one establishes the relations of movement and rest, speed and slowness that are closest to what one is becoming, and through which one becomes" (ATP 272; emphasis theirs). The stillness here is precisely the relation that provides the key to the becoming-zombie of the spectator. Similarly, our passive immobility as voyeurs permits the becoming-spectator of the zombies, and our awareness of kinship, driven home by Romero again and again as the zombies and the protagonists both engage in mindless consumer frenzy in a mall, is one of the more discomfiting (and vital) aspects of the film.

As with speed, so with movement. If a tool has speed, the speed is relative, and is tied to a work model. The weapon's speed is absolute, and its movement is one of free action. Further,

> [i]n work, what counts is the point of application of a resultant force exerted by the weight of a body considered as "one" (gravity), and the

> relative displacement of this point of application. In free action, what counts is the way in which the elements of the body escape gravitation to occupy absolutely a nonpunctuated space. . . . [I]t is the vortical occupation of a space that constitutes the absolute movement of a weapon. It is as though the weapon were moving, self-propelling, while the tool is moved. (ATP 397)

The hammer hits the nail. The displacement of the nail is the hammer's purpose, and the degree of displacement is the measure of the action's success. The space through which the hammer moves is strictly limited and defined by that which will achieve the required displacement of the nail. When the hammer is a weapon, the movement becomes the important fact, rather than the end result. While it is engaged in free action, in free movement, the hammer is occupying a smooth space. (If it is launched with a firm purpose—to kill—then this is the war machine become tool of the State once again.) A rational argument is engaged in work as it attempts to convince us of something, to make us travel from one defined point to another, equally defined, destination. The affect, whose goal is itself, is in free action. A Thousand Plateaus, with its dizzying piling on of concepts from all fields and whirling prose, very often moves with quite vigorous freedom, jolting us into new constructions of thought.

Horror's clearest manifestation of free movement is through the non-linearity and oneiric logic of its narratives. Dario Argento's film Inferno (1979) is strikingly non-linear, and I shall examine this work in some detail later. The cases do not have to be this extreme, however. Peter Straub's Ghost Story has a much more coherent plot (by traditional standards) than Inferno, but Straub uses this logic to create a recognizable world, and so increase the impact of its destruction. The havoc wreaked by the shapeshifting being of Ghost Story takes the form of elaborate, violently illogical set pieces, where surrealism, nightmare, fiction and the characters' pasts collide lethally. Straub's protagonists are confronted by a complete breakdown of "normal" reality. Absolutely anything can happen. This is a frequent scenario in horror fiction: a sense that in a world where horror is unleashed, there is no manifestation of evil, no matter how outlandish, that cannot be portrayed. The set pieces of horror emerge from a space that is very nearly absolutely smooth.

Free movement is necessary to the creation of horror, and the result of this movement is the jewel. The distinction here is that between jewelry and the sign. Writing and the sign are in the service of work: "[f]or there to be work, there must be a capture of activity by the State apparatus, and a semiotization of activity by writing" (ATP 401). This is writing whose purpose is to code, to organize. Jewelry, on the other hand, is a form of art driven by affect and mobility. "Regardless of the effort or toil [jewels] imply, they are of the order of free action, related to pure mobility, and not of the order of work with its conditions of gravity, resistance, and expenditure" (ATP 401). In fact, one could argue that the more toil that has gone into the making of a jewel, the greater its potential for disrupting striation. Deleuze and Guattari mention that nomads "even decorate things used only once, such as arrowheads" (ATP 401). From a Western perspective, a jewel on an arrowhead has no coding or work-justified purpose.[38] It is doubtful that an intricately carved arrowhead is any more efficient at killing than an unadorned one. Thus the toil that has gone into the decorated arrowhead is utterly removed from any form of work justification. It is effort that has escaped completely from the State's apparatus of capture. Jewels are art that has no necessary consideration other than itself. They are "the affect corresponding to weapons, that are swept up by the same speed vector" (ATP 401). One must therefore be cautious, when approaching a work that has specialized in unleashing the horror affect, not to privilege notions of purpose or meaning. This is not to say that the work of horror exists purely and solely to produce horror, and that any application of the fictional war machine begins and ends with the abandoning of oneself to the vortex of the emotion. But one must be very careful about how one deploys the text. One could easily view the (always possible) negative, purely destructive aspects of horror as the only purpose of the affect. This would be the same as disregarding the ornamentation of the arrow, and considering only from its penetrative aspect (turning it into something closer to a tool), or viewing war as the primary aim of the war machine, rather than as its supplement. One could well engage in a State-like capture of horror fiction, taming it and putting it "productive" (i.e. State-approved) ends. But, on the other hand, one can engage with the war machine, not as an enemy, but with the idea of truly seeing where the war machine wants to go (i.e. what lines of flight, with regards to the State it combats, it draws), what the gleam of each individual jewel is, how the weapons fly. The jewel is a reminder of the excess. It is that which escapes rationalization, and consequently helps to destroy it.

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[38] This is the perspective that makes this concept of the jewel valid, since it is precisely this perspective, and its adherence to rationalism, that makes the jewel into excess, and thus a potential threat.

The ornamentation of horror shines in its excess. This can be excess of violence and of death, but also of imagery, of plot, of sound, or any other aspect of the work of fiction. The gothic novel specialized in the tortuous, rhizomatically warping narrative, with tales embedded within tales embedded within tales, and labyrinthine constructions of conspiracy and coincidence. The settings of the gothic—crumbling castles, granite peaks, shadowy catacombs—are invariably larger (and darker) than life. The over-the-top setting, while no longer universal, still plays an important part in contemporary horror fiction, as in the grandiose hotel of Stephen King's The Shining. The gothic setting in its pure form dominated the early years of the horror film, and excess in decor remains a staple (if no longer necessarily "gothic" in the architectural sense). Dario Argento's films are particularly striking examples of this. Inferno's apartment is not only a maze, but is dark even during the day. It is lit throughout by purple, red and blue. Its ceilings are either too high or much too low. Some apartments are opulent in a way that is almost inimical to life, while in the disused areas of the ground floor and basements we come across a surreal clutter of found objects (fireplace pokers, broken glass, stuffed lizards).

Excess of setting is, of course, only one example of jewelry, but it is perhaps the most readily apparent case of horror's ornamentation. The point must be made, however, that jewelry is a characteristic of the weapon, but not a prerequisite. In other words, we do not need sinister settings to create horror. Often, the case is just the reverse. Much of the post-Stephen King horror fiction has an extremely mundane setting; part of the horror comes from the transformation of the comforting and everyday into the hostile and alien. Nonetheless, one of the great joys of horror is the aesthetic thrill created by the excess. In an Argento film, there is simply too much to look at. The viewer can spiral off down any number of paths, following colours, patterns of numbers, or gratuitous camera movements.[39] To borrow an image from Stephen King, horror throws off its ornamental excess like radiation from a uranium core: superfluous (by rationalist standards) yet integral to individual work's identity.

Finally, the war machine uses affects rather than feelings. Feeling "implies an evaluation of matter and its resistances, a direction (sens, also 'meaning') to form and its developments, an economy of force and its displacements, an entire gravity" (ATP 400). There is a sobriety to feeling, a caution, a looking-ahead to consequences. It reins itself in, unlike the affect, which, untroubled by the necessity to mean anything, quite literally cuts loose: "Affect is the active discharge of emotion, the counterattack, whereas feeling is an always displaced, retarded, resisting emotion" (ATP 400). The intensity of horror, its deeply visceral and disturbing charge, make it one of the clearest cases of affect going. As an "active discharge of emotion," it has few rivals. It could serve as a definition of the Deleuzoguattarian concept of affect. A work of horror art, then, is a war machine hurling out the affect-weapon. That is, arguably, its primary and defining gesture. In the process of this attack, all the other characteristics of weapons described above can be brought to bear. They might occur as support to the thrust of horror's strike, or they might spin out of the attack, unleashed side effects taking advantage of every opportunity.

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[39] We can follow the water imagery in Inferno, for instance. Or we can get caught up in the number of visual references to reptiles, often intertwined, an intertwining that reaches its fullest expression with the architecture of the apartment building: it is really two buildings, with one, the dark heart, nestled inside the floors and passageways of the other.

In "The Text as War Machine: Writing to Destroy," Douglas Shields Dix argues for a type of criticism whose purpose is "to free a text's potentials toward further deterritorialization, further becomings, further lines of flight" (57). Along these lines, I propose that a constructive role for the critic of horror is to examine a given work, see what weapons its war machine seems best designed to wield, and help release them (while remaining vigilant for the danger of the totally destructive impulse). To that end, I will now examine an example of excess, and how this example shows the virtual war machine in action.

II. THE VIRTUAL WAR MACHINE (I): OPERA

The gaze, at its most potent, is also at its most vulnerable. Control explodes most violently at the precise moment it appears to be ascendent. Do you see? If not, look (with care) at the bullet scene in Dario Argento's Opera (1987). Mira (Daria Nicolodi) gazes through an apartment door peephole, terrified that the man on the other side, who claims to be a policeman, is in fact the killer. He is. We see, from her point of view, a gun barrel appear. A bullet zooms toward us through the peephole in extreme close-up and slow motion, a streamlined locomotive. A cut to an outside view, and we see the bullet enter Mira's eye, then come out the back of her head. Now a long shot from behind, and we see Mira's corpse fall backward, while in the foreground the bullet shatters the phone clutched by Betty (Cristina Marsillach). All of this in slow motion. The dominant sound, after the hollow boom of the gun, is Mira's distorted scream, which continues to echo after her death.

I have chosen this scene for a number of reasons. One: I wish to highlight the work of Dario Argento, who is one of the most important of contemporary horror film directors. His influence on North American directors is enormous (and shows up in the work of John Carpenter, Martin Scorsese, Brian De Palma, Nicholas Roeg, and the Coen brothers, to name only a few). Two: Argento's art is extreme, in terms of violence, design, and plot. I do not claim that his horror films are the most extreme: such a claim, made for any filmmaker, would be extremely dubious, subject as it is to the viewer's perception and the passage of time.[40] However, Argento still operates at a level of violence where many people feel extremely uncomfortable. His films rarely turn up uncut in North America. He quite consciously pushes at the limits of what is acceptable: he boasted that Opera (1987) was to be "an aria of violence beyond imagination" (McDonagh 201). Extremity, as we shall see, is one of the most vital and powerful weapons in horror's arsenal. And this scene is one of the most extreme in Argento's oeuvre. Three: I have chosen this scene because of its impact on audiences. I have shown this film to well over a dozen people, some horror fans, others not, and this scene has never failed to produce a strong, frequently quite vocal, response. Mixed with expressions of astonishment and shock, there is almost invariably some expression along the lines of "I've never seen anything like that before!" The statement is usually made with a certain degree of exhilaration.

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[40] The only statement for absolute extremity I am willing to make is that Peter Jackson's Dead/Alive (1994) is the goriest film ever made. Sheerly in terms of gallons of stage blood spilled, I have never seen anything that can compare, and it is the only film that has ever made me say, "We can't go any further than that." Of all the statements to be made in this thesis, this is the one that I most fervently hope will turn out to be wrong.

Why does Opera's bullet hit with such impact? There is the shock of the new, but it is a very particular kind of novelty. After all, we may see a raft of novel camera shots and never-seen-anything-like-that-before sights in any given film, horror or not, and these sights do not necessarily propel us out of our seats. The bullet scene in Opera is newness forged in excess. In these few seconds, Argento assaults with a fusion of two excesses: excess of violence, and excess of cinematic technique. All in one concentrated, slow-motion burst. Here are both meeting and breaking points. Argento takes the lines of technique and violence. He makes them meet, each stretched to an extreme, coming at the end of a longer sequence which has, in turn, stretched audience tension to a breaking point. As the bullet explodes toward us, everything shatters. This is excess: there is too much of everything, coming right at us. We experience overload, and striation shatters: "Argento's hyperbolic aestheticization of murder and bodily torment exceeds any hope of comprehension or utility, even as it ultimately destabilizes any fixed relations of power" (Shaviro 61). The violence and the technique fuel each other. Together, they push the audience over the edge. And we, the horror audience, love the terror as we fall.

Steven Shaviro seems to find a positive, liberatory quality to destruction, since what is being destroyed needs to be destroyed. But on the other hand, is there the danger that what we experience when viewing this destruction is simply orgasmic nihilism, an infantile pleasure in seeing it all burn down? The answer is to approach each work of horror on a case by case basis, and see what can be done with it. Does the work provide the possibility for mutant, nomadic thought?[41] Has it created a smooth space through which we can travel without being destroyed?

What sort of case do we have with Opera? Do we have anything here other than excess for its own sake? Does the shattering force of the virtual war machine unleash lines of flight, and if so, where do they go? Shaviro seems to think so, since he claims that scenes such as this destabilize "any fixed relations of power." Striations are thus no longer in force. We have entered a smooth space. Shaviro further writes:

> The spectatorial affect of terror is an irrecuperable excess, produced when violated bodies are pushed to their limits. Terror subsists as a surplus affect, an "incorporeally material" image/effect, a kind of ghostly

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[41] Nomadic, or outside thought, previously discussed in Chapter One, is thought that is a process, a journey. Unlike what Deleuze and Guattari call the "classical image of thought" (ATP 379), which striates the mental space and "draws a path that must be followed from one point to another" (ATP 377), nomadic thought situates itself "in a smooth space that it must occupy without counting, and for which there is no possible method" (377). It is like an arrow that, in smooth space, "does not go from one point to another but is taken up at any point, to be sent to any other point, and tends to permute with the archer and the target" (377). It is the thought that follows lines of flight, always ready to change direction.

> emanation that survives the extinction of the victim's body and escapes being appropriated to the account of the killer's insatiable ressentiment. (Shaviro 61)

We, the audience, identify with the victim, not the victimizer, Shaviro maintains. We take vicarious pleasure in watching the destruction of surrogates for our own bodies, the physical manifestation of our selves, while the overload of terror actually does fragment our sense of self (however temporarily). Normalizing forces cannot contain this masochistic joy within their structures, something they would be able to do, according to Shaviro, if the emotion were a sadistic one, linking the viewer to the punishing male figure of the killer. Instead, "the self is repetitively shattered by an ecstatic excess of affect" (Shaviro 56). The horror we experience becomes a joy in our own destruction, seen now as a liberation from the prison of an overcoded identity. At this moment, where horror is pleasure, we share in Cthulhu's delight.

The killer in Opera, the fictional war machine, fires his gun. Argento fires the image of the bullet at us, the audience, and the virtual war machine of horror fiction strikes at us with the affect-weapon. The excess produces shock and we are plunged into a masochistic negation of self. The masochistic body "desires its own extremity, its own transmutation" (Shaviro 60). It desires change, which "can take place only at the strange and ambiguous boundary between inside and outside, between complicity and resistance; the very ambivalence that a masochistic aesthetic so beautifully heightens and intensifies is a necessary condition for any political intervention" (58). (By "intervention," I would understand any attempt to change the perceived oppression of a given political system.) I am not entirely sure why placing the self in a zone of uncertainty is a precondition to any political intervention, unless we assume that, failing that condition, one's intervention will inevitably be in the service of an already established identity, and that one's action will merely follow lines of stratification. Any line of flight, it would seem, must be accompanied by a transformation, or at least the possibility of one. In Deleuzoguattarian terms, this transformation is becoming, with the masochistic experience placing us in the "zone of proximity" (or indiscernibility) where the blurring occurs between that which one was and that which one is becoming. Schematically, the process triggered by the war machine would be represented thus:

war machine ⇒ masochism ⇒ becoming ⇒ intervention.

The zone of proximity is also a provisional entry into smooth space. We could leave it by re-establishing our old identity, or creating a new one that still uses old relations of power. Or we can try to maintain the state of flux we are now in, adopting a nomadic identity which changes as it encounters the heterogeneity of smooth space.

While I agree that this process is a valid way to proceed, I do not feel it is the only way to do so. There are circumstances where the approach would not be suitable. I think, for instance, that the effectiveness of the masochistic strategy as described here is strongest where the viewer/reader[42] is male, or otherwise in a position of power. The disruption, in this case, is extreme, with the fall from dominance to abjection. The destruction of the majoritarian identity then opens up the field to new possibilities of becoming-minoritarian. On the other hand, if one is already in a minoritarian position, having one's identity further tramelled is not necessarily desirable.[43] I will come to an alternative, minoritarian usage of the war machine a bit later in this chapter, with Carol Clover's concept of the Final Girl.

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[42] Shaviro's study is on film, and he argues that in film "sex and violence have much more intense and disturbing an impact than they do in literature or any other medium; they affect the viewer in a shockingly direct way" (55). Deleuze, conversely, finds that excess can have its way with us in literature as well. He writes that in the writings of

In any event, once the shock of the war machine has shattered our identity and pushed us into a potentially smooth space, we must ask ourselves what next? To destabilize a repressive power structure is certainly a start, but the danger here is that masochism could become an end in and of itself. We must distinguish between a destabilization that leads to total chaos and anarchy and nowhere else, and a destabilization that frees up possibilities, unleashes new and positive lines of flight. It seems to me that Shaviro's masochism runs the risk of turning into precisely the kind of line of flight Deleuze warns against:

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excess of Sade and Masoch "the words of this literature create a counter-language which has a direct impact on the senses" ("Coldness" 37). My own experience with horror fiction confirms Deleuze's point of view. I have noticed that, in consumers of horror fiction, there tends to be something of a split. Some find film more frightening than literature, precisely because, as Shaviro points out, the images are immediately present. Others find literature more frightening because they cannot look away from the images forming in their minds.

[43] That said, deliberate masochistic practices on the part of minorities can be very effective in demolishing a form of self that is imposed by the majority. This sort of tactic is, I think, very similar to the form of becoming, described in Chapter Six, where there is a deliberate exaggeration of identity to the point that it exceeds the bounds set by majoritarian society.

> It would be a mistake to believe finally that taking the line of flight or rupture is enough. First it is necessary to trace it, to know where and how to trace it. Then it has its own danger, perhaps the worst of all. Not only do the lines of flight, the lines of steepest gradient, carry the risk of being blocked, segmented, or rushing into black holes, but they carry an additional, particular risk: of turning into lines of abolition and destruction, both of others and of themselves. The passion for abolition. (Deleuze and Parnet 99)

As the force that creates the lines of flight, the war machine too can become an absolute force of abolition. The line of flight becomes the line of death. If we embark on Shaviro's line of flight, we still need to exercise caution. Certainly Shaviro does not postulate the shattering of identity as the final stop. He sees it as the necessary first step toward political intervention. But what that intervention is, is not entirely clear. And while we do not want to search for a final destination (a foregone conclusion would indicate no rupture at all), we must still take care to examine the line closely, to keep track of where the rush is taking us. Hence the necessity of the rhizomatic maps discussed in the Chapter Two. Are we being consumed by a passion for abolition? Abjection, the ecstatic, masochistic destruction of the self, might not necessarily be a line of death, but the danger that it could become one is real and present.

Let me attempt to trace one of the lines of flight unleashed by the bullet scene in Opera. This set-piece occurs in the context of a film that is very much concerned with the nature of film and spectatorship: the killer ties up Betty, the protagonist, and forces her to watch his crimes by placing needles under her eyelids—an idea that came to Argento because he was frustrated with audiences closing their eyes during the violent scenes in his films; characters are constantly using video monitors, binoculars, peepholes and ventilation shafts to watch each other; Mark, the director of the opera, himself a horror filmmaker, is an obvious stand-in for Argento (Argento was going to direct an opera, Mark suffers the same accusations of sadism that plague Argento, he uses the same special effects techniques that Argento used in his previous film, and his girlfriend is played by Argento's then-fiancée); the opening shot of the film is an extreme close-up of a raven's eye reflecting the opera hall; and in the closing shot, the camera seems to close its eye as it sinks into the ground, turning away in despair from Betty's insanity. Argento forces us to become alarmingly aware of the camera and its movements. He takes cinema's standard bag of tricks—the cuts and shots we are so familiar with that they become invisible, much like the most unadorned, readerly prose—and blows them up and guts them as graphically and disturbingly as he does the bodies of his protagonists. All of these concerns come together in the bullet scene. At no time are we more acutely conscious of the camera and its tricks than we are here. The sight of a bullet taking up the entire screen and moving in slow motion is so outlandish, we are receiving such a radical overload of visual stimulus, that it becomes impossible to remain lost in the story. The victim is shot through the eye as she strains to see and know more. We are in her perspective when the gun goes off: the bullet comes at us, to pierce our eye. Argento's lesson: spectatorship has its price. Mira is victim, undoubtedly, but at the moment she is shot, her gaze approaches control: she is about to learn the killer's identity. Even the killer, whose gaze is so much at odds with those of the other characters, who seeks to control what they both must and must not see while he remains godlike, observing all, pays the price: a raven gouges out his eye. We in the audience must not expect simply to watch, passively absorbing whatever sight presents itself to us. We are not at a Roman arena. Like Peeping Tom (1960), Opera reminds us of the necessity to take responsibility for our voyeurism. We are welcome to enjoy it, but we must not kid ourselves about either our action or our enjoyment. Opera paints a worst-case scenario, and shows us a fictional war machine gone insane. It creates a map showing routes leading to dead ends. The killer, like Mark in Peeping Tom, takes voyeurism to its most destructive extreme. Like Argento, he disrupts the other characters' complacent views on the nature of looking and spectacle. Unlike Argento, he kills them either physically or mentally (Betty survives the film but descends into madness) in the process. Look, says Argento, but think about what you are looking at, how you are looking at it, and how far you want to go.

A heightened awareness of the nature of looking can be no bad thing. The more one knows about seeing and the more one is conscious of it, the more likely one is to be able to look wisely. Moreover, by taking cinematic techniques and blowing them up to such excessive proportions, Opera makes us aware of these techniques, and more likely to spot them in more sedate pictures. It arms us against the other price of spectatorship: manipulation. Not that manipulation is of itself an evil thing: at some level, any work of art is trying to manipulate us, and Argento is quite open about his intent to play his audience like cruelly used marionettes. But Argento tells us what he is doing to us even as he does it. By the same token, he makes it possible for us consciously to allow ourselves to be manipulated. But we have a choice.

The war machine does not work solely as some form of electroshock. In this section I have looked at excess as manifested in a particularly shocking moment. Opera's bullet is like a spike in an ECG readout. But the characteristics of the weapon that I looked at do not rely exclusively on the sudden shock in order to create and occupy smooth space. Inferno, already mentioned as providing an example of jewelry, shows how the virtual war machine operates throughout an entire work. If Opera (through shock) creates smooth space, Inferno occupies it.

III. THE VIRTUAL WAR MACHINE (II): INFERNO

Of course, to occupy smooth space, Inferno must also create it. The default in popular Western narrative art does appear to be striation. Inferno breaks the grid down and proposes various ways of navigating through smooth space.

Inferno's virtual war machine has two interrelated methods of attack: plot and images. The critical incomprehension that greeted Inferno, particularly on this side of the Atlantic, is telling in that we see an inability, or an unwillingness, to give up old habits. The most common (indeed, almost universal) complaint is that Inferno makes no sense:

Variety complained about its "lack of . . . logic" and of its "using close-ups and fancy camera angles gratuitously and with no relevance to the story" (McDonagh 151); it is "stylish-looking but plot-flawed" (Scheuer 389); it is "heavy on suspense but weak on plot" (Martin 773); and Fangoria mentioned its "almost non-linear plot. The Europeans eat this stuff up. . . . Inferno rarely makes sense—Argento fans say it's not supposed to" (Timpone 42).

How could it make sense? Argento's method of working precludes such a possibility. Distancing himself from the rational logic of English thrillers, he says:

> I work in a surrealistic way, like being in a trance. Sometimes I wake up and begin writing when I'm still almost asleep. When I finish a picture I'm always surprised by the things I see. It's like automatic writing, as though someone else suggested ideas. Like a schizophrenic. As though I have a second soul. (McDonagh 245)

Inferno has the qualities and bizarre logic of a bad dream. Nightmares may not make sense on the plot level, but there is usually some sort of link from one point in the dream to the next. And Kim Newman, on the other side of the pond from most of Inferno's detractors, does see the film cohering: "Inferno is all set pieces, and thus all of a piece" (Nightmare 108). Maitland McDonagh goes into more detail, and adopts a very haptic (tactile, close-vision) approach to the film. Deleuze and Guattari write that the "first aspect of the haptic, smooth space of close vision is that its orientations, landmarks, and linkages are in continuous variation; it operates step by step" (ATP 493). This is how

McDonagh navigates (nomadically) through Inferno. She follows the water imagery, which hooks up many scenes in the film that might otherwise seem to have nothing to do with each other: the exploration of the flooded cellar at the beginning of the film, the shot of waves lapping as the (nominal) protagonist recovers consciousness, the death of Kazanian (Sacha Pitoeff) in a Central Park stream. She also talks about "illegitimate spaces" (148): the flooded basement and the labyrinth found under floorboards. These spaces, as well as the way in which Argento films the convoluted interior of the building, make it impossible ever to situate ourselves spatially in any firm sense: we are clearly in the realm of the smooth, while the striated burns.

The importance of Argento's non-linearity cannot be overstated, nor can the fact that non-linearity does not mean complete randomness. Argento's "images proceed from one to another not in the service of advancement of linear narrative, but by way of poetic connections, a kind of alchemical reasoning" (McDonagh 22).[44] And here, Steven Shaviro is discussing Kathryn Bigelow's Blue Steel (1990), but his point is just as applicable to Inferno (and to much of Argento's work in general): "Blue Steel exhibits a flagrant, salutary disregard for normative standards of plausibility. It displays a logic of contamination and repetition, rather than one of linear, psychological causality" (Shaviro 5).

These are the sorts of connections that Deleuze and Guattari want us to look for:

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[44] McDonagh's use of the word "alchemical" is all the more appropriate when one considers Argento's obsession with alchemy and his linking of it with architecture in Inferno and in his script for The Church (1988, directed by Michèle Soavi).

the unconventional, the unexpected, the experimental. The other term they use to describe this sort of art is "nomad art." This is art characterized by a nomadic line, which is "in free action and swirling. . . . This streaming, spiralling, zigzagging, snaking, feverish line of variation liberates a power of life that human beings had rectified and organisms had confined, and which matter now expresses as the trait, flow or impulse traversing it" (ATP 499). The similarity to the connectivity of the rhizome is clear, and one should not be surprised, given that horror fiction functions both rhizomatically and as a war machine. The emphasis here, however, is not so much on the ability to make connections, as the result of both unexpected connections, and the charge released by the lines of flight (which, we will recall, make up the rhizome, and are followed by the war machine). Strict adherence to linearity, coherence, plausibility and verisimilitude enacts the rectification and confining of the vitalism that Deleuze and Guattari wish to set free. Inferno invigorates through its commitment to this free action. The more it violates our expectations and the more it twists in ways that are not simply the reverse of what we expected, but are beyond any kind of expectation, the more it pulses with life, sending out mutant flows of unimpeded creation.

Inferno projects us into a smooth narrative space. Now what? The warning comes back, an eternal refrain, that a smooth space alone will never suffice to save us. And it is doubtful that Argento has any intention of saving his audience. But he administers a massive shock to conventional, North American ways of looking at films (i.e. expecting a linear plot, with visual flourishes essentially subordinated to the telling of the story).

What comes next is a journey. The film ends in a holocaust of flames, and Mark (Leigh McCloskey), the hero-by-default, meets Mater Tenebrarum (Veronica Lazar), an incarnation of Death, who provides the final speech of the film:

> You can't leave. Your journey has come to an end. Everything around you will become dark, and someone will take your hand. You'll be pleased, not unhappy. You'll enjoy moments of incredible brightness. . . . Now we have to hurry because we still have to pass through a number of strange phases in your change.

Mater Tenebrarum begins her speech in profile, facing Mark. But then she disappears, leaving only her reflection in a mirror, which then turns and looks directly at us as it walks toward us, ultimately shattering the mirror. We are addressed just as much as Mark, and Mark's escape is as provisional as ours. Mark has been launched on a voyage whose conclusion he cannot envision. And that is precisely the point of a nomadic journey. The end is not only irrelevant but undesirable. A foreseen end subordinates the rest of the journey into a drive to get from A to B. Here, as with the nomad, the journey itself is the goal. Inferno cuts us loose from one grid, but does not then proceed to fit us securely into another. The struggle has been changed, the stakes reconstituted. Inferno does not promise Utopia (far from it), but it does open up paths to new ways of thinking, along which there is the possibility of "moments of incredible brightness." Inferno has no specific political agenda, but it does set about demolishing the viewers' confidence in traditional narrative and in the process reduces the audience to a quivering mass.[45] With foundations gone, the audience is that much more open to new possibilities of narrative and of thought.

The moment where Mater Tenebrarum's reflection turns to look at the camera represents a conjunction of forces. She is presenting Mark with the final revelations, but she is also talking to us. In doing so, she fuses the virtual and fictional war machines. In this scene, an image shatters one screen (the mirror), transforming in the act of the shattering from a woman to a giant cloaked skeleton. The assault of this image comes directly at us, through the second screen. The film attacks us, as in Opera, with a direct, frontal threat. Instead of a bullet, it is a frightening transformation that appears to be aimed right at our noses. The figure of Death reaches out for us. And the threatening image, in this case, is not simply a bullet. The virtual war machine attacks us by showing us the fictional war machine. And here it is a very special form of that disruptive force: the monster.

The fictional war machine also creates and occupies a smooth space. But it often has a darker role to play than the virtual war machine, playing out the worst–case scenarios to their (un)natural ends. Its explorations can also have a more explicitly articulated form, addressing specific political or social areas. As we shall now see.

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[45] Kazanian's death in Central Park is perhaps the moment where Argento most savagely attacks the audience's narrative expectations. Crippled, Kazanian lies in a stream, screaming for help as rats swarm over him, eating him alive. A hot dog vendor hears him and comes rushing. Argento cuts back and forth between Kazanian and the hurrying vendor, creating a very traditional race-against-time rescue scene. Will the vendor arrive in time? He does. But upon arrival, he hacks open Kazanian's neck and kicks his body to the rats. Such a violent betrayal of the rules of film stories produces an equally violent shock. The audience knows now that absolutely anything can happen in this film.

IV. THE TOXIC AVENGER: THE BRIDGE, THE MONSTER, AND THE FICTIONAL WAR MACHINE

Noël Carroll, in The Philosophy of Horror or: Paradoxes of the Heart (1990), defines horror by the affect it raises, and by the presence of a monster. The monster, he says, "is regarded as threatening and impure" (28). Following Mary Douglas, he explains that "an object or being is impure if it is categorically interstitial, categorically contradictory, incomplete, or formless" (32; emphasis his). I think Carroll's definition can be extremely useful to my project, in conjunction with Deleuze and Guattari, even if I believe Carroll's own application could lead one somewhat astray.

Carroll sticks quite religiously to the physical interpretation of his definition (the monster must look like a monster in order to be one). He does make some allowance for the manner in which the being is presented—the tactics the work uses to create horror—and so manages to include Jaws (1975) and Orca (1977) in his study. Nonetheless, he eliminates Peeping Tom (1960) from consideration, and shows extreme reluctance to classify Psycho (1960) and The Fly (1986) as horror. In the case of The Fly, he argues that the sympathy the audience feels for the monster is cause for dismissal from the horror category. If that were true, the same could be said not only for such important works as King Kong (1933), Creature from the Black Lagoon (1954), and most of the film incarnations of Dracula, but also for Mary Shelley's Frankenstein (1818), along with most of the dozens upon dozens of film versions of her story. Sympathy for the monster, I would argue, does not disqualify a work as horror. On the contrary, it is, as I shall show shortly, one of the important ways by which horror fiction's war machine disrupts striated space.

Once again, I should point out how the language of horror theorists takes us back to Deleuze and Guattari. Carroll's terms "interstitial," "categorically contradictory," "incomplete," and so on suggest a grid—striation. The monster will not conform to the strictures of striated space. If I maintain Carroll's definition, then it would be fair to say that all monsters are fictional war machines, though not all fictional war machines are monsters. So I can accept Carroll's ruling that Mark (Carl Boehm), the killer of Peeping Tom, is not a monster. Nonetheless, he still carries out all the disruptive functions that identify him as a war machine. I think this distinction has its uses, allowing one to consider the monster as an extremely important (but not absolutely necessary) component of horror, without broadening the definition to the point where it ceases to define much of anything at all. In summary, the monster is the force of disruption (the war machine) manifested in the form of an interstitial being.

The monster creates a smooth space. Recall the effect of excess and the plunge into smooth space on our identity: everything shatters and all bets are off. Similarly, with a collapse of striation, conventional reactions no longer hold. Yes, the monster is a figure of fear, and there are monsters of such unalloyed menace that we feel no sympathy for them whatever (Cthulhu, for instance). Yet it is perhaps surprising how often the audience does feel some kind of sympathy for the monster. And this sympathy, which Carroll rejects, is precisely the sort of mutant thought one should be on the look-out for.

The monster may want to kill us, but it is more than a conventional menace. Because the monster is interstitial, as well as the threat of death comes the upsetting of the status quo. The world is turned upside down (sometimes literally). As with the shattering of identity, the challenge to us is what we do with this new situation. Do we return to the status quo, reinforce the striation, or push in new directions? The characters in horror usually reject the monster, and try to destroy it, but the audience is often at odds with them. The Frankenstein monster, King Kong, the Wolfman and the Creature from the Black Lagoon may be objects of fear, but also of pity and sympathy. King Kong (1933) has brought many a tear to many an eye, and these are not tears of relief. Vampires may not be pitied, but they are often desired. Monsters lacking any discernible relation to humans and conceived of almost exclusively as threats can be embraced (as we saw with Gorgo). Even the Alien (1979), an obscenely phallic fusion of the mechanical and the organic, a walking exemplification of the impure and the interstitial, and a killing machine pure and simple, has been described by Sigourney Weaver as beautiful and erotic.

Still, any sympathy we feel for the monster is coloured by fear. The smooth space will not suffice to save us, and, after all, there are some things to be said for striation. We like order. We try to instill it in our lives. Chaos frightens us. And for every monster that inspires pity, there are ten that are beings of unalloyed terror and death. This has been especially true, I believe, of horror in print. Unconstrained by the limits of budgets and special effects technology, the writer has a much freer hand in the creation of the sort of thing that Lovecraft termed "cosmic terror": utterly inhuman forces operating on a vast scale. Lovecraft's Cthulhu and his ilk are beings whose only recognizable trait is malevolence. The same is true for the Overlook Hotel in The Shining and Shirley Jackson's Hill House: these inanimate objects achieve personification through malignant will.[46] And there is nothing Miltonian about horror's depiction of Satan. From Fred Mustard Stewart's The Mephisto Waltz to the Omen film trilogy and back, the Devil and his cohorts are utterly devoid of fallen hero aspects. I could multiply the examples ad infinitum. With the exception of the vampire (which has become more Byronic than Byron), the monster in print (and in film to a greater or lesser degree since the 50s) is the war machine at its most destructive.[47]

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[46] Are these haunted houses monsters? Are they interstitial beings? Perhaps they are, insofar as they straddle the boundary between the animate and the inanimate. Their presentation often transforms windows into eyes, most notably in The Amityville Horror (1979), whose house has a very clearly defined face. Nonetheless, while a case can be made for the haunted house as monster, it is a war machine, in that it creates a smooth space. The interesting case here is that we have complete identification between the war machine and smooth space. That which produces the space, and the space itself, are one and the same.

[47] An agent of the war machine, such as the monster, must be distinguished from other apparent agents, such as soldiers. The members of an invading army are in the service of a State-controlled war machine, and if they do arrive to destroy one form of order, their larger purpose is the imposition of another.

In Chapter Two, I cited John Skipp and Craig Spector defining the horror tale as the story which wears the worst–case scenario on its sleeve. The war machine's worst case is its transformation into an engine of abolition, creating lines of death instead of lines of flight. It should be no surprise, therefore, that the more committed to all-out horror a given work is, i.e. the more the rhizome has taken over the work, committing it to the generation of the horror affect before anything else, the more likely the depiction of the war machine will be a purely destructive one. I would like to look closely at a particular example which will both show the purely destructive war machine in action, as well as the difference between the fictional and the virtual war machine. And so, sticking with Skipp and Spector, I turn to their 1991 novel The Bridge.

The Bridge tells the story of toxic waste that achieves life, and then, as it propagates, sentience. Named Overmind, it spreads over the town of Paradise, transforming everything and everyone it touches into its own image. As it grows, individual components lose contact with the original source and develop into new, toxic ecosystems. The whole gradually becomes a multiplicity known as Overbeing. Everything the human characters attempt to do is futile. At no point is there the slightest impediment to the spread, and the book concludes with the toxic exodus from Paradise and the end of everything else:

> To the halls of justice, to the seat of government, to the highest office in the land, the victorious malformed hordes of Overmind descended. They had come to show their appreciation. It was payback

> time. For a job well done.
>
> From there, it all went down in a matter of days.
>
> And that, as they say, was the end of that. (397)

Here then, is the war machine at its most destructive. The disruption is absolute. Civilization is utterly annihilated. All the characters that we grow to care about are either killed or transformed into monsters. Overmind's poisonous chaos reigns supreme. The "job well done" is both the State's refusal to legislate against unchecked industry, and the desire to exist in a completely controlled, artificial world where nature is either domesticated or held at bay. These attempts backfire, leading to the creation of Overmind. Thus, the cause and the effect are a perfect illustration of the scenario Deleuze and Guattari describe, where the State, in attempting to achieve absolute striation through total control of the war machine, achieves an opposite (but no less terrible) result: "The world [becomes] a smooth space again (sea, air, atmosphere), over which reign[s] a single war machine, even when it oppose[s] its own parts" (ATP 467). Substitute "Overmind" for "war machine" in the preceding sentence, and you could be quoting from the final pages of The Bridge. The war machine of Overmind re-imparts a smooth space by co-opting the usual tools of striation. The roads that made Paradise "the nerve centre for trucking . . . ferrying the essential ingredients of the good life east to Philadelphia and New York; south to Baltimore and Washington; north to Harrisburg and Allentown; and west . . . to Pittsburgh and the Ohioan heartlands beyond" (19) are now the means of spreading the infection and of destroying what they helped create:

> [The toxins] laughed as they went their separate ways. The roads stretched like arteries through the city, the county, the body of the world.
>
> How convenient. (312)

And yet, even in this depiction of an utterly destructive war machine, there is room for ambivalence. From the point of view of Overmind, the novel has a happy ending. The mood of the toxin beings is exuberant, joyful. Life has not been eradicated from the planet, it has merely changed form. This is not a unique view in horror. David Cronenberg has stated that:

> It's my conceit that perhaps some diseases perceived as diseases which destroy a well-functioning machine, in fact change the machine into a machine that does something else, and we have to figure out what it is that the machine now does. Instead of having a defective machine, we have a nicely functioning machine that just has a different purpose. (cited by Newman in Nightmare 116)

We have to approach Cronenberg's statement with some caution, since there are plenty of diseases that do not make any kind of functioning machines at all. They lead only to death and abolition, precisely the sort of war machine of which we need to be wary. The Bridge's conclusion celebrates the new machines and the triumph of the disease. Our reaction depends to this depends on two things: 1) our ability to empathize with a form of existence completely other from ours (or at least completely at odds with the Middle America starting point of the novel)—to share more directly in Cthulhu's delight in destruction than we did through masochism; and 2) our decision as to what kind of machine has been created here. Can we imagine the results as being the creation of different, but still functioning, machines? Certainly, from the point of view of Overmind, things are functioning very well. Many of the characters are not killed outright: they are transformed. The disease is transformative rather than lethal.

Based on what we have discussed so far, our reactions to The Bridge might include a certain degree of respect or empathy for Overmind, or the previously mentioned nihilistic joy at watching Rome burn. But we are forgetting something: neither of these emotions is horror. And we do experience horror. We experience it as we see every character the authors make us care for butchered. The transformation may lead to functioning machines, but, Cronenberg to the contrary, it is very difficult to see these monstrous changes as good things. We experience horror when the protagonist's already pyrrhic victory of reaching his wife so that they might die together is further undermined by the monstrous birth of their daughter.[48] We experience horror as we watch the war machine go berserk. And the experience of this affect is the key to the difference between the fictional and virtual war machines.

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[48] "YES!" Gary wailed, sobbing now, cradling his little girl in his arms. "YES!" as he swaddled her, using one of the quilts from under Gwen's legs to wipe away the blood and afterbirth, expose her clean pink infant skin.

Her skin, which instantly speckled with a billion dots of red.

Her skin, through which the viscid poison oozed from every single pore. . . .

And Gary Taylor wiped her down. Then he did it again. Then he did it again. He wiped and he wiped to keep up with the flow, scrubbing a slate that would never be clean. Long after his mind was gone. His purpose forgotten. His life turned to ashes.

Cleaning up after the sins of the fathers, too late.

While the baby screamed into the night. (394–95; emphasis theirs)

The fictional war machine in horror fiction always has the potential for total abolition. Any monster, no matter how pleasantly disposed initially, might (and usually does) go on a rampage. Thus the disruption of striation in horror forever carries the threat of absolute destruction, not just change. (The smooth space will not suffice to save us.) The virtual war machine uses that horror. It shows us the danger, even as it disrupts.

To illustrate: The Bridge is one of the more overtly political horror novels of recent years.[49] Above and beyond the portrayal of catastrophe, Skipp and Spector leave us in no doubt as to the fact that their novel is an environmental call to arms by providing us with an Appendix. After the horror, here are suggested courses of action: tips on recycling, methods of waste reduction, lists of resources, reference works, environmental agencies and organizations of all stripes (official, grassroots or otherwise) and ideas for political action. This is not a manifesto, and these are suggestions, not marching orders. Skipp and Spector avoid the microfascisms that Deleuze and Guattari identify as a danger inherent in any organization by offering the reader an array of constructive possibilities. They are potential lines of flight from a poisonous status quo, lines of flight that, unlike the ones in the fictional world of the novel, are not lines of death. They are also actions we are all the more likely to take after being horrified by the alternative.

To summarize: the fictional war machine of The Bridge (Overmind) erupts from striation to create a smooth space of total devastation. The virtual war machine (the one that we feel, as opposed to the one that we read about) uses the fictional one to horrify us with the spectre of annihilation, disrupt our complacency, and create a smooth space not only of mutant thought (a possible sympathy with the wholly other) but of possible action, opening the way for the creation of our own war machines in opposition to a toxic State and equally destructive smooth spaces.

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[49] It is so overt, in fact, that it has been charged with heavyhandedness, and has annoyed many readers and fans of Skipp and Spector's other books. Personally, I find the novel quite a bit more effective than the tract some make it out to be, but escapist it most definitely is not.

While The Bridge makes for a very clear example of the theory in action, I must acknowledge that its explicitly spelled out political agenda is not exactly typical. Most horror novels do not have appendices. Most horror films do not have companion documentaries and discussion groups. Most works are not quite so specific in terms of the political action they recommend. This does not mean such possibilities do not exist. Sometimes, a more active role on the part of the audience is necessary in order to connect with these possibilities. This, again, is a task for the critic: to examine a work and find a way to free the war machine in a way that does not lead down lines of abolition.

At least one critic has done this very successfully.

V. "GET AWAY FROM THAT LEVER! YOU'LL BLOW US ALL TO ATOMS!"

The device is hardly the exclusive property of horror. But it turns up often enough. It is the lever that the Frankenstein monster pulls (because, not in spite, of Dr. Pretorious' warning) in The Bride of Frankenstein (1935), the auto-destruct mechanism that Ripley triggers in Alien (1979), and the crucial nuclear reactor coolant system that is damaged in

Aliens (1986). Whatever its manifestation, whatever the moment of its introduction to the plot (halfway through in Aliens, in the last few seconds of The Bride of Frankenstein), its function remains as that which literally blows everything apart. The explosion is usually literal (the principal setting disappears in a ball of fire) but it is also metaphorical: whatever storyline has been followed up until now changes radically. Whatever course of action the characters were following is no longer possible. Everything changes. The rules are altered. (But never think that this is enough to save us.)

Using a work of horror as a war machine consists in finding the lever, and giving a good, hard yank. And part of that process is knowing where the explosion is taking place. Placing the work in the proper context is vital. An explosion in the vacuum of space might not accomplish very much, but one in the House of Commons would reverberate quite strongly (if not in a particularly constructive fashion). For instance, The Texas Chain Saw Massacre (1974) is not, despite its reputation, a marked escalation in the graphic portrayal of gore on the screen. H.G. Lewis' films of the 60s (starting with Blood Feast in 1963) are infinitely more moist, and they mark the revolution in terms of the gore film. Chain Saw, however, is, like Psycho (1960), often remembered as being more graphically violent than it is because of the intensity and duration of its torture scenes (even though very little in the way of physical violence is actually shown). When Sally (Marilyn Burns) is captured and threatened by the maniacal family, a scene which might previously have lasted a few minutes at most here takes up the last 20 minutes of the film.[50] The result, for the audience, is excruciating.

The above example borders perhaps on the simplistic, but it does illustrate the principle of the lever. Director Tobe Hooper pushes a particular set-piece form of the horror film far beyond what has come before, and indeed beyond what many are prepared to accept. The context here is, essentially, the woman-in-peril scene, one of the most enduring (if unfortunate) cliches of popular narrative. There is no need to create a context for Chain Saw's war machine: it does it on its own by latching onto a scene that is firmly ingrained in the collective narrative literacy of the audience, and rendering it unmanageable.

But it is possible to do still more with this scene, to find another context in which we can pull the lever and hope for an explosion. One of the best models I can find for this procedure is Carol Clover's Men, Women and Chain Saws: Gender in the Modern Horror Film. In her study of the slasher film, Clover takes on one of the most barnacle-like bits of received wisdom regarding this type of film. That these films are relentlessly, psychotically misogynist has been taken as gospel since the release of Halloween in 1978.[51] Without denying the high level of violence against women, Clover nevertheless reveals much more complex forces at work, and ultimately produces a surprisingly progressive and subversive reading of the slasher film. The lever for Clover is the figure of the Final Girl. The slasher film character who dispatches the (almost always male) killer is almost invariably female. It is she, and not the cipher-like killer, who is the focus for audience identification, and this audience is overwhelmingly male. This intense cross-gender identification is the first step to a more generalized gender blurring, pushed on by the "masculine" attributes of the Final Girl (tomboy personalities, androgynous first names such as Laurie or Terry) and the "feminine" aspects of the killers. For Clover, the horror film triggers a becoming-woman on the part of the male spectator.[52]

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[50] Sally's dialogue for the second half of the film is almost nothing but screams as she is pursued, caught, beaten and tortured.

[51] Other unchallengeable conventions of slasher–film criticism are that the films invariably postulate extreme puritanism, punishing all forms of sex with death, and that this is still the dominant form of the horror film. The latter has not been true for over a decade, and while the former is not without foundation, it is a perception that the films themselves have mocked (at least since Bloody Bird in 1987), and now is generally invoked for the purpose of parody (as is the case with Scream [1997], where the characters rattle off "the Rules": the cliches of the slasher film that must be observed in

By emphasizing aspects of the slasher film that have heretofore been downplayed, dismissed, or (most frequently) simply ignored, but are nonetheless at least as (if not more) common to these films than the sins for which they are condemned, Clover creates a new playing field, a new context for the slasher film war machine. Her reading forces us to see a new complexity at work. If we can no longer ignore the play of gender that she demonstrates so compellingly, then it becomes very difficult to continue to read the scenes of violence as before, following the standard cant of the slasher film as terminally reactionary.

Clover's Final Girl takes us back to the beginning of this chapter, where I expressed concern over Deleuze and Guattari's infatuation with the warrior, and what that

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order to survive).

[52] See Chapter Six for a more detailed discussion of this aspect of Clover's work.

might mean to women. The Final Girl is the Amazon, the becoming-warrior of woman in contradistinction to the becoming-woman of the male warrior. The Final Girl represents a potential feminist deployment of the war machine. Shaviro criticizes Clover's study for remaining "centered upon self-possession and power, rather than giving an adequate account of the more difficult (and ultimately more subversive and troubling) dynamics of expenditure and abject enjoyment" (64). But I think that the difference in emphasis between Shaviro and Clover indicates rather the different functions that the war machine can serve. The masochistic destruction of identity (which is taken to excruciating lengths by The Texas Chain Saw Massacre) is, as I have stated above, perhaps more valuable when the position being destroyed is one that is in a position of power. Clover's approach, which emphasizes The Texas Chain Saw Massacre 2 (1986), with its much more forceful female protagonist (who is capable of saving herself), seeks to hand weapons to those in a minoritarian position (in this case explicitly women), those for whom "self-possession and power" have not, historically, been givens, and are not luxuries to be sacrificed. So, while the male audience is encouraged to cheer on the destruction of male-embodied figures on the screen, and identify with the triumphant woman, the female audience is given a character who ultimately rejects the striated space that codes her as victim, destroying the force that attempts to keep her in that place.

Clover's re-vision of the slasher film and elaboration of the Final Girl have themselves acted as a form of war machine. She has so thoroughly demolished one of the most hallowed institutions of horror–film criticism, and her book has achieved such wide popularity (extending far beyond the academic world, finding distribution in such unlikely places as Tower Records, and being lionized in venues such as Fangoria that are often deeply suspicious of scholarly studies) that any work still following the old party line now appears woefully inadequate, particularly if it does not engage with her ideas. My point, I should make clear, is not that studies prior to Clover's were wilfully blind or stupid, or even wrong. To the contrary, they had the effect of making filmmakers and audiences much more aware of scenes of violence against women in film, and brought this debate to a high degree of visibility. What Clover has done is shift the grounds of the discussion. The uniformly negative perception of these films became so ingrained as to become a form of self-fulfilling prophecy. Stratification set in. The violence itself was certainly not about to go away (although the films would lose their grip on the market), but if there was only one way of looking at this violence, then it would be increasingly hard to portray it in any other way. As well, if it were only the particular form of violence against women as displayed in the slasher film that was under attack, a permutation of this kind of violence could turn up in more "respectable" films unchallenged. Potential effects of Clover's work extend to the production of the films themselves. As she discovered, filmmakers do read criticism: "I am told of three instances in which the directors of slasher films made adjustments in their work in response to reading the separately published version of chapter 1 ["Her Body, Himself"] of this book" (Clover 232). So we see here the importance of perception, and the potential power of criticism. It is now more likely that the audience will consciously engage with the cross-gendering possibilities of the films, possibilities now all the more easily accessed because the filmmakers are also more aware of them.

From a Deleuzoguattarian perspective, Clover's is a most constructive model to follow: deploy the text in the manner which most effectively frees the war machine, that opens up creative lines of flight. As with the rhizomatic connections of Gorgo, the question is not one of truth or falsity, but of deliberately seeking the perspective that offers the greatest possibilities.

Let us reconsider, in this light, the prolonged torture-climax of The Texas Chain Saw Massacre. Let us grant that this "takes the woman-as-victim syndrome to quite hyperbolic lengths" (Hardy 298). But what is the effect of this assault? Earlier, I argued that by going to such an extreme, the film makes a conventional scenario into something beyond that which the audience is normally ready to tolerate. The result does not seem to be a vicarious enjoyment of Sally's pain, which is what the traditional slasher–film criticism would lead us to conclude. In fact, the reverse is true. When I first saw the film, at the age of 16, I got no pleasure out of the sequence at all. Rather, I found myself in an intense, claustrophobic nightmare from which I desperately wanted to escape. It was one of the most harrowing film experiences I had had up to then. When the camera rushes in for an extreme close-up of Sally's terrified, rolling eyes (something it does again and again until we cannot bear it anymore), we do not find ourselves identifying with the killers. This cannot possibly be a subjective camera: it comes in simply too close. Sally's eye takes up the entire screen. Instead, the terror looking out of the screen is a reflection of our own. Our eyes bulge and roll in sympathy with Sally's. Through extremity, the film forces us to confront the reality of the woman-in-peril scene: no darkly glamorous yet hissable villain, twirling handlebar moustache as he ties the heroine to the tracks; no hero rushing to help in cross-cutting; there is only the terror, the helplessness and the degradation and the screams as the train bears down, its roar transmuted into the snarl of a saw. A wrongly transparent cliché thus becomes brutally visible. For the audience, there is nowhere to hide.

Horror fiction rubs the audience's face in what it (the audience) fears, in what it chooses to avoid. The horror machine is eminently suited to this project, and it is a particularly effective strike of the affect weapon. This is also why horror fiction is the target of intense, often outraged, criticism. The State wants to keep affects internalized.

> Thus a war machine text will move counter to this tendency, not only bringing into question the various social segmentations, but deploying affect as . . . a weapon. Such texts will open up feeling to the outside, and consequently will avoid the reduction of feeling into an internal lyrical subjectivism that occurs in a large portion of modern and contemporary poetry. (Dix 25)

The war machine, again, has rhizomatic effects. The rhizome, as described in Chapter Two, connects to exteriority. The war machine, according to Dix, powers that connection. The war machine not only draws the rhizome's lines of flight, but also facilitates the creation of these lines by forcing texts to open up to the outside, multiplying disruptive connections. Similarly, since "'affect' causes the destruction of assemblages" (24), what one sees here is the force behind the asignifying rupture. The State finds the war machine's actions so threatening because

> [t]he material or physical level is not distinguished from the mental or emotional level in D&G. . . . The destruction of a material structure that the State apparatus has built and the destruction of a concept through an act of written destruction are the same process exercised against different realms of the same phenomena. A physical structure and a concept are both investments made by the State apparatus in order and control: a prison encloses just as certainly as a belief in the law—these are all desires produced by the same machine. (66)

The State has often reacted violently against horror fiction. Why? Is the State apparatus feeling threatened? As a general rule, we would expect the State to be nervous about horror fiction, since art that seeks to unleash an affect (particularly one as violent as horror) is clearly inimical to "internal lyrical subjectivism." But horror is often attacked with the same kind of virulence as pornography. The two are frequently equated, or horror is sometimes called "pornography" when extreme disapprobation is being expressed, pornography having even less cultural cachet than horror.[53]

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[53] The linking of the two forms is not entirely unjustified. Eroticism and horror have been frequent bedfellows. Europe, between roughly 1956 and 1984 (the years set out in Cathal Tohill and Pete Tombs' Immoral Tales: European Sex and Horror Movies 1956–1984), saw a large number of sex and horror films, ranging from gothic horror with a sexual theme to out-and-out hardcore with cannibal zombies. The erotic horror story is currently undergoing a revival in print with such anthologies as Love In Vein, I Shudder

The nature of the attack on horror is instructive. According to Dix,

> [o]ften society portrays itself as the enemy of violence, and the keeper of peace, while displacing this notion of violence onto any force that would disrupt the hegemony of the State apparatus. This is really a mechanism of control. . . . In D&G's analysis, we can see that it is the State apparatus that is responsible for the supposedly "moral" or "virtuous" wars, where violence is segmented into acceptable forms, while the real essence of the war machine is a line of flight away from this violent segmentation, involving "lower quantities" and considerably less violence by comparison. (20)

The cries of outrage that meet The Texas Chain Saw Massacre (and its many cousins) are precisely of the form Dix outlines. Violence, particularly violence against women, is decried. Or, more precisely, and more significantly, the portrayal of violence is decried. The usual reasoning is that the audience gets salacious enjoyment out of watching the violence, and that fictional violence leads to actual violence.

These arguments, Joseph Grixti demonstrates in Terrors of Uncertainty: The Cultural Contexts of Horror Fiction, are based on either dubious or outmoded science, but their popular acceptance is due to "a widespread desire to believe in the power of extraneous forces onto which can be attributed . . . the locus of control responsible for the undeniable existence of human destructiveness and for frequently unnerving 'negative

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At Your Touch, and the Hot Blood series. The attack on horror (and pornography), however, is not a reaction to these works in particular, but against the entire form.

emotions'" (110). Horror is guilty of whatever the State wishes to deny, and whatever is uncontrollable is by definition bad. Thus, in the conflict between State and horror war machine, the State seeks the following goals: to claim the moral high ground by taking a stand against the supposedly amoral call to violence of horror; to reaffirm the need for control, based on the presumption that audiences are mere programmable automatons in the hands of horror; and to safely slot all threats to order, all disturbing representations and discomfiting affects, into a disreputable Pandora's Box that must be kept closed at all costs.

In the spirit of State-condemned perversity, let me continue to lever open that box. Taking my lead from Clover, the State might be attacking one specific characteristic of the slasher film so that others, such as the gender blurring, or the fact that the female protagonist will almost invariably pull through without male help,[54] will be ignored. Clover further shows how some of the themes dealt with in the low-budget horror film eventually make their way, in a heavily sanitized form, to the mainstream. I Spit On Your Grave (1977), which was made for practically nothing, is cast with unknowns, and was the target of intense condemnation, shows the rape of the protagonist in excruciating detail (detail which has been deemed exploitive by the film's attackers, and honest and unflinching by its defenders), and then follows her as she kills her attackers. By the time of The Accused (1988), which had an A-picture budget and cast, and was widely praised and Oscar-rewarded, the rape is presented in flashback from a male perspective, and retribution is handed out by a justice system which, however flawed, ultimately works. The case is closed the instant the verdict is handed down. The Accused is the rape-revenge film with the agency of revenge essentially removed from the woman's hands, and the question of what happens after these men get out of prison completely elided.

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[54] Clover makes the point that the Stallone/Schwarzenneger/Willis style action hero would be doomed the instant he set foot in a horror film. Hardware (1990) proves her thesis. Here, Hard Mo Baxter (Dylan McDermott), very much a Mad Max clone, comes on like the hero he thinks he is, but first proves himself stupid (trying to score an easy deal in a trade, but losing money instead), then demonstrates his incompetence (turning up a bit late to deal with the robot he brought into the house), and finally gets himself killed. It is Jill (Stacey Travis) who must destroy the killer robot.

Returning to the case of The Texas Chain Saw Massacre in particular, one might be tempted to side with its detractors. Sally does not overcome Leatherface and his family (as opposed to the triumph of Stretch [Caroline Williams] in the second film). She escapes, but her final rescue is dependent on a passing trucker. She is reduced to a shrieking grotesque by her experience, and the last shot of the film is of Leatherface rampaging about on the highway, swinging his chainsaw through the air. Sally is a long way from the Final Girl of the later slashers. She is a Final Girl only in the most literal sense of the term, and is the answer to the film's promotional question: "Who Will Survive and What Will Be Left of Them?"

However, there is still the extremity of the woman-in-peril scene itself. Objections to this sequence seem to hinge on that very extremity, and not necessarily on the nature of the scene. The implication seems to be that it is all right to show women in jeopardy, as long as it is done in moderation. As long as the convention is deployed invisibly, not jarring the audiences out of what they have come to expect, then it can pass without comment.[55] But The Texas Chain Saw Massacre forces us to see this scene all the way through, and it isn't fun anymore. We do not experience suspense. We are not wondering whether Sally is going to escape or not. We are too caught up in wanting to escape our own ordeal, which Hooper has constructed to mirror Sally's.

Dix reminds us that while "some texts are easier to deploy as war machines than others . . . we make war machines—we must take texts and deploy them, for they will not deploy themselves" (37). This is what I have attempted to do with The Texas Chain Saw Massacre. It would be entirely possible, and not necessarily wrong, to read Sally's ordeal in a negative light, to see it as a pathological expression of the Tobe Hooper's hatred of women. However, we run the risk of tarring any portrayal of victimization as an endorsement of victimization, which can lead to an "out of sight, out of mind" denial of something all too real and present. Constructive deployment of the horror text strikes me as a preferable alternative, where we take a given element and ask ourselves not how we can stamp it out, but rather how best we can play up the advantages this element might offer.

Still, we cannot pull the lever with impunity. "You'll blow us all to pieces," Dr.

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[55] Bob Dole provides an instructive—if almost caricatured—example of what the State finds acceptable in film. He decries Natural Born Killers (1994, as berserk a war machine as ever turned out by a major studio), but finds all the right values in Independence Day (1996). The latter blithely kills off millions upon millions of people, but in a sanitized, zero-gore, PG-13 rated fashion. NBK's violence is hyperbolic and exhilarating. Independence Day postulates a warm and fuzzy multiculturalism in the service of Amerika Über Alles, with a Jewish civilian and an African-American fighter pilot saving the world. NBK sees a United States venal and rotten to its core. The women of Independence Day are there only to be the emotional support of the can-do men, a role that Juliette Lewis's character in NBK rejects with all guns blazing.

Pretorious (Ernest Thesiger) shrieks, and that is just what can happen. In Kiss Me Deadly (1955), when the mysterious box opens, everything explodes, the villains die, the heroes die, and the film ends. The war machine lives up to its name, and it is dangerous. It can get completely out of control, indiscriminately destroying everything in its path. The line of flight opened up by the war machine "is both the line of maximal creative potential and the line of greatest danger, offering at once the possibility of the greatest joy and that of the most extreme anguish. As well as being creative lines, lines of flight may have an odor of death" (Patton 66). Given that horror fiction seeks to create some quite extreme anguish in its audience, and revels in the odour of death, we should not be surprised to find that we run a strong risk of racing down a line of abolition. Fortunately, horror fiction is well aware of this risk. Horror has a pessimistic streak both deep and wide, and sounds its own warnings about uncontrolled war machines. Hence the importance of the fictional war machine, of the monster. We need to remember to construct maps as the war machine rampages, so that we do not get carried off into lines of abolition. Horror shows the worst-case scenario, using it to achieve greatest velocity of the affect, while also showing what is to be avoided. We fear what the narrative shows us, we don't want it to happen, but the jolt provided can demolish constricting structures, provided we position ourselves and the war machine correctly.

Horror fiction is deeply ambivalent. Even as Dawn of the Dead's virtual war machine causes ecstatic abjection and triggers the becoming-zombie of the viewer, its fictional war machine asks us if we really want to become-zombie. Horror, like most of the Deleuzoguattarian concepts under examination here, has two very sharp edges.

And bleeding is easy.

CHAPTER FOUR

"THAT NIGHT-BAYING VIOL":

THE REFRAIN, SHAPING FEAR, AND THE SHAPE OF FEAR

> "I saw no city spread below, and no friendly lights gleamed from remembered streets, but only the blackness of space illimitable; unimagined space alive with motion and music, and having no semblance of anything on earth. And as I stood there looking in terror, the wind blew out both candles in that ancient peaked garret, leaving me in savage and impenetrable darkness with chaos and pandemonium before me, and the daemon madness of that night-baying viol behind me."
>
> —H.P. Lovecraft, "The Music of Erich Zann"

Erich Zann's music is supposed to be holding the horrors at bay. But here, at the climax of the story, the music has become part of the horror. It is being played by a dead man, and rather than holding off the forces of darkness, it becomes, for the narrator, their representative. The narrator can see nothing, he can only sense the presence of something evil and vast. The music, the familiar rendered alien and hostile, is, for him, the shape of fear.

I see the concept of the refrain playing a similar role. Understanding the different shapes of the refrain can show how and why some of horror's favourite tactics work, and can illuminate the ways in which the structure of horror fiction develops, consolidates, ossifies and mutates. The refrain helps shape the growth of the rhizome. It is also a concept that Deleuze and Guattari explicitly designate as being part of horror fiction.

A refrain is "a territorial assemblage" (ATP 312). It is, according to Ronald Bogue in "Rhizomusicosmology," "any kind of rhythmic pattern that stakes out a territory" (88).[56] The refrain has both reterritorializing and deterritorializing characteristics. In order to create a new territory, elements are taken away (deterritorialized) from a previously existing territory, and are then reterritorialized in the new one. The created territory has three aspects: a "point of stability, a circle of property and an opening to the outside" ("Rhizomusicosmology" 88). These aspects, Deleuze and Guattari tell us, "are found in tales (both horror stories and fairy tales)" (ATP 312; emphasis mine). The proportions of each aspect in the mix are not stable.

> [The refrain] makes them simultaneous or mixes them: sometimes, sometimes, sometimes. Sometimes chaos is an immense black hole in which one endeavors to fix a fragile point as a center. Sometimes one organizes around that point a calm and stable "pace" (rather than a form); the black hole has become a home. Sometimes one grafts onto that pace a

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[56] The process of territorialization is complex and fluid, and should not be equated—semantic similarities notwithstanding—with striation. Territorialization incorporates both reterritorialization, which has an affinity with striation, and deterritorialization, which can have much in common with smooth space and lines of flight.

> breakaway from the black hole. (ATP 312)[57]

The refrain of a horror story can comfort or disturb the reader. It can shape both familiar and unfamiliar patterns of narrative. And the narrative often depicts the formation of the "safe" place in the chaos (such as a magic circle to ward off the demons), as well as the destruction of supposedly safe places. The haunted house, for instance, is the home become black hole. The place that should be most comforting becomes hostile, and so the violation is all the more keenly felt.

As well as three aspects, a territory has two elements: milieu and rhythm. To be more precise, the territory "is the product of a territorialization of milieus and rhythms" (314). Formed out of chaos, "the milieu of all milieus" (ATP 313), a milieu is "a block of space-time constituted by the periodic repetition of the [defining component" (313). Milieus are in constant contact and communication with each other, and that is thanks to rhythm. Rhythm "is a transcoded passage from one milieu to another, a communication of milieus, coordination between heterogeneous space-times" (313). Rhythm is not to be confused with meter. Meter, however regular or irregular its measure might be, is part of the milieu and does not communicate with the milieu's exterior. Rhythm, on the other hand, is "the Unequal or the Incommensurable that is always undergoing transcoding. Meter is dogmatic, but rhythm is critical; it ties together critical moments, or ties itself together in passing from one milieu to another" (313). Rhythm "is difference, or relation—the in-between whereby milieus communicate with each other"

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[57] I find it interesting that Deleuze and Guattari's imagery here is redolent of chaos, darkness and fear. It is the language of horror fiction.

("Rhizomusicosmology" 88). The communication is not constant (as it would be with meter). That is, interior and exterior circumstances change, and rhythm, by communicating change and difference from one milieu to another, is crucial to territorial transformations.

We see rhythm in horror fiction in, for instance, the recurrence of scenes designed to shock or in some way create a peak in terror. The gaps between such scenes will vary in length, and the scenes are critical moments. These are the moments that will come to define the work for the audiences, since they are the scenes that will be most clearly remembered, since they are the scenes whose assaults on the audiences' sensibilities are the most extreme. The degree of effectiveness of these scenes is often related to the difference between meter and rhythm. Let us recall the example of the murder of the nurse in The Exorcist III, and compare it to the pattern of scare scenes in a typical slasher film, in this instance Slumber Party Massacre (1982).[58] Slumber Party Massacre's attempts to frighten are mechanical and largely ineffective. By 1982, audiences knew exactly what to expect in a slasher film, and were not confronted by any surprises here. Victims wander off alone while the camera prowls menacingly, and so we know well in advance that a scare is coming up. When the murders happen, they do so after the requisite number of false escapes. The occurrence of mayhem is extremely regular. The rhythm is here extremely metrical, and the result is that the film is much more likely to generate boredom than fear. It does not reach out to our milieus, so we are unaffected. In The Exorcist III, while we do know that something bad is about to happen, we do not know precisely what the nature of the killing is going to be. Even more important is the fact that the attack occurs precisely the right amount of time after we expected it to happen. A second or two earlier, and we would have had a much more regular, metrical situation.[59]

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[58] Slumber Party Massacre's ordinariness is particulary disappointing since it is one of the all-too-few horror films both scripted and directed by women (Rita Mae Brown and Amy Jones, respectively).

The refrain determines not only the mix of aspects, but the strengths of elements as well, and so, depending on the type of refrain we examine, there will be greater or lesser degrees of deterritorialization at work. The more pronounced the rhythm, the greater the opening of the milieu to the outside, the greater the transcoding, and so the greater the impetus for the milieu itself to transform. Different refrains thus have different functions, ranging from the establishment and fortress-like protection of territories to the opening up (and potential disintegration) of these territories.

Deleuze and Guattari describe four basic types of refrains, each setting up a different mix of aspects and elements, each with a different effect, and each with different potential. Ronald Bogue summarizes the four types as refrains that "(1) mark or assemble a territory; (2) connect a territory with internal impulses and/or external circumstances; (3) identify specialized functions; (4) or collect forces in order to centralize the territory or go outside it" ("Rhizomusicosmology" 90). I would like to examine each in turn, to see both what each can tell us about horror, and what horror does with each. The evolution of the Nightmare on Elm Street film series will provide a useful illustration of the various types of refrains in action.

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[59] Another case of effective rhythm occurs in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Black Cat" (1843). Up until the murder of the narrator's wife, all of the critical moments of horror have had to do with the cat—stabbing out the eye, hanging the first cat, the image of the cat on the wall after the fire, the gallows shape in the fur of the second cat. We might thus expect this pattern to continue, and the build-up to the murder certainly leads us to believe we are right, since the focus of the narrator's obsession is the cat. The narrator does attempt to kill the cat with an axe. "But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain" (Poe 68). This passage is remarkable. It begins in the passive voice, whose flatness suggests that the wife's interference has in fact brought the scene to a close. Broken up by commas, the next sentence begins slowly, haltingly, and then rushes to its conclusion in a brutally direct, simply worded active voice. The result is the print equivalent of The Exorcist III's use of timing in the nurse scene.

I. CHOOSING THE HOME GROUND: THE TYPE 1 REFRAIN

Type 1 refrains are "territorial refrains that seek, mark, assemble a territory" (ATP 326). The impulse here is one of (re)territorialization, and partakes primarily of the first two aspects (the point of stability and the circle of property). The desire here is not to reach out and mutate, but to create some form of stability out of chaos. Deterritorialization is not possible prior to some form of initial territorialization. The first step in creating the territory, the first moment of the type 1 refrain, is the establishing of the stable point:

> A child in the dark, gripped with fear, comforts himself by singing under his breath. He walks and halts to his song. Lost, he takes shelter, or orients himself with his little song as best he can. The song is like a rough sketch

> of a calming and stabilizing, calm and stable, center in the heart of chaos. . . . [The song] jumps from chaos to the beginnings of order in chaos and is in danger of breaking apart at any moment. (ATP 311)

Once the point of stability exists, the second movement consists in drawing "a circle around that uncertain and fragile center, to organize a limited space. The forces of chaos are kept outside as much as possible, and the interior space protects the germinal forces of a task to fulfill or a deed to do" (311).

Once again, I find it interesting how Deleuze and Guattari's words are those of horror fiction. The latter quotation perfectly describes the scenario of countless horror stories where the forces of Satan are kept provisionally at bay outside a magic circle, while the protagonists huddle inside, frantically working on some spell of exorcism. Deleuze and Guattari seem to be aware of this resemblance themselves, since they mention that for "the creation of a golem, one draws a circle" (311). The image of a supernatural ritual is quite deliberate.

The first quotation too echoes horror fiction. This is how Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) tries to use the refrain at the climax of Alien: as she prepares to attempt to blast the Alien from the space shuttle, she whispers/sings "You Are My Lucky Star" to give herself courage. This is the attempt to create a calm centre for herself in a situation of imminent terror and death. But the song degenerates into a panicked, gulping repetition of "lucky lucky lucky lucky." Like the child who "hastens or slows his pace" with his song, Ripley's movements become jerkier and more uncertain as her song disintegrates. No longer comforting, the refrain serves only as a barometer of her rising terror. We see here the created centre "in danger of breaking apart at any moment." The centre collapses with Ripley's scream as the Alien attacks.

So the type 1 refrain describes, at the level of narrative (without being limited to this plane), one of the paradigmatic scenes of horror fiction: the quest to create and protect a territory—however small, provisional and vulnerable—while surrounded by the forces of darkness. But it also describes something that the narrative itself is attempting to do.

Earlier, I stated that while the horror rhizome can be present to a greater or lesser degree in any given work, a piece that we think of as unproblematically a "horror film" or a "horror novel" is one where the rhizome has completely taken over; i.e. this is a work whose primary and overwhelming purpose is to raise the affect of horror in its audience. It is in these works that we can most clearly see the type 1 refrain at work. It is what announces the story as horror.

To seek, mark and assemble a territory is to engage in a process of differentiation. The refrain seeks not only to create a territory out of chaos, but also to mark this territory as being different and separate from other territories, i.e. it establishes the story as a tale of terror, and not (say) a romance.[60] Subsequent forms of the refrain consolidate this process, and begin the dialogue between territories, but the initial steps are taken here.

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[60] Again, we must not forget the communication between territories that occurs, encouraged by other types of refrain. So the division between a tale of terror and another kind of story is very porous. Territories are different, but not isolated. No territory is an island.

Furthermore, territorialization "gives the separate representatives of that species the possibility of differentiating" (ATP 322). So when we watch Wes Craven's A Nightmare on Elm Street (1984), we see a film defining itself as horror, distancing itself from other forms of narrative (it is not a comedy), and from other horror films (we will see how it distances itself from its most immediate cousin, the slasher film).

There is a territory, Deleuze and Guattari write, when milieu components "cease to be functional to become expressive" (ATP 315). For example: "monkeys, when serving as guards, expose their brightly colored sexual organs: the penis becomes a rhythmic and expressive color-carrier that marks the limits of the territory" (315). Similarly, we should look for elements in A Nightmare on Elm Street that go beyond the functional (the need to frighten) and become expressive (marking the territory, defining the film as horror). Let us ignore the title of the film (which certainly suggests that this is not a Busby Berkely musical) and concentrate on the opening scene: we see darkness and blades; we hear discordant clankings and scrapings of metal; a synthesiser sounds ominous chords. These images and sounds come while the credits are appearing. Nothing overtly horrible happens. We see someone's hands, but otherwise there are no people in these shots. As scissor blades are fastened to the fingers of a glove, forming an unmistakeable instrument of death, we have the first directly threatening image, one that is more directly functional than those that surround it. Nonetheless, even without scissor-glove, we would know that this is a horror film. The dark, the blades, the sounds and the music are expressive, signalling potential threat. Deleuze and Guattari describe how the brown stagemaker "lays down landmarks each morning by dropping leaves it picks from its tree, and then turning them upside down so the paler underside stands out against the dirt" (ATP 315). This is its method of creating its territory. The individual images in the opening moments of A Nightmare on Elm Street work in a very similar way. They pile up like so many ordered and arranged leaves (only here it would appear to be darkness standing out against the light), cumulatively marking the film's territory.

The brown stagemaker's action appears rather more repetitive than the series of images in Nightmare. But there is just as rhythmic a marking pattern in the film as in the gestures of the monkey and the stagemaker. Images of darkness have long been effective shorthand for marking horror. Craven's gestures here are part of a larger, endlessly repeating pattern that extends far beyond the limits of his film. By taking part in this pattern, he marries A Nightmare on Elm Street to the larger phenomenon of horror. The film's point of stability, then, is its self-identification as horror fiction.

A few minutes into the film, we come across an element that provides a particularly rich example of the refrain at work on several levels. Ghostly children's voices chant "One, two, Freddy's coming for you, / Three, four, better lock your door, / Five, six, grab your crucifix, / Seven, eight, gonna stay up late, / Nine, ten, never sleep again." The song has the rhythm, meter, and sing-song quality of nursery rhymes or other children's songs. It sounds like it should be a type 1 refrain. It should be comforting, providing the child with the anchor in the dark, the calm and stable point. But this is emphatically not the case. The lyrics, the distorted and echoing sound of the voices, the slow-motion and misted photography, and the fact that the children are visible only to the audience, combine to make the song memorably eerie. For us, this is a destabilizing, queasily deterritorializing moment. At this level, the song is a type 4 refrain. But it is also a type 1 refrain in the context of establishing a territory for the film, because it functions as the opening series of images did. The fear the song causes marks A Nightmare on Elm Street as a horror film. It would seem then, that the refrains that shape horror fiction are of a unique kind. Because of horror fiction's drive to create a smooth space, there is a strong deterritorializing potential at work. Thus, even the refrains that establish the territory are likely to be strongly deterritorializing in most other respects. And the potential is always there. Deleuze and Guattari write that "the territory already unleashes something that will surpass it" (ATP 322), and so even the most tamed and territorialized forms of horror fiction (which we will see developing next) can provide the necessary elements for a deterritorializing release of fear, even if this is only by creating the pattern whose violation by other works will frighten a complacent audience.

The consolidation of the territory of horror fiction is undertaken by the type 2 refrain.

II. FORMULA: THE TYPE 2 REFRAIN

The refrain now works toward a more specific codification of the territory. The type 2 refrain is in many ways the tamest of refrains, the one most resistant to deterritorialization, the one least amenable to any kind of subversive political (or social, or artistic) project. But for that very reason, it is important to recognize its presence and its effects.

The type 2 refrain consists of

> territorialized function refrains that assume a special function in the assemblage (the Lullaby that territorializes the child's slumber, the Lover's Refrain that territorializes the sexuality of the loved one, the Professional Refrain that territorializes trades and occupations, the Merchant Refrain that territorializes distribution and products). (ATP 327)

The type 2 refrain does not create the territory but it does signpost it. It connects elements in order to create a shorthand announcement of the territory's identity. Once established, it can become tyrannical: products are made to fit the Merchant Refrain, rather than the other way around. The type 2 refrain thus has a strong role in the shaping of the work of horror. We recall that Ronald Bogue describes this refrain as one that connects "a territory with internal impulses and/or external circumstances" ("Rhizomusicosmology" 90). These internal impulses and external circumstances can take on a variety of forms. They can be, respectively, the need to confirm the identity of the territory as horror, and what the audience expects a work of horror to be. They can be the tension between the artist's interests and the audience's demands. In market terms, there is the internal need to succeed (as a work of horror fiction), and the external pressures that shape the requirements for success. The result is the birth of the formula.

On a rather literal level, the type 2 refrain frequently appears as morbid nursery rhymes whose purpose is clearly to tag the work as horror. It usually turns up in the ad campaigns for novels and films: "The boys and girls of Sigma Phi, / Some will live, some will die" on the poster for Terror Train (1979); "Brother, sister, madness, sin . . . / Now the terror will begin . . ." on the jacket of Andrew Neiderman's Pin (1981); and "When little Simon plays with fire, / The game becomes a funeral pyre" on the cover of Russell Rhodes' Tricycle (1983). These are examples of refrains whose specific (territorializing) function is to code the works they are associated with as horror. They are certainly formulaic, but they are rarely part of the works themselves. It is when the refrain is part of the work that the truly shaping formula arises.

The type 2 refrain and the formula story are not synonymous. The type 2 refrain creates the formula when its reterritorializing elements become dominant. A simple example of formula would be the slasher film, whose conventions were set down by Halloween in 1978, and were followed slavishly by a large number of films for roughly the next 10 years. The slasher film was instantly recognizable for its teenage characters (usually sexually active with the exception of the Final Girl), faceless and unkillable psychopath, ineffectual adults, droning synthesizer score, a series of false alarms leading up to actual killings, and a number of shots where the camera adopts the killer's point of view. Even the titles were part of the formula: Halloween, Friday the 13th, New Year's Evil, Prom Night, My Bloody Valentine, and so on. These repeated gestures, both on the level of narrative and of technique, are much more specific than those I looked at in the opening of A Nightmare on Elm Street, which established the film as horror. Here, the territory is becoming much more specific and firmed up.

I see the same process at work in A Nightmare on Elm Street. The film does violate certain well-established patterns of the early-80s horror film (and I will return to this when I examine type 3 and 4 refrains), but it also conforms to certain patterns. The teenage, often hormonally driven protagonists and the ineffectual adults tie the film very strongly to the major currents of the slasher film.

For better or (often) for worse, one of the most influential external circumstances that the type 2 refrain connects to horror's territory is the demands of the market. Given that the credo of the film industry is "If it works, do it again," it should come as no surprise that the success of A Nightmare on Elm Street created a franchise: there have been seven Elm Street films to date (along with a plethora of imitators). The development of the series shows a very clear and rapid entrenchment of the type 2 refrain. By the third film, certain elements had become compulsory: the young cast, the surreal dream set-pieces, Freddy Krueger as a murderous stand-up comic using groaner puns, a false happy ending with Krueger's destruction followed by his cackling re-appearance.[61] The stories' predictability was complete. The formula reigned supreme.

Even though, as a rule, sequels follow the law of diminishing returns when it comes to box office receipts, this does not discourage producers from playing the game, and the Elm Street films avoided this pattern of loss longer than most (largely, it seems, by constantly upping the ante on special effects), remaining immensely profitable until the last few entries in the series. Audiences appear to have a love-hate relationship with sequels. On the one hand, sequels are regarded with an almost universal cynicism. Yet there is often, within the circles of fandom at any rate, a clamouring for the sequel to be made. And this is almost inevitably followed by bitter recriminations when the sequel turns out to be a disappointment. I believe that the nature of the type 2 refrain, its relationships to the other forms of refrain, and its contradictory role in the shaping of horror fiction (both helping and hindering) goes a long way toward explaining this pattern of expectation and rejection.

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[61] These signatory gestures of the series would remain inviolable until Craven returned to write and direct the pattern-destroying finale: Wes Craven's New Nightmare (1994). A signature, I should add, "is not the indication of a person; it is the chance formation of a domain" (ATP 316). Thus the series became more and more like itself, even though Craven no longer had anything to do with the films, with the exception of collaborating on the screenplay to A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors (1987).

Since the type 2 refrain performs the more specific forms of territorialization (i.e. defining a film, for instance, not just as a horror film, but as a specific kind of horror film, or defining exactly what a horror film should be), it is what the audience latches on to when it encounters a narrative that, for whatever reason, is particularly pleasing and successful. The rhythmic elements of the type 2 refrain do not necessarily have anything to do with what makes the work frightening or not. But they are what makes it identifiable. These are then the elements that get repeated as the formula takes hold. They are also the elements that become the target of the disillusionment when the works begin to fail as horror fiction.

The reterritorializing impulse of type 2 refrain elements is also part of what makes them both initially attractive and ultimately failures. We are still not far removed from the child singing for comfort in the dark forest, and when watching or reading fiction designed to frighten us and plunge us into the chaos of smooth space, it is hard to resist the urge to seek comfort and safety in the familiar. We know the story, we know the characters, and we know the outcome before we even begin. There is the sense of settling back with old (and predictable) friends. The structure is extremely reassuring, since, in spite of the horrors on display, there are no real surprises. We know what we are dealing with. The desire inspired in the audience by the type 2 refrain thus cuts two ways: it hold the promise of reproducing the enjoyment (of which the fear is an absolutely integral part) of the previous work, and it provides an anchor of comfort. The two drives ultimately cannot co-exist successfully.

The initial strength of the type 2 refrain, followed by its collapse, is one of the most prevalent patterns in horror fiction. The generation of formula is, I would argue, one of the conditions that has encouraged seeing horror in terms of genre, because so much fiction does fall into (sometimes very broad) patterns. (Of course, the ephemeral, mutating and often exclusionary nature of the type 2 refrains is one of the reasons why genre approaches prove inadequate.) In whatever medium, at whatever time, we see cycles of formulas rising, consolidating, and then fading. The gothic novel of the late-18th, early-19th centuries is the point at which the codification first really took hold and produced an object which could be held up and named as horror fiction. The gestures made by Ann Radcliffe (embedded narratives, continental settings, Byronic villains, heroes and heroines with pronounced Romantic sensibilities, and crumbling and mysterious castles) very quickly established a territory, and consolidation (in the form of countless imitations) happened immediately. In the service of horror, these conventions had run their course and were undergoing mutation by 1816 (with Frankenstein breaking most of the rules), but in terms of defining "gothic" they hold to this day, as even the most cursory examination of the gothic variant of the romance novel will show. The type 2 refrain, then, operates more to produce a recognition than to release an affect. In fact, the more a territory becomes established, the less likely it is that a given work will be able to function successfully as horror fiction. Familiarity produces comfort, an emotion inimical to fear.

In the late-70s and 80s, when the paperback horror novel flourished, the dominant formula in North America involved what I call the New England Gothic.[62] Horror fiction achieved its breakthrough popularity thanks to the massive success of Stephen King, and he laid the groundwork (in effect, composed the type 1 refrain) for the New England Gothic with Carrie (1974) and 'Salem's Lot (1975). However, the real formula was codified in the novels of John Saul. Even his titles—Suffer the Children (1977), Punish the Sinners (1978), Cry for the Strangers (1979)—show a repetition of gesture. The New

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[62] In England, the "nasty" reigned supreme. This type of novel, usually about half the length of its North American counterpart, and very reminiscent of 50s monster movies (only much more gory and sexually explicit), revolved around some sort of animal or other facet of nature going berserk. The novels alternated chapters between the protagonists' struggle against the threat, and characters who appeared at the beginning of a chapter only to be devoured by the end. James Herbert defined the "nasty" with The Rats (1974), and his most slavish imitator, who has persisted with the "nasty" even into the 90s (with his series involving giant killer crabs) has been Guy N. Smith.

England Gothic consisted of a young couple with one (sometimes two) children moving to a small town, usually located in New England,[63] where the locals are either excessively friendly (because they are hiding their connection to a sinister force that owes its existence to an act of evil in the town's past) or excessively hostile (because they are afraid of their connection to a sinister force that owes its existence to an act of evil in the town's past). The young child is the focus of both the novel and of the evil being's attentions.

The interchangeability of the towns in these novels points up the increasingly mechanical nature of the type 2 refrain. The nature of the town is irrelevant, the particularities of locale and how they can generate sinister events no longer of any interest to the authors or the audience. The town is simply the standard setting. It is a convenient form of shorthand, no more than a prop, really. It is where this type of story is expected to take place, and flags the novel for the reader as promising past pleasures of fear. And, once again, the locale and its attendant plot structure become comforting. The town, intimately familiar to the reader no matter what state it might actually be situated in, has become a moveable home.

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[63] New England's prominence is possibly due to a number of factors: the tradition of horror fiction coming out of that region (Hawthorne, Poe, Lovecraft); the fact that towns in that area are old enough to have something nasty lurking a few centuries back in the past; and the fact that King's immense popularity and his extensive imaginary mapping of the region has made it both instantly accessible to a wide readership and synonymous with spooky goings-on. Nevertheless, the small town of the New England Gothic need not actually be in New England: the west coast and the central plains have been settings for these tales as well. And the towns tend to be indistinguishable from their New England cousins.

The problem, as mentioned before, is that familiarity breeds both security and contempt. As the type 2 refrain strengthens its grip, storylines become more and more predictable, and the striation of the imaginative space more and more complete. The horror war machine is constrained, runs out of gas, and the creation of smooth space becomes next to impossible. The end result is something of a hollow shell. All the gestures that worked toward the creation of the horror affect in the past are present, but no longer effective: the narrative is simply going through the motions. We can still call such works horror fiction, because their strategies still intend to frighten, but they are no longer effective.[64] In terms of the rhizome, we are looking at extreme stratification of the lines. Connections to exteriority become more and more difficult. The works are increasingly mechanical, their actions merely the repetition of past actions, but only the form remains. The works only connect to past works, no longer to the outside. There is a sore need for an asignifying rupture.

The end result is that the type 2 refrain can choke off and kill the very territory it has worked so hard to establish. Sooner or later, audiences tire of disappointment. The repetitive tactics no longer work, the story no longer frightens. People stop reading New England Gothics (books of this type are now few and far between) or going to sequels, because they do not receive the experience they did with the originals. But because these particular forms are so widespread that they have become, in the public mind, the very definition of what horror is all about, horror fiction as a whole falls out of favour. Currently, the taint of the slasher film glut has finally begun to fade, and horror films are slowly reappearing on the screen, but with nothing near the ubiquity of the early 80s. Though the unexpected blockbuster success of Wes Craven's Scream (over $140 million at the box office at last report, making it one of the most successful horror films ever) has raised hopes, it is still too early to speak of a revival.[65] In print, the waning of the New England Gothic has mirrored a decline in the popularity of horror novels generally. They are still being published, but in fewer numbers all the time. Of the authors who explicitly identify themselves with horror, whose avowed intent is to frighten the audience, Stephen King (who is constantly re-inventing himself) is virtually the only one who continues to find a wide audience.[66]

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[64] It is this same principle that allows us to recognize older, now tamed works as horror. We know that the Universal films of the 30s, for instance, are horror films. They no longer frighten us, because the techniques have long since ceased to be effective. But we can still tell that their function was to create horror.

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[65] I fear that the success of Scream, which mocks the slasher film even as it recycles some of its still workable elements, might ultimately set the horror film back instead of contributing to a revival. Countless imitations are sure to follow (there has already been one sequel, and another is in the works), which could take us right back to the carbon-copy slashers that followed Halloween, and we will be right back where we started. The release and success of I Saw What You Did Last Summer and Scream 2 (both scripted by Kevin Williamson of Scream and aimed at the same youth market) do seem to indicate that the teen-kill picture is back. A recent American Film Market showed some signs of a revived interest in the horror film generally on the part of studios, but the distribution system has changed enormously since the 80s, making it very difficult for a low-budget horror film to achieve the necessary theatrical success. There seems to be a slight decrease in the ghettoization of horror, which resulted in many films, whose success might encourage further production (such as The Silence of the Lambs [1991] and The Hand That Rocks The Cradle [1992]) not being marketed as horror films, in spite of the fact that that is manifestly what they are. Still,

> Hollywood and the independents are in "wait and see" mode. If another film bucks expectations and approaches that golden $100-million mark like Scream did, horror will truly arrive once again. Whether it stays will depend on new filmmakers who understand what makes a movie scary breaking onto the scene, and also on companies giving veterans such as Craven, John Carpenter, George A. Romero and [Brian] Yuzna their due, free reign and the opportunity to push the genre as far as they can. (Ferrante 75)

In other words, a sustained revival requires a new refrain. Nevertheless, the major release of such varied (and non-sequel) films as Event Horizon, Mimic, The Devil's Advocate, Fallen and Deep Rising, all in the space of a few months in late-97 and early-98 is cause for hope.

I have concentrated here on horror fiction's relationship to the market because that is, I think, the clearest and most visible manifestation of the influence of the type 2 refrain. My concerns with horror fiction's ability to break out of formula are not, however, merely focused on making it a viable commodity once more. Rather, the break-out from formula is necessary for artistic rejuvenation, for the shattering of segmented lines in the horror rhizome. The rhizome, which strikes and draws lines of flight with the war machine, is shaped and fuelled by the refrains. Excessive territorialization leads to stratification and cuts off many of the possibilities I looked at in the preceding chapters. The sort of potential for political engagement that I argued is present in Gorgo (an apocalyptic retaliation against the State in the name of Ireland, of women, of the economically oppressed) would be much more difficult to find in The Deadly Mantis (1957), a film which deviates not a jot from the conventions of the giant monster film.[67]

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[66] Writers such as Clive Barker and Peter Straub, who first achieved wide popularity through their horror writing, are (publicly, at any rate) disassociating themselves with the field. Anne Rice, who continues to sell in the millions, spinning her own particular refrain off into the sunset, still has her books in the "Horror" section of bookstores, but her lush gothics do not appear to be so much concerned with frightening the reader as encouraging them to share in the existential angst of her tormented vampires and witches.

[67] The only moment of surprise is minor and unintentional, when we are confronted by utterly nonsensical stock footage of kayaking. Like many other films of the period, The Deadly Mantis uses stock footage in an effort to look more expensive and expansive than

Horror fiction must change in order to remain effective, and by effective I mean being able to raise the affect of horror, to create smooth space, and to engage in the sort of unorthodox connecting and deterritorializing questioning it can do so well. In order to change, horror fiction must escape the strictures of formula, and engage in deterritorialization. In order to break the stranglehold of the type 2 refrain, we need to turn to the functions of types 3 and 4.

III. NEGOTIATIONS: THE TYPE 3 REFRAIN

There is a close relationship between type 2 and type 3 refrains. Having defined type 2, Deleuze and Guattari go on to describe type 3 refrains as

> the same, when they mark new assemblages, pass into new assemblages by means of deterritorialization-reterritorialization (nursery rhymes are a very complicated example: they are territorial refrains that are sung differently from neighborhood to neighborhood, sometimes from one street to the next; they distribute game roles and functions within the territorial assemblage; but they also cause the territory to pass into the game assemblage, which tends to become autonomous). (ATP 327)

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it really is. Gorgo does likewise, but its naval footage is fairly well integrated and is at least relevant to the plot. Furthermore, given that The Deadly Mantis lifts virtually all the salient aspects of its story (the monster released from an Arctic glacier, its destructive migration to a major metropolis) from The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms, and its monster (an insect) and climax (destruction of the beast in a tunnel) from Them! (1953), the case could be made that the film is composed entirely of stock footage.

The type 3 refrain does not work in opposition to the type 2, except insofar as it introduces flexibility, and chips away at the dogmatism of formula. It is, in fact, necessary to the survival of the territory, since, as we have seen, the type 2 refrain leads ultimately to asphyxiation and possibly death. When the type 3 refrain identifies specialized functions (Bogue's definition of this type of refrain), it does so for the purpose of travel from one assemblage to another. The specialized functions are what will maintain the identity of the territory through the process of deterritorialization-reterritorialization. The nursery rhyme, though sung differently, still performs the same functions as it moves from neighbourhood to neighbourhood. Similarly, horror fiction continues to be recognizable as such because it continues to perform its functions even as its form alters. The type 3 refrain is the force of necessary mutation. The nursery rhyme must change with the neighbourhoods. If it does not adapt to its particular context, it will render itself meaningless, and will not be able to carry out its functions qua nursery rhyme. The same holds true for horror. The hollow shell that we saw at the end of the last section, when formula horror fiction was reduced to meaningless repetition of worn-out conventions, is the horror film that has wandered into a different neighbourhood without changing its song. We can still recognize the unadapted nursery rhyme or horror story, but, unable to fulfill their functions (distribute game roles or raise the horror affect), they are recognizable by form alone—we know what they once did, and what they are supposed to do, but they are no longer functional examples of their kind. They are fossils, recognizably related to the living members of the species, but, for all that, still dead.

In a nutshell, I would distinguish the type 2 and 3 refrains in the following way: the type 2 refrain emphasizes territorialization and identity through repeated elements, while the type 3 places its emphasis on identity through function, while keeping territorialization fluid. In fact, the territorial transformations of the type 3 refrain are necessary in order to preserve the specialized functions of generating fear. To see the type 3 refrain in action, I return once again to A Nightmare on Elm Street and its sequels.

A Nightmare on Elm Street appeared as the slasher film was approaching exhaustion. The cycle was not quite done yet, and the Friday the 13th series still had a number of episodes to run before the well ran completely dry, but the heyday was over. Coming the same year that Fright Night and Return of the Living Dead began a trend of horror films more concerned with making audiences laugh than with actually scaring them, Craven's film provided the horror field with a needed success. Since then, the critics in the mass media have tended to lump the Elm Street films in with the slashers. This perception has a certain foundation, while at the same time being quite inaccurate. The connections and shifts between the two forms of horror film, each the dominant form of expression in horror cinema for a certain period, show an art in transformation.

First, the similarities. Like the Friday the 13th films and their friends and relations, A Nightmare on Elm Street features teenage protagonists. Death still follows the sex act. Adults are nonexistent or useless. The deformed killer appears to be destroyed, only to reappear, indestructible, in the final scene. The killer is bent on revenge for a (perceived) past wrong. The killer has a fetishized instrument of death (Freddy has his scissor-glove, Jason of Friday the 13th has his machete).

Now, the differences. There is only one instance, at the very beginning of Nightmare, of death following sex. (And the sex takes place off-screen: there is no nudity in the film.) The killer is not masked. (This might seem like a trivial detail, but it is not: the goalie mask worn by Friday the 13th's Jason, and the white rubber mask worn by Michael [AKA The Shape] in the Halloween series are instantly recognizable, and define their identities more than their actual faces.)[68] The killer is no longer a hulking mute, but is nastily loquacious. The supernatural, previously limited to the indestructibility of the killer, now has a major role: dreams become reality, reality becomes rubbery, and the killer can emerge suddenly in any number of surreal ways. The Final Girl is arguably a more active figure than she is in the slasher films. Nancy (Heather Lagenkamp) not only figures out what is going on before anyone else (as is standard with this character), but also sets about a very systematic campaign to destroy Freddy Krueger (even down to reading a book on urban warfare and booby-trapping her house), and thus engages in an even more direct becoming-warrior.

We should note that the very nature of the differences between the Elm Street series and the slasher films show their close parentage. Some of the changes are little more than variations on a theme. Others bespeak choices that, even if they are opposites, nonetheless have a common root. So, for instance, the killer is masked or unmasked, mute or not. But the choice is not between options so different that they have nothing to do with each other (e.g. between a human killer or a shark, between a suburban, middle-class setting and outer space).

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[68] See Chapter Five for more on the importance of masks.

A Nightmare on Elm Street represents a negotiation of sorts, with the audience and with the slasher film. The horror film has wandered into a new, but not completely unfamiliar, neighbourhood. It changes the elements of its song that no longer seem viable, but keeps the ones that still (provisionally) perform the required functions. While the type 2 refrain still preserves the formula, the type 3 introduces the deviations. The slasher is still a figure of fear, but a fading one. So now he talks, becoming much more recognizably a character. The perfunctory supernatural no longer seems to be enough? Move it to centre stage. And so on. Granted, there is a strong market imperative at work (more so, I would say, in the film industry than in print), but there is a fusion of interests. The studio wants a financially profitable horror film. For a horror film to be profitable, it must be scary. So while the market forces might at times distort the movement of the type 3 refrain (prolonging some strains beyond the point at which they would have normally played themselves out, or cutting others off before they have the chance to prove their worth), they provide some of the necessary impetus to find the right song for the right neighbourhood.[69]

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[69] It occurs to me that the preceding might sound as if I am adopting the neo-conservative party line that extols the inevitable and copious benefits of unfettered capitalism. Nothing could be further from my intent. The market might help push horror to change and necessary renewal (though, as I said, it can also encourage stagnation). But if there is a perception that horror fiction is unprofitable, the market will make it very difficult for horror fiction (or at least fiction that is labeled as such) to be produced at all. This is currently the case.

The Elm Street series maintained a high level of popularity (and, all proportions maintained, critical regard) longer than most film franchises. Freddy Krueger became a kind of cultural anti-hero (to the consternation of more than a few) and the films spawned a comic book, a number of novels, and a television series (Freddy's Nightmares). Whether, now that the series appears to have run its course,[70] Freddy enters the pantheon of film monster immortals (such as the Frankenstein monster, Dracula, the Wolf Man and the Creature from the Black Lagoon) remains to be seen, but his impact on the popular culture of the late-80s-early-90s is indisputable. Though the series finally asphyxiated as the type 2 refrain achieved both dominance and stagnation, it lasted as long as it did because the type 3 refrain negotiations continued. Unlike the Friday the 13th films, which changed in just the degree necessary to prevent actually making the same movie over and over again, the Elm Street films engaged in as much variation as was possible within the confines of the basic concept. Freddy became more and more talkative, ultimately winding up as a sort of Henny Youngman from Hell, speaking in a barrage of gruesome one-liners. The mythology surrounding him grew in complexity, incorporating not just his transformation from child-killing janitor into supernatural force, but the predestination implied by the circumstances of his birth (as "the bastard son of a thousand maniacs"). The dream set-pieces (and attendant special effects) became more and more elaborate. And the narratives began to incorporate elements of fantasy and action/adventure.

In the end, these variations could only help stave off the inevitable. The tension between the type 2 and type 3 refrains tells the story of the Elm Street series. The type 3 refrain fights to introduce changes necessary to keep the films functioning viably as horror films. The type 2 imposes the films' specialized identities as not just horror films, but Elm Street horror films. Without compromising this identity, the degree of variation permissible is limited. And the same kind of creeping cancer that afflicts other formula horror fiction triumphs here as well. Freddy Krueger becomes too well known, too familiar, too comforting. He is our friend, not our enemy. We know his tricks too well. Therefore the films cease to be frightening. And so fail to fulfill their functions as horror films. And so fail.

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[70] Though nothing is certain. Reports of a Freddy vs. Jason film have been popping up for years, and in the wake of Scream's success, the project has been revived once again.

The new ingredients added to the mix of the later Elm Street films (the stronger orientation toward action) points up the function of the type 3 refrain that deals with the passing from one assemblage to another. We should recall at this point the role of rhythm, how it is the in-between of milieus, and permits their intercommunication. And a territory, once again, is "the product of a territorialization of milieus and rhythms." The use of the plural here is important. It takes more than one milieu and one rhythm to make up a territory. (In fact a rhythm already implies a plurality of milieus.) If a type 3 refrain is involved in a process of deterritorialization-reterritorialization, and in so doing is moving from assemblage to assemblage, then the territory is in a much higher degree of flux than one where the type 2 refrain dominates.

I would like to re-emphasize just how strong the impetus toward transformation really is. Ronald Bogue writes that "a certain level of decoding or deterritorialization must take place if a territory is to be formed" and that the "establishment of a territory . . . entails a certain degree of decoding, of 'unfixing' of qualities and rhythms, and a subsequent recoding of those qualities and rhythms in terms of a specific domain" ("Rhizomusicosmology" 89). We saw this process when A Nightmare on Elm Street carved out its identity from its slasher antecedents. But this process doesn't end once the territory has been established. The codes themselves are in a "perpetual state of transcoding or transduction" (ATP 313). Identity is not stable. Milieus are thus constantly threatened by chaos, and fend it off with rhythm. But chaos "is not the opposite of rhythm" (313). Because they both partake of the in-between (they are both outside of and in communication with milieus), chaos can become rhythm, but conversely rhythm "ties together critical moments, or ties itself together in passing from one milieu to another. It does not operate in a homogeneous space-time, but by heterogeneous blocks. It changes direction" (313). There is a constant play of difference. And the direction of rhythm will affect the associated milieu.

Rhythm is the intercommunication of milieus. So milieus do not exist in isolation. Nor are they static, each milieu always in communication with the same set of other milieus. For example, Bogue writes that

> the heart's periodic repetition produces rhythm, but not by reproducing an identical measure and not in isolation from other milieus. Its regular meter is a vital pulse, not a reproduction of the same, whose regularity and variability are inseparable from the inter-milieu rhythms of difference.

("Rhizomusicosmology" 89)

My heart beats at a particular meter. I read a book that frightens me. My throat dries out, I break out in cold sweat, and my heartbeat accelerates. In the act of reading the book, I have brought new milieus into contact with my own. The rhythm changes direction, and a new series of coding and transcoding takes place. In terms of the type 3 refrain, I am passing into another assemblage, one which incorporates the horror affect.

The same principle, as I have said, is at work in the transformation of the Elm Street films. It reached its apex with Wes Craven's New Nightmare. Here, the consciousness that the series had played itself out is used to the film's advantage, with Craven, studio executives and many of the actors playing themselves. Craven re-invents Freddy, taking him back to the fearsomeness of the first film, and making him into the embodiment of some ancient evil that must have stories written (and filmed) about it in order to remain contained. The title of the film shows the struggle between the different refrains. "Wes Craven's" and "Nightmare" represent the type 2 refrain, promising the viewer the familiarity of the series, while invoking the terror of the first film, and so suggesting that the original affect might be raised. The word "New" brings in the type 3 refrain, as does the fact that the words "Freddy" or "Elm Street" are absent. Craven distorts the series as far as he possibly can without making a new kind of film altogether. New Nightmare skates right up to the borderland with new assemblages. It doesn't cross right over, but the overriding metafilmic concerns make the film sit very uneasily within the Elm Street assemblage.

The type 3 refrain does not act just at this essentially microcosmic level, fine tuning a particular kind of film as much as possible within the confines of the type 2 refrain. The type 3 refrain is the force of transformation for horror fiction at the macro level as well. The type 3 refrain fuels the rhizome's growth.

The Elm Street films ended, and, until the arrival of Scream, virtually all forms of the teenager-in-peril film disappeared. But horror in film did not. When the formulas that had been created for horror films in the 30s wore out around 1946, there were no further films labelled "horror" until 1951.[71] The horror rhizome survived, twisting its way through films that presented themselves as thrillers (and that have subsequently come to be called films noir). The noirs fulfilled many of the same functions as the horror films that had preceded them.

I cannot properly call these films horror fiction, because it would be inaccurate to claim that their primary purpose is to frighten. Still, the following characteristics are rather familiar: nocturnal settings; expressionistic use of darkness and shadows; protagonists losing control of their lives and descending into a hostile and unfamiliar universe; space become unpredictable, striation losing its grip; death a constant and immediate threat. The films may not be horror films, but the horror rhizome is definitely present. A given work of art will contain a multiplicity of milieus. Milieus "slide in relation to one another, over one another" (ATP 313). Territories can co-exist quite happily (or even symbiotically). One might say the horror rhizome has gone underground in the case of the noirs, but is still recognizable: something is creating anxiety and fear in these films; there is a war machine working to create a smooth space for the viewer. And these films provide suitable milieus for the proper functioning of horror. The old formulas no longer work, generating neither profit nor scares, and so the type 3 refrain mutates the form, taking in whatever new elements, effecting whatever transformation is necessary to allow the horror rhizome to function as horror.

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[71] And even then, even when the advertising campaigns of The Thing (1951) and Them! (1954) trumpeted how terrifying the films were, they were (and often still are) perceived as "science fiction." Films explicitly labelled "horror" were few and far between until the revival triggered by Terence Fisher's The Curse of Frankenstein in 1957. A gap of over 10 years.

Allied with the type 3 refrain, aiding and abetting the process of change, is the type 4 refrain.

IV. BREAK-OUT: THE TYPE 4 REFRAIN

These are the most deterritorializing of all refrains. They are:

> refrains that collect or gather forces, either at the heart of the territory, or in order to go outside it (these are refrains of confrontation or departure that sometimes bring on a movement of absolute deterritorialization: "Goodbye, I'm leaving and I won't look back."). (ATP 327)

Ronald Bogue, we have seen, summarizes the above as describing a refrain whose purpose is to "collect forces in order to centralize the territory or go outside it" ("Rhizomusicosmology" 91). This seems to imply something of a split personality in this refrain. Concentrating forces to centralize a territory strikes me as being in the service of the type 2 refrain, reinforcing the current parameters and identity of the territory. But then, to leave the territory would appear to be engaging in the polar opposite. Bogue does not mention the absolute deterritorialization, but this is a crucial omission, since the term entails, of course, an absence of reterritorialization and thus, one would think, the destruction of the territory. Why would one type of refrain be assigned two utterly inimical functions? Why not, at the very least, distinguish between a type 4 and a type 5 refrain?

Deleuze and Guattari's phrasing is ambiguous, in that it is not clear whether the extensive parenthesis is elaborating on the type 4 refrain generally, whether "refrains of confrontation or departure" refers only to those which go outside the territory, or whether refrains of confrontation gather forces, and refrains of departure are the ones that leave. My reading of this passage is that of the first case. To expend such elaboration on the outward-going refrain would make one wonder why the act of gathering forces is mentioned at all, and perhaps dismiss that aspect of the refrain as unimportant. I propose that these options are not opposites at all. Deleuze and Guattari oppose binary constructions, and their emphasis on the alternate construction "or . . . or . . . or . . ." should be recalled. The use of "or" in this passage should be read to imply alternate descriptions of the same concept, rather than different actions undertaken. Thus, confrontation and departure are complementary terms. Gathering forces, then, is a necessary part of going outside, and of triggering absolute deterritorialization.

To illustrate, I would like to present the following examples of what I consider to be type 4 refrains. The doggerel/nursery rhyme constructions that acted as type 2 refrains in the ad campaigns assume a quite different function when they appear within the story or film. In film, where we can actually hear the song, the intent is invariably sinister: in Candyman (1992), chanting the title character's name five times summons him (at which point he disembowels the summoner with a hook).[72] Perhaps the most devastatingly effective use of the nursery rhyme as type 4 refrain comes in Dario Argento's Suspiria (1977). The soundtrack is a thunderous, jangling synthesizer riff, playing a distorted version of "Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so" (Pierce 9). Sinister voices chant "la, la, la, la, la, la, la" to the tune, while other voices mutter incomprehensible nastiness, and a snarl of "wwwwwwWITCH!" punctuates the score periodically. I have seen at least one person begin hyperventilating, and another flee the room 30 seconds into the film, almost purely as a result of this music.[73] Something in the music is radically destabilizing. It pushes the listeners into a smooth space, sometimes in ways too violent for them to tolerate, and they must flee. Home, the territory established and preserved by the type 1 refrain, explodes.

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[72] Candyman, based on Clive Barker's short story "The Forbidden," plays with the notion of bringing urban myths to life. It combines two favourites: the story of a madman called the Hook, and the notion that saying "Bloody Mary" five times while staring in a mirror will conjure a vision of Mary Tudor, bloody knife in hand. Urban myths strike me as being themselves a kind of refrain: they follow definite patterns, and in spite of their outlandish and (on the face of it) menacing contents, they appear to provide some sort of comfort (rationalization, however bogus), generally springing up as they do in contexts of social stress and chaos. (I saw a plethora of these myths appear during the flood that Winnipeg suffered in the spring of 1997.) A more detailed analysis of the urban myth as refrain would be another project, but I would like to add one more note on Candyman. Its premise is that urban myths are indeed comforting, no matter how terrifying the story. "We will be a tale told by lovers," Candyman (Tony Todd) tells Helen (Virgina Madsen). As long as people believe in the story of Candyman, he remains just that: a story. But once Helen debunks the tale, Candyman is forced to become real in order to re-establish that faith. With the collapse of the type 2 refrain, chaos and death erupt.

Why are these songs so effective? At one level, the reason why horror should find music so congenial an ally is quite straightforward. Horror fiction is art that strives to raise an affect. Music is a medium particularly suited to creating affects and otherwise playing with the emotions of its audience. At times it seems to plug directly into our nervous systems, producing concrete physiological effects. Think of the gooseflesh raised by a piece that pushes your buttons just so. Sound, Deleuze and Guattari write, "invades us, impels us, drags us, transpierces us. It takes leave of the earth, as much in order to drop us into a black hole as to open us up to a cosmos. It makes us want to die" (ATP 348). Sound, they argue, has the greatest deterritorializing potential of any medium. It is only natural, then, that horror artists would take advantage of such a potentially powerful weapon.

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[73] Argento knew a good thing when he had it. He and the rock group Goblin composed the score to Suspiria before filming, rather than after. The music, it seems, was blasted over the soundstages for the double purpose of influencing the movement of the actors, and to frighten them into character.

The synthesizer has become something of the instrument of choice in composing horror soundtracks. The most effective tracks are always simple, repetitive, and infinitely sinister. See, for instance, the music composed by John Carpenter for Halloween (a film he admits was heavily influence by Suspiria); Goblin's music for Deep Red (Profondo Rosso, 1975) and Tenebrae (1982); Keith Emerson's for Inferno; and Phillip Glass' for The Church (1989) and Candyman. Also notice how Michael Oldfield's "Tubular Bells" is the music everyone remembers from The Exorcist (1973) when the rest of the score is forgotten, even though "Tubular Bells" is only heard in two brief scenes.

Other memorable scores, while orchestral rather than digital, still rely on repetition for their effectiveness (such as John Williams' music for Jaws [1975] and Jerry Goldsmith's black mass chants in the Omen trilogy).

In the case of the particular examples of horror music I have mentioned, their power derives from the fact that they violate the conventions for songs of that particular shape. The games these nursery rhymes are coding kill their participants. And worse yet: the music of Suspiria distorts a child's hymn. This, of all songs, should be comforting, reassuring. The child in the dark feels better because Jesus loves him and will protect him. But no. The horror film nursery rhyme not only does not comfort us, it fuels our fear, and does so precisely because it refuses to comfort. Though these songs look (or rather, sound) like type 1, territorializing refrains, if only in terms of rhythm or melody line, they are more like Trojan Horses in the service of deterritorialization. They are the comforting refrain turned on its head. They are a betrayal. They serve notice that what we thought was safe is really malignant. They tell us that there is no safe anchor in the world they are creating. They deterritorialize the very things we rely on to create order, to establish structures in the terrifying, encroaching chaos.

The nature of the betrayal involves a gathering of forces from the very heart of the territory, that factor that seemed not to fit with the idea of departure or confrontation. These refrains are so frightening because they insist so strongly on their form. The more clearly recognizable as children's song the refrain is, the more effective the distortion becomes. Deleuze and Guattari describe this transformation when they talk about taking "a first type of refrain [childhood songs, folk songs, etc.], a territorial or assemblage refrain, in order to transform it from within, deterritorialize it, producing a refrain of the second type as the final end of music" (ATP 349; emphasis theirs).[74] Here they are specifically talking about music, but I believe the principle holds for a refrain in any medium. It is as if the bedrock beneath us were subjected to such pressure it melted back into magma, and the territory erupted. A concentration of forces takes place in order to permit a breakout from the territory.

Just as the nursery rhyme provides the raw material for the construction of a destabilizing type 4 refrain, so the formula story is ripe for subversion, a subversion that is just as much a (needed) betrayal as Suspiria's soundtrack. And so Bloody Bird (1987, AKA Deliria, AKA Stagefright—Aquarius, directed by Argento protégé Michèle Soavi) plays with our expectations: the opening murder is just a rehearsal for a musical; a victim seeks refuge in a shower stall after being stabbed, rather than being surprised there. Jason Goes to Hell: The Final Friday (1993)[75] mercilessly mocks the conventions established by the previous eight films of the Friday the 13th series. The disrobing nubile of the opening sequence turns out to be an FBI agent who lures the machete-wielding Jason into a hail of bazooka fire. The virginal heroine has been replaced with a single mother. A group of campers are teased about going out into the bush to smoke drugs, have premarital sex, and get slaughtered. And when they do get slaughtered, the film makes such a production over an unused condom that it is clear the group is killed not for having premarital sex, but for having unsafe sex. In the formula novel arena, Stephen R. George's Dark Miracle (1989)—published by Zebra, the most formulaic of all mainstream horror publishers—begins as a New England Gothic,[76] but then metamorphoses into a tale of government conspiracies and large-scale evil.

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[74] We will note that here Deleuze and Guattari seem to have reduced the classification of refrains down to two types from four. I do not believe that this seriously contradicts the earlier division, since the four types can, to an extent, function as a spectrum, with types 1 and 2 being essentially territorializing, and types 3 and 4 deterritorializing. That said, I prefer to maintain the four categories, since they provide us with more descriptive power and a more nuanced understanding of the different ways in which refrains shape horror fiction.

[75] A title that, barring a Jason Voorhees–Freddy Krueger cross-over film (à la King Kong Versus Godzilla [1962]), seems, for once, to be true to its promise. The film appears to be the final nail in the coffin of the mad-slasher picture (a phenomenon which, to all intents and purposes, has been dead for 10 years, hysterical media reports on horror notwithstanding).

In all of these examples, the formula, whether imposed by the dictates of the industry or chosen with malice aforethought, is subverted to liberating effect. Where the type 3 refrain operated through transformation, the type 4 refrain helps this transformation through betrayal. The transforming of a refrain from type 2 to type 4 is a process of twisting familiar strands until they snap. The established pattern disintegrates, and old routes can no longer be followed. The rhizome is freed from a confining structure, is ruptured, and grows along new lines. For a time, the possibilities are virtually infinite, until a new pattern is settled on, and the cycle begins again.

All of the above examples intensify horror not through the use of the formula, but through the places where the formula collapses. That a great part of horror's potential should lie with the type 4 refrain should not come as a surprise, because it seems to me that the above shows that horror's impulse is also towards destabilization rather than the safe, comforting repetition of a known story. Again, it bears repeating: the imperative is to frighten. Therefore, the works that most successfully fulfill the function of terrifying are the ones that most aggressively deterritorialize.

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[76] Granted, the town is in Minnesota rather than New England, but as I mentioned earlier, the actual location of the town in the New England Gothic is largely irrelevant.

Proving this point is one of the most successful (both critically and commercially) horror films of recent years: David Fincher's Seven (1995). This film at first glance resembles a police thriller blown apart by a horror film. I think a more accurate take would be to see it as a horror film that adopts, as lines of segmentarity, the conventions of police thriller for the purpose of further propelling the horrific lines of flight. A territorializing refrain is transformed into a deterritorializing one.

The film opens with Detective Somerset (Morgan Freeman) preparing for work. His apartment is a perfect image of order. The tools of his trade (badge, knife, gun) are laid out in a precise row on his table. Everything is neat and tidy. We follow him to a crime scene (and already the film's dominant look of disorder and darkness takes over), where we discover that Somerset is a stock character—the Wise Veteran One Week From Retirement—and he finds out that he is to be saddled with a new partner, Detective Mills (Brad Pitt). Mills is another stock figure: the Young Maverick With A Temper. Together they form the inevitable odd couple of contemporary police thrillers, the Opposite Yet Complementary Partners Who Will Ultimately Grow From Animosity To Deep Friendship.[77]

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[77] Lethal Weapon (1987) is probably the most paradigmatic example of this convention.

The pre-credit scenes thus set up all the expected elements of a police thriller. But then the credits sequence throw this into question. We see a montage of images in extreme close-up suggesting cutting and reassembling. A book is sewn together. Razors and transparencies are used in some mysterious creation. Words are cut from one source and pasted together elsewhere. The credits themselves are jumpy scratches on the film, shimmering and uncertain. The title appears as "se7en"—itself a piecing together of disparate elements (letters and numbers) to disorienting effect. The colours are black and dark browns. The soundtrack plays Nine Inch Nails' "Closer to God" (in a re-mix, so the song too has been taken apart and reassembled), music generally classified as industrial—a vein of rock that is redolent with images of darkness, death and madness, and frequently explicitly identifies itself with horror.[78] The overall effect is far too sinister for a buddy picture. In fact, what we see here is the same kind of type 1 refrain that we saw in the opening of scenes of A Nightmare on Elm Street. Seven's credit sequence puts the lie to the first scenes, letting us know that this is a horror film that has simply adopted another story form's set-up and characters.

Seven carries through the thrust of its credits. From this point on, attempts to carry on a police narrative, on the part of either the characters or the audience, are doomed to failure. We lose the specificity of locale: unlike all other thrillers, we do not know what city this is. It could be New York, and most viewers are probably fooled into thinking that it is, but then a short drive out of the city takes us to a desert surreally festooned with electrical pylons. Somerset and Mills desperately try to play out the police procedural, but are manipulated every step of the way by John Doe (Kevin Spacey), the killer who controls the narrative arc of the film from beginning to end. Somerset seems to know that he is trapped in a storyline that is not one where he belongs: he tries to get himself taken off the case; faced with the disintegration of any normal order, he shatters his metronome, giving up his illusions; and, towards the end, he despairingly informs Mills that "this isn't going to have a happy ending." He is right. The last shreds of the buddy-cop thriller are destroyed in the climax: the killer's plan, one based on a narrative of a world completely swallowed by pestilence and horror, is complete; Mills' wife is dead, decapitated; Mills has been manipulated into becoming a murderer himself; and overhead, a helicopter circles helplessly above the power lines, communications disrupted by the hostile (smooth) space, while a disembodied voice frantically and uselessly shouts "Somebody call somebody." Deterritorialization is absolute. Mills is broken, captured by John Doe's narrative and unable to prevent himself from taking the expected action (vengeance). In the final scene, as the surviving characters stare disconsolately at the aftermath, Somerset's superior officer asks him where he is going to be. "Around," Somerset replies. "I'll be around." Around: nowhere specific, not part of the grid. He has become a nomad, the only strategy that will allow him to negotiate this terrible space he lives in. But he survives, both physically and (at some level) spiritually, because he adapts. Somerset gets the final word in voice-over before the blackout: "Ernest Hemingway said: 'The world is a fine place, and worth fighting for.' I agree with the second part." Somerset harbours no illusions. He knows he is in a horror film. But he will do what he can.

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[78] Trent Reznor, who is Nine Inch Nails, previously used dialogue samples from Hellraiser (1987) in "Happiness in Slavery" (a song whose video involved supermasochist Bob Flanagan being sexually tortured to death and reduced to pieces by a dentist chair/killing machine).

In Seven, then, we see the horror rhizome take over a film that at first seems to be a police thriller. In so doing, it transforms the refrain. We have initially both type 1 and 2 refrains: the type 2 that attempts to territorialize the film as a police thriller, and the type 1 function that, with the formula characters, establishes what are deceptively comforting touchstones for the audience. All of these expectations are confounded, and the film disorients both characters and audience. The refrain has become type 4. The war machine of John Doe propels characters and audience into a narrative smooth space, a space already physically present in the form of the dark, unknowable city. This is a city that the audience comes to fear, hate and distrust as much as do the characters.[79] The city and the narrative match up perfectly, as both appear initially to be familiar, but prove to be much more horrific and unpredictable than we thought, all the more so because of the initial familiarity.

The film noir provided a cover for the horror rhizome to go underground when the explicitly labeled horror film fell out of favour. This was a negotiation produced by the type 3 refrain. The elements of horror that were present in those films respected the form they were inhabiting, and the noir developed a specific type 2 refrain of its own. Seven resembles a noir bursting apart at the seams, its form shattered by the pressure of the horror within. In the passage from Lovecraft that serves as epigraph to this chapter, the music whose purpose is to hold the powers of chaos and horror at bay becomes a representative of those very forces. Similarly, the shattered remains of police thriller, because they were supposed to reassure us and act as signposts, and because they betrayed us in their destruction, become not only part of the horror we experience, but also become the warped pieces of a new sort of horror assemblage.

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[79] The film brings this point home most explicitly in a scene where Somerset and Tracy (Gwyneth Paltrow), Mills's wife, meet for coffee. She is pregnant, and though she wants a baby, she is terrified by the thought of bringing a child into a world as terrible as the one of the city. Her fear of the city brings her to tears. Somerset sympathizes, and tells a story of how he and a former lover faced a similar dilemma. The woman wanted the child. Somerset did not, not in this world. Eventually, he says, "I wore her down." And though a day doesn't go by that he regrets not having a child, he is sure that he did the right thing.

At the conclusion of the section on the type 2 refrain, I tried to indicate the necessity for a constant process of deterritorialization in the form of horror fiction, if other forms of deterritorialization, triggered by the fiction itself, are to occur. The type 4 refrain brings about the needed change, and Seven shows us this process in action. The gathered forces are those vectors of expectation that the audience brings to bear on the police thriller (or, for that matter, on the serial killer film, which has become quite established since The Silence of the Lambs). Everything blows up in the audience's collective face. And when the work of horror fiction reaches out like this and strikes us with the horror affect, then here, again, is another connecting of milieus. This time ours is forcefully invaded by the work. The type 4 refrain sends the forces out to connect to us and drive the affect home. The stronger the type 4 refrain in a given work of horror, the more frightening it can be, and the easier is the creation of smooth space. At which point, remembering the cautions of a blind embrace of smooth space, we can engage in a much freer process of rhizomatic connections.

In Chapter 2, I argued that the rhizome could be used in the creation of horror fiction in order to free it from stratified lines. This is a very similar situation. When we create horror fiction, we must examine our story, and, if necessary, change the refrain. Formula must be violated. Horror's potential is there, lying coiled in wait, but it must be freed from the suffocating territorialization of the type 2 refrain, and the type 4 refrain is the most direct and explosive means to this liberation. Create new territories out of the elements now deterritorialized, but keep the process going. Do not let the new territories become rigid and tyrannical in their turn.

The type 4 refrain would appear, then, to be the form most closely allied with the war machine. It is this kind of refrain that works to demolish striation, and is most effective at raising the horror affect. Its application opens up new territories for horror to explore. The type 4 refrain aggressively deterritorializes and, according to Ronald Bogue, "[t]he process through which a refrain is deterritorialized is essentially one of becoming" ("Rhizomusicosmology" 91; emphasis his). So again, we see the interconnection and mutual dependence of the various concepts under discussion here. And by seeking to break out of whatever territory it happens to originate from, by unleashing new lines of flight, the type 4 refrain helps fuel the resistance against one of the most sinister forces described by Deleuze and Guattari: faciality.

CHAPTER FIVE

"THE PUTRID, DRIPPING EIDOLON OF UNWHOLESOME REVELATION": FACE TO FACE WITH THE FACE

> I cannot even hint what it was like, for it was a compound of all that is unclean, uncanny, unwelcome, abnormal, and detestable. It was the ghoulish shade of decay, antiquity, and desolation; the putrid, dripping eidolon of unwholesome revelation; the awful baring of that which the merciful earth should always hide. God knows it was not of this world—or no longer of this world—yet to my horror I saw in its eaten-away and bone-revealing outlines a leering, abhorrent travesty on the human shape; and in its mouldy, disintegrating apparel an unspeakable quality that chilled me even more.
>
> — H.P. Lovecraft, "The Outsider"

The Outsider has never seen himself before, and has never been in the company of other humans. And yet, he knows that what he sees is an "abhorrent travesty on the human shape"—he has a standard by which to measure deviation from a proper human appearance. And what he sees derives much of its horror from being still recognizable as deviating from a human original. This is an "unwholesome revelation" because it reveals such a monstrous image, and because it is the moment when the Outsider discovers what it is that he looks like. He is the monstrous. He applies the yardstick of acceptable human form to himself, and finds himself wanting in the utmost degree. He is so hideous that he is beyond any acceptance by human society, no matter how grudging or demeaning that acceptance. This is his moment of greatest despair and horror.

It is also his moment of liberation. From this point on, he no longer aspires to human company. He is no longer bound by the rules (of appearance, of behaviour, of any sort) that one must observe in order to be part of human society. As discussed in Chapter One, he finds an alternative society, one with "mocking and friendly ghouls." He tells us: "in my new wildness and freedom I almost welcome the bitterness of alienage" ("Outsider" 52). He takes off on unimagined (by humans) lines of flight. His monstrosity has become the source of his freedom.

How does the Outsider know what the human standard is? He sees pictures in the books that he uses to educate himself, and, he says, "I merely regarded myself as akin to the youthful figures I saw drawn and painted in the books" (47). He has a model, but no one has told him that this should be a model, or that these figures are attractive. Yet he recognizes the ideal. Even in his isolation, the Outsider has been subjected to some sort of coding mechanism, one that will make him experience horror when he finally sees himself, and one that he ultimately escapes (if only to embrace his absolute exclusion). This mechanism is faciality. Its product is the face, and that is the Outsider's oppressor.

"The face, what a horror," (ATP 190; emphasis theirs) Deleuze and Guattari write.

"A horror story, the face is a horror story" (ATP 168).[80] Chapter One analysed how Deleuze and Guattari described the face as something hideous, monstrous and inhuman. Based on the very explicit links that they forge here between horror fiction and the concept of faciality, we should turn to horror fiction for a clearer understanding of faciality, and of how it works. This connection does not, however, mean that horror fiction has the same project as the face. On the contrary, much of horror fiction, particularly where constructions of monstrosity are concerned, rejects the face, or at least lays bare its malignity. It is thanks to the language of horror fiction, after all, that Deleuze and Guattari are able to describe the face as a horror. Ultimately, some horror fiction explores the ways in which we can escape from the clutches of faciality, and that the face can be dismantled.

My approach in this chapter will be first to examine what the effects of faciality are, so that we have a clear idea of why resistance is necessary. Then, I will try to break faciality down into its component parts (the white wall/signifying regime and the black hole/postsignifying regime) in order to get a sense of how faciality works, and how horror can throw a wrench into the mechanism. I will conclude by examining the countersignifying regime, a regime inimical to the face, but wedded to the war machine.

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[80] The original French reads "Conte de terreur, mais le visage est un conte de terreur" (MP 206). This is an acknowledgement that the description of the face's manifestations ("Tantôt des visages apparaîtraient sur le mur, avec leurs trous; tantôt ils apparaîtraient dans le trou, avec leur mur linéarisé, enroulé.") is a horror story, but this is quite simply because the face itself is a horror story. This is a nuance, but the equation between horror fiction and the face is made just that bit more strongly in French than in the English translation.

I. "PRENDS, UNE FOIS POUR TOUTE, L'HABITUDE DE PORTER CE MASQUE": LES YEUX SANS VISAGE AND THE TYRANNY OF THE FACE

What is faciality, and why is the face a horror? For Craig Saper, faciality is located "where meaning and subjectivity intersect" (121). Meaning is the concern of the signifying regime, and subjectivity that of the postsignifying regime, terms which we shall examine when it comes time to split the face into its components. Saper's description is of immediate use to us here because it suggests the vast scope of faciality's power. Saper does not attribute an active role to faciality here, but it does have one, in that it is a mechanism that controls both meaning and subjectivity. It is the intersection between the two, in that it is made up of a white wall/black hole system. The face "constructs the wall that the signifier needs in order to bounce off of" (ATP 168). The wall determines the ways in which signifiers will relate to one another, and so shapes what one construes as meaning. Passion flows through the black hole(s). The black hole makes mental reality conform to the dominant reality (itself controlled by the meaning-shaping of the white wall).

Faciality produces the face. According to Brian Massumi, the face is "less a particular body part than the abstract outline of a libidinally invested categorical grid applied to bodies" (172). Faciality proprement dit would be that categorical grid. It then "organizes systems of binary opposition operating on different levels, and functions as their dynamic point of contact: an abstract plane with which they all intersect, and by virtue of which they can communicate with each other and with the world at large" (173). Again, we have a sense of faciliality's enormous power. By its power to impose binary organization, the faciality would seem to be the force behind the formation of arboreal systems. Not only is it necessary to the construction of binaries, but without it they have no force. The communication of binaries with the outside world is not innocent. This is not a dialogue opened by faciality, it is a series of commands and demands imposed by faciality.

Faciality exercises binarization, fittingly enough, in two principle ways. Deleuze and Guattari describe the first in the following manner:

> the machine constitutes a facial unit, an elementary face in biunivocal relation with another: it is a man or a woman, a rich person or a poor one, an adult or a child, a leader or a subject, "an x or a y." The movement of the black hole across the screen . . . constitutes so many dichotomies or arborescences, like four-eye machines made of elementary faces linked two by two. The face of a teacher and a student, father and son, worker and boss, cop and citizen, accused and judge . . . : concrete individualized faces are produced and transformed on the basis of these units, these combinations of units—like the face of a rich child in which a military calling is already discernible, that West Point chin. You don't so much have a face as slide into one. (ATP 177)

And you slide into one because something (faciality) forces you in. In this binary logic grid, everything is something precise, and each precise something has its place. The slots come in pairs, since each defined face comes with another face upon which it must function, or which must work upon it: the cop must police the citizens, the worker must submit to the boss, and so on. Of course, an individual is not limited to being one and only one of these faces, but at any given time, no matter what slot they find themselves in, they cannot occupy both halves of the pair at once. Hence the emphasis on the "*or*" above; there is no room for an "and."

So faciality's first way of imposing binaries is through the creation of categories. The second sets up a form of hierarchy, and completes the grid. If the first case consists of "an x or a y" choice, the second is "yes-no." The machine examines each face to see if it fits into a category, and if it fits into none, if, for instance, the face is androgynous, neither clearly male nor female, it is rejected.

> At every moment, the machine rejects faces that do not conform, or seem suspicious. But only at a given level of choice. For it is necessary to produce successive divergence-types of deviance for everything that eludes biunivocal relationships, and to establish binary relations between what is accepted on first choice and what is only tolerated on second, third choice, etc. . . . A ha! It's not a man and it's not a woman, so it must be a transvestite: The binary relation is between the "no" of the first category and the "yes" of the following category, which under certain conditions may just as easily mark a tolerance as indicate an enemy to be mowed

> down at all costs. At any rate, you've been recognized, the abstract machine has you inscribed in its overall grid. (ATP 177)

The deviances begin right away, since everything that is not the White Man receives a first-level rejection. The White Man face is the face that sits at the centre of the grid, and is the standard by which all faces are measured and found wanting. The White Man face "with his broad white cheeks and the black hole of his eyes" (ATP 176) is the European face. It is the ideal representation of the dominant, majoritarian force in society. A hierarchy sets in, as the further you are from conforming to the White Man face, the further out on the grid you are. The decisions and division are racial, they are sexual, they are along age lines (children on the margins); they are whatever is necessary to define that which will not conform at the current level. The fact that a possible categorization is that of "an enemy to be mowed down at all costs" indicates the incredible strength of the facializing grid. Destruction is a category in itself, still part of the grid, simply indicating that we have arrived in a region beyond the bounds of tolerance, but where everything is still recognizable. You are recognized as belonging to the category of faces to be stamped out.

This is the mechanism which produces racism (and homophobia, and sexism, and all other such attacks), and so racism "never detects the particles of the other; it propagates waves of sameness until those who resist identification have been wiped out" (ATP 178). In a bloodily direct fashion, this is also what Jason and Michael, the killers of the Friday the 13th and Halloween series, do. With their huge, hulking male bodies and their white masks, they are the White Man stripped of every dissemblance, every disguise, every pretence of harmlessness, and reduced to nothing but function. Deleuze and Guattari write that "the mask assures the erection, the construction of the face, the facialization of the head and the body; the mask is now the face itself, the abstraction or operation of the face. The inhumanity of the face" (ATP 181). Michael and Jason, whose masks are very simple (white faces with black holes), are brutally literal representations of the above. The face is inhuman, and so are the acts. For these killers there is no domain of tolerance (however oppressive that already is in itself). Everyone who is not them (i.e. everyone but themselves) in some way resists the waves of sameness, and so everyone must come under the axe (machete, cleaver, cook's knife, etc.). Most of their victims are teenagers—liminal beings, neither child nor adult. That so many of the teens are killed postcoitus is not surprising. On the contrary, it is merely the logical expression of the vicious puritanism that contorts the face of the White Man Christian. The faciality machine might not be as literal-minded as Michael and Jason as a rule, but its merciless gridding, its quest for absolute striation, is a destruction of the other nonetheless.

The face is extremely powerful. If it continually expands its definitions of deviance in order to incorporate EVERYTHING into its framework, if there is no longer any other, if there is no outside to this system, is any resistance possible? Georges Franju's film Les yeux sans visage (1959) works as an exploration of the pain inflicted by faciality, and of one way of fighting back.

Christiane (Edith Scob), the daughter of Dr. Genessier (Pierre Brasseur), has had her face destroyed in a car accident caused by her father's reckless, arrogant driving ("Son besoin de dominer tout le monde, même sur la route"). Genessier is attempting to give her a new face, by removing the faces of other young women and grafting them to his daughter's ruined features. At her father's urging, Christiane too wears a white mask. With its impassive, generic features, it resembles a feminine version of Michael's mask. But that is the only similarity. Christiane is not embarked on any reign of terror. She imposes nothing with her mask; rather, the mask is imposed on her. Her face is no white wall/black hole system. We only see her ravaged features once, and then in shadows and partly blurred. But what we do see is almost a negative: a black wall with white holes. It reinforces the impression we have the first time we see her with her mask on. There is no black hole concealing her eyes. Instead her eyes seem enormous, luminescent pools of agony. We are on the other side of the faciality machine: Christiane is not looking out of black holes, but looking into them. Her face will no longer conform to any grid, since it is not a face, and so the white wall comes up and smothers her features. Her entire body is facialized too: along with her white mask, she wears a long, flowing white robe. She glides about the house, a figure defined entirely by that mask.

It is Genessier who is the agent of faciality here, creating a new face for his assistant Louise (Alida Valli), imposing endless suffering on his daughter who prays only for death, and mutilating and killing women for their faces. "Prends, une fois pour toute, l'habitude to porter se masque," Genessier exhorts Christiane when he finds that she is not wearing her mask. There is no rational reason for her to wear the mask. Both

Genessier and Louise know what she looks like, and the mask serves no medical purpose. But with it, Genessier is able to maintain an illusion that Christiane does not deviate so completely from the acceptable norms of the faciality grid. The mask represents the ideal that he will make her live up to, no matter how many women he must kill to achieve this end.

Genessier is thus an even more revealing depiction of faciality than are Michael and Jason. They are schematic (the white mask and the huge black form). They have no character, and all they do is kill. There is nothing left in them except the brutal suppression of every deviance. But Genessier is recognizably human. He is intelligent. He is urbane. He cares for his patients. He loves his daughter. He feels guilty about the evil he does. Genessier, to all outward appearances, is impeccably civilized. And that is precisely Les yeux sans visage's point. Genessier's civilized traits are not at odds with his tyranny—they are part and parcel of it. Because Michael and Jason are so schematic, we might be able to dismiss them as representatives of something other than human. But we have no such possibility of escape now. Genessier does not mutilate women because he is some sort of robotic killing machine. One has a sense that he feels that at some level he is entitled to his actions, because of his elevated position. Or, equivalently, his actions are in some way excusable because he is a civilized man. Restoring his daughter's face is the right thing to do, no matter what atrocities are committed along the way. And though the official forces of law and order oppose Genessier, they fail. The police become suspicious of the doctor and, aided by the boyfriend of Genessier's most recent victim, mount an investigation. Their conclusion: nothing wrong here. They shrug and move on. Of course they find nothing wrong: Genessier is ultimately one of them. They are too much a part of the facializing order to bring down one of their own. The face will not seek its own destruction. Genessier's downfall only comes at the hands of one of his victims.

At the end of the film, Christiane finally revolts. Up to now, she has recoiled from the harm her father causes, but has still desired a new face. Like the Outsider, she accepts the dictates of faciality. Prior to the last attempt at surgery, we see her covet the face of the anaesthetized victim. Now, however, she sees the struggles and cries of the conscious victim-to-be Paulette (Béatrice Altariba). Shaking her head "no," she frees Paulette, stabs Louise, and frees the birds and dogs in her father's lab. The dogs kill Genessier, devouring his face. Christiane disappears into the night, surrounded by doves.

In the end, Christiane has rejected the face. Her disfigurement is now who she is, and she will no longer permit her father to impose his grid on her or on anyone else. At this point, Christiane is allied with what Deleuze and Guattari call the countersignifying regime, which is proper to the war machine and opposes the signifying and postsignifying regimes that make up faciality. I shall return to this regime later, when examining in more detail faciality's component parts and how to resist them. However, since Les yeux sans visage displays not only the evils of faciality but also one form of its defeat, I will mention briefly that Deleuze and Guattari define the countersignifying regime as one which replaces the despotic line of flight of the signifying and postsignifying regimes with "a line of abolition that turns back against the great empires, cuts across them and destroys them, or else conquers them and integrates them to form a mixed semiotic" (ATP 118). There is no integration here; Christiane's line of abolition destroys her father and his empire. Where her line of flight takes her beyond this we do not know. While she is at last free, this freedom may have come at the cost of her sanity. Her mask, which formerly was her prison, erected by her father, with whose vision we have been made complicit (the agony with which Christiane stares at the camera spares no one), now acts as a barrier against us. It is its impassivity that has become key, hiding Christiane's thoughts and state of mind from us, rather than forcing a shape over her disfigurement.

"Dismantling the face is no mean affair. Madness is a definite danger. . . . The organization of the face is a strong one" (ATP 188). So Deleuze and Guattari warn us. But the dismantling is necessary, for all its risks. Christiane may have lost her mind, but she put a stop to the intolerable cruelty of her father, a cruelty made all the worse by his unshakeable conviction that no matter how much pain he caused, no matter how much he regretted what he did, he was in the right. Les yeux sans visage, Halloween and the later Friday the 13th films all show the oppressive workings of faciality, showing the face for what it is, demonstrating the need for resistance. Already, this exposure of the face is a necessary step toward combatting it: "Find your black holes and white walls, know them, know your faces; it is the only way you will be able to dismantle them and draw your lines of flight" (ATP 188). Know the enemy. Christiane finally does, coming to a consciousness and acceptance of her specific circumstances, and so frees herself from the grid.

To dismantle the face, we must know it. And to know it, we must understand how it is assembled. We shall now examine, in turn, the signifying and the postsignifying regimes. It is important to know and understand the different parts of faciality because, though there is a mixture, one or the other can dominate. The strategies of resistance can therefore vary according to the precise nature of what one is fighting against. In each case, I will examine a text (Jack Finney's The Body Snatchers and Stephen King's The Shining, respectively) that will both display the particular regime in action, and indicate possible means of resistance.

II. "YOU'LL BE THE SAME": THE BODY SNATCHERS AND THE SIGNIFYING REGIME

When we first encounter the term "faciality" in A Thousand Plateaus, it is as the controlling force of the signifying regime. The signifying regime designates "all subjected, arborescent, hierarchical, centered groups: political parties, literary movements, psychoanalytic associations, families, conjugal units, etc." (ATP 116). It is the structure that is paramount here, rather than the content, and so a signifying regime can present hierarchies and arborescent oppression from any point on the political spectrum. The signifying regime is conceptually represented by the white wall. There is "a simple general formula for the signifying regime of the sign (the signifying sign): every sign refers to another sign, and only to another sign, ad infinitum" (ATP 112). The endless referral creates the signifying chain. The emphasis here is on chain, because since we never arrive at an actual signified, the sign itself becomes increasingly irrelevant, and what remains is the fact of the referral, of the links. From this infinite linkage comes the formation of the white wall:

> The question is not yet what a given sign signifies but to which other sign it refers, or which signs add themselves to it to form a network without beginning or end that projects its shadow onto an amorphous atmospheric continuum. It is this amorphous continuum that for the moment plays the role of the "signified," but it continually glides beneath the signifier, for which it serves only as a medium or wall: the specific forms of all contents dissolve in it. The atmospherization or mundanization of contents. Contents are abstracted. . . . [T]he world begins to signify before anyone knows what it signifies; the signified is given without being known. (ATP 112; emphasis theirs)

Signification becomes a question no longer of what a collection of signifiers "really" refer to, since all they can do is connect to other signifiers. However, the signifiers qua signifiers still imply the presence, somewhere, somehow, of a signified. Hence the amorphous continuum, or the white wall. The image these terms convey is one of blank vagueness. The wall is the necessary prerequisite for the existence and functioning of the signifiers (without a presumed signified, they would not be signifiers). But because it cannot actually be reached by the signifiers, there is no way of actually defining the signifieds any more clearly. The wall remains white. It is not without power, however. Beyond allowing the existence of the signifiers, it shapes their connections. A given signifier, even though it cannot take us to its signified, is nevertheless caught in the latter's gravity, and this pull will be reflected in the nature of the links the signifier forms with others of its kind. This influence is one of the ways in which we can say that the world signifies before we know what it signifies. But this influence also leads to anxiety and paranoia. Something is shaping our constructions of signification, but we do not know what it is. Everything is connected, and so everything must mean something, and it must have something to with me, but since the meaning is elusive, I must be the target of generalized hostility. I am in the thrall of some mysterious power. What does it want?

As if that were not already enough, Deleuze and Guattari write that "[t]here is a whole regime of roving, floating statements, suspended names, signs lying in wait to return and be propelled by the chain. The signifier as the self-redundancy of the deterritorialized sign, a funereal world of terror" (ATP 113). So there is a double problem, two ways in which the signifying regime produces anxiety. One is the lurking signified, that controls without letting itself be known. The other is this very disassociation of the signifier from any definite, concrete, fixable signified. Because signification is suspended, there is the worry that the connections the signifiers make will hurt us. This is a fear of the unknown.

This situation cannot be permitted to continue. And so we have the advent of the interpreter-priest, and of the face. The chain of signifiers takes the form of various circles of interpretation, i.e. certain signifiers group together to form a relatively autonomous clump of referentiality. (Everything does not connect to everything indiscriminately.) The priest is the social force (it could be an individual, it could be an institution) that controls the leaps members of society make from one circle to another. We do not have to interpret what the terrifyingly deterritorialized signs mean. The priest does it for us. Now, instead of encountering the simultaneous presence yet unknowability of the signified, we are in a situation where "interpretation is carried to infinity and never encounters anything to interpret that is not already itself an interpretation" (ATP 114). So whereas before we simply encountered an endless proliferation of signs, now these signs all have some direction according to the interpretations set up by the priests.

These interpretations are created thanks to a "portion of signified [that] is made to correspond to a sign or group of signs for which that signified has been deemed suitable, thus making it knowable" (ATP 114). This is the "despot-god" (114) of the signifying regime. If the priests are interpreting, they must be interpreting in the name of something. But this interpretation is also what Deleuze and Guattari call "the deception of the priest" (114), since the signified is made to correspond to a group of signs. In other words, this is not a situation where the actual "meaning" has been discerned, but one where meaning has been declared. The priests, who have a hand in forcing the correspondence of the signified, act as intermediaries between the people and the god, as though their knowledge were divinely given, rather than the product of manipulation.

The god of the signifying regime is the face. Faciality is "the substance of expression" (ATP 115) of the signifying regime. By "substance of expression," we should understand that which "embodies an overpowering function" (Massumi 152). A related concept, the "form of expression," "is an order of functions (a sequence of actualization of selected functions)" (Massumi 152). According to Massumi, the laws and regulations that govern, for instance, a school, would be a form of expression, while "the substance of expression is the phonemes and letters embodying those functions" (25). Deleuze and Guattari tell us that the war machine is a form of expression, whereas smooth space is the substance of expression. Smooth space is created by the functions of the war machine, and so embodies the war machine's functions, much in the way, for instance, a painting embodies the artist's brushstrokes. Faciality, then, if it is a substance of expression, would seem not to be the disembodied origin of the oppressive forces we have already seen, but rather the manifestation of their functioning. It is the individual elements that make up what one experiences as the commands of the signifying regime. We can still talk about struggling against faciality, almost as if it were a sentient being bent on our conquest and submission, because any struggle against faciality will be against the functions that create it, and so against the forces being deployed through it.

As for faciality's specific role as substance of expression of the signifying regime, it embodies functions as "the body of the center of signifiance to which all of the deterritorialized signs affix themselves, and it marks the limit of their deterritorialization" (ATP 115). The free-floating of the signifiers is arrested. The white wall, then, does more than shape the connections between the signifiers. Now the white wall has a face, and not only controls the formation of chains, but acts as a this-far-no-further barrier. It really is a wall. In this regime, all signs must ultimately be answerable to the face (whose orders are interpreted by the priests). The face, furthermore,

> is the Icon proper to the signifying regime, the reterritorialization internal to the system. The signifier reterritorializes on the face. The face is what gives the signifier substance; it is what fuels interpretation, and it is what changes, changes traits, when interpretation reimparts signifier to its substance. (ATP 115)

So not only does the face limit deterritorialization, it is an active force for reterritorialization. This is because the signifier is so completely dependant on the face for its substance. Without the face, it is nothing. The face is not, meanwhile, an unchanging constant. It adapts to keep the regime in power. Should circumstances dictate a different block of the signified be declared knowable, then the face changes expression. But because the face fuels interpretation, the effect is like that in 1984, when, the day after rations have been reduced, Big Brother is being praised for having increased the rations. In other words, any change is retroactively considered to have always already happened. It is not the substance of the face that has changed, merely the expression.

The overall effect of the face of the signifying regime is that of a Stalinist cult of personality, of Big Brother looking at us from omnipresent, gigantic billboards, where he shapes our every thought and deed through his pending smile or frown: "Look, his expression changed" (ATP 115). This conceptualization should not, however, be taken too literally. We do not need a physical, human face at the centre of the things for the abstract machine of faciality to be at work. The literal face is the most immediate (and often effective) conduit through which faciality works, but all that is needed is the felt presence of the dictating block of the signified.

How does the signifying regime, along with its manifestation of faciality, play out in horror fiction? Horror fiction is extremely paranoid. We are constantly coming across mysterious signs and events whose signification is initially unknown, even though the effects are indisputable, such as twin puncture holes on the neck, unaccountable losses of blood, strange languour and an aversion to crosses. It will take a priest (Van Helsing) to interpret these signs for us (a vampire is stalking our loved ones) and direct our actions (we must arm ourselves with crucifixes and wooden stakes). The number of tales dealing with mysteriously despotic gods (or conspiracies of such power that they might as well be divine) is uncountable.[81] Perhaps the most famous example of paranoid horror fiction, and one which shows all the features of the signifying regime (as well as a potential means of resistance) is Jack Finney's 1954 novel The Body Snatchers. I would like to consider Finney's novel alongside its film adaptations: Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956), Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1978) and Body Snatchers (1994).

Pods from outer space are taking over by creating duplicate humans. In the novel, the first hint that something is rotten in the town of Mill Valley comes when Wilma (a friend of narrator Miles Bennell) becomes convinced that her Uncle Ira is not her Uncle Ira. She cannot, however, put her finger on exactly why she is sure of the imposture. Her hunt for evidence climaxes in this way:

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[81] Stories of this kind would include The Omen, Rosemary's Baby, The Devil's Advocate, To the Devil, A Daughter and other Satanic cult narratives. Also: The Legacy, The Stepford Wives, The Boys from Brazil, and so on and on and on.

> "There's a little scar in the back of Ira's neck; he had a boil there once, and your father lanced it. You can't see the scar," she whispered, "when he needs a haircut. But when his neck is shaved, you can. Well, today—I've been waiting for this!—today he got a haircut—"
>
> I sat forward, suddenly excited. "And the scar's gone? You mean—"
>
> "No!" she said, almost indignantly, eyes flashing. "It's there—the scar—exactly like Uncle Ira's!" (Finney 17)

Perfect paranoia: the very thing that, logically, should prove that Uncle Ira is who he appears to be, has become the clinching proof that he is not. And Wilma (who will soon no longer be Wilma) is, of course, absolutely right. This is the "funereal world of terror." Wilma knows something is wrong. Everything supports her paranoia, even and especially the evidence that should contradict it. But though she knows something is wrong, she doesn't know precisely what is wrong. Why is someone impersonating Uncle Ira? Wilma has been given the signified without knowing what it is. Her (justified) paranoia sees all the different signifiers connecting to create the as-yet-unidentifiable white wall (the signified), but she does not know what all these signifiers mean. As yet, there are no priests in the book, interpreting the commands of the face.

Miles and Becky Driscoll (Wilma's cousin) do encounter a priest in the form of Mannie, a psychiatrist taken over by the pods. Mannie explains what is going on, and tells Miles how he should be interpreting these events, and how he should be acting. He wants Miles to surrender to the take-over: "You'll feel nothing at all. Sleep, and you'll wake up feeling exactly the same as you do now, only rested. You'll be the same. What the hell are you fighting?" (179). Here we see how deceptive (and coercive) the priest's interpretations of the face can be, since we (the readers) are in the privileged position of being able to see through Mannie's lies. It is true that, should Miles surrender, he would feel nothing, and that he won't mind. But that is because he will no longer be capable of minding anything at all. The pod duplicates are devoid of any real emotion, interest or passion, other than duplication and survival. So "You'll feel nothing at all" is actually true in a double sense, with the second interpretation, the truer truth if you will, hidden by the deceptive first truth. The same, in a more complex and sinister way, applies to "You'll be the same."

At first blush, Mannie's promise seems to be the most blatant lie of all. Miles will most certainly not be the same: he will be dead, a vegetable simulacrum with his memories in his place. Mannie is not the Mannie Miles knew. Uncle Ira is not Uncle Ira. However, Mannie is also telling a terrible truth, he is simply being deceptive about the way he presents it. Miles will indeed be the same: he will become part of the homogeneous mass of the pod people. He will become the same as everyone else, unchanging, with no possibility of becoming.

Mannie has constructed a face for the pods, in the form of a guiding intelligence that prescribes a (purportedly) benign, peaceful conformity. What Miles is fighting is, in fact, this despot-god behind the pod's regime. He feels the gaze of the face when he and Becky make their escape attempt. As they walk through the overrun town of Mill Valley, they try to pass for pod people. To do so, they must match their facial expressions to those around them: "Keep your eyes a little wide and blank, not much expression on your face; but don't overdo it" (202). Miles and Becky know that every eye in Mill Valley is upon them, and that any show of emotion will bring about their downfall. While there is no physical face belonging to a pod-overlord, every resident of Mill Valley acts as an agent for the face. The anxiety Miles and Becky feel is generated by the knowledge of being under the face's scrutiny. They fear its frown. But at they same time they want to fight against it.

Becky and Miles refuse to surrender and lose their humanity (here principally defined by an ability to feel). The problem with faciliality is that one is either with it or against it: the less one conforms, the more one is placed on the edges of the binarized hierarchy, or even outside it completely. So Becky and Miles' refusal is an act of war that must be suppressed.

But how do they fight? How does one stand up to the face? The key is that each regime has a weakness, something it cannot tolerate. No system can encompass and accept everything and remain coherent. That which does not conform to the rules of order is the scapegoat. The scapegoat, and the actions it takes, are extremely threatening to the face. According to Deleuze and Guattari, the scapegoat

> is charged with everything that was "bad" in a given period, that is, everything that resisted signifying signs, everything that eluded the referral from sign to sign through the different circles; it also assumes everything that was unable to recharge the signifier at its center and carries off everything that spills beyond the outermost circle. Finally, and especially, it incarnates that line of flight the signifying regime cannot tolerate, in other words, an absolute deterritorialization; the regime must block a line of this kind or define it in an entirely negative fashion precisely because it exceeds the degree of deterritorialization of the signifying sign. (ATP 116)

The scapegoat of a given signifying regime becomes extremely significant in its own right, because of the concentration of rejected elements that are loaded into the scapegoat. It would seem that that which is rejected does not simply disperse, like a barely noticed evaporation, from the circles of the signifying regime. It must be actively expelled. The scapegoat becomes the receptacle for everything that is poisonous to the regime. But even its expulsion is complicated. Flight is problematic, since it implies both escape from, and alternatives to, the regime. There is thus the danger that the deterritorialization inherent to the scapegoat might be contagious. The expulsion of the scapegoat must therefore take place under strictly controlled conditions where its flight is, in fact, controlled, or, if this is not possible, the line of flight and its deterritorialization must be painted in a completely negative light. In the latter case, the flight of the scapegoat becomes a relief.

At the risk of mixing metaphors, I would like to state that the scapegoat is the Achilles' Heel of the signifying regime. Its line of flight is the path not only of escape from the regime, but to its destruction:

> The line of flight is like a tangent to the circles of signifiance and the center of the signifier. . . . Anything that threatens to put the system to flight will be killed or put to flight itself. Anything that exceeds the excess of the signifier or passes beneath it will be marked with a negative value. (ATP 116)

The line of flight, as tangent, would be an interpretation that cannot be supported within the terms of the regime's constructions of signification. One can imagine one of the standard images of early science fiction stories involving evil computers, where incompatible data are fed into the machine, leading to its self-destruction. The means of resistance, it would seem, consists in championing the scapegoat. This can be done in two ways. If the scapegoat refuses to be put to flight, and stands its ground, then the system is unable to get rid of that which threatens to unravel it. Alternatively, the line of flight can be deliberately chosen and rendered positive.

In The Body Snatchers, Miles and Becky become the scapegoat, simply by virtue of being human beings instead of pod people. They do not fit into the emotionless conformity of the pods. They are unpredictable. The longer Miles and Becky go unduplicated, the more of a threat they are, since their passion for each other grows, along with their fear and their desire to defeat the pods. With the pressure applied to them, Miles and Becky are put to flight. Their line of flight is literal: one of the central images from all three film versions is the couple running. The second half of the 1978 version is mostly one long flight sequence. Miles and Becky run through a town (or city) that has become a hostile smooth space for them. Their only means of survival is to remain fast-moving nomads. If they stop in one place for too long they are caught. Ironically, their flight constitutes them as a war machine from the perspective of the pods. As long as they are on the loose, they interfere with the perfect striation of pod society, and threaten to tear it all down.

Just how much of a threat Miles and Becky present depends on which version of the story we look at. In the 1956 and 1978 films, the danger is primarily in terms of potential escape. If they get out, then they might alert the outside world. Miles does get out in 1956, but since he is alone and hysterical, the pods (wrongly) decide that no one will believe him. The film ends with the authorities realising the danger and about to act accordingly.[82] There is no escape in 1978, and the pods are triumphant. But in Finney's novel, Miles and Becky manage to defeat the pods, not by getting away and warning the authorities, but by playing out their deterritorializing potential to the utmost, and unravelling the pods' faciality machine. In the face of their continued resistance, the pods simply give up:

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[82] This ending was forced on director Don Siegel by the studio, which wanted something (relatively) upbeat. Siegel's original ending had Miles (Kevin McCarthy) running about on the freeway, shouting his warning to motorists who pass unheeding. The film now ends with Miles having succeeded in convincing the Powers That Be (another regime that, like the conservatism that Miles and Becky represent, becomes a force of resistance against a yet-greater oppression) that something must be done. This ending, still very open-ended (we have no guarantee that the pods will be defeated), is very unusual for films of the period. Films where evil is triumphant begin to appear in the 60s, with Mario Bava's Black Sabbath (I Tre Volti della Paura, 1963) and Planet of the Vampires (Terrore nello Spazio, 1965) being among the earliest such cases, and the success of Rosemary's Baby and Night of the Living Dead in 1968 making such endings fairly commonplace.

> [The alien race] could tell with certainty that this little planet, this little race, would never receive them, would never yield. And Becky and I, in refusing to surrender, but instead fighting their invasion to the end, giving up hope of escape in order to destroy even a few of them, had provided the final conclusive demonstration of that truth. And so now, to survive—their one purpose and function—the great pods lifted and rose . . . leaving a fiercely inhospitable planet behind. . . . (217)

The pods are unable to impose their face on the Earth. Miles and Becky put their system to flight, again in the literal sense. The pods must flee, or face destruction. The face at the centre crumbles. The system is literally put to flight. At first, Miles and Becky ran, threatening to reach outside the system, bring in foreign agents and thus destroy it. Here, they take a stand, the scapegoat emphatically asserting itself. Unable to eject the poisons, the system collapses.

Become the scapegoat. Seek out and identify that which the signifying regime in which you find yourself cannot tolerate, and situate yourself there. Make the line of flight positive. Make the characteristics of the scapegoat desirable. These characteristics will differ according to the individual case. And we must also be careful to note that what is a scapegoat in one context can easily be a representative of the face in another. The signifying regime, we recall, can be any arborescent, hierarchical group. All of these groups do not work in concert, and it is entirely possible to have one form of signifying regime undermining another. This is what happens in The Body Snatchers. Initially, when the pods are in the minority, they are the undermining force, taking apart the structure of 50s small-town America (in the case of the novel and the first film) or (in the 1994 version) a military base—both arborescent, State-oriented structures par excellence.[83] The 1978 film presents a slightly different case, since San Francisco appears as too large and multifaceted to be a completely arborescent milieu, and this is what leads to confusion later as pods and humans have difficulty telling one from the other. Still, it is the forces of authority that are among the first to be taken over, and so there is a sense that there was some sort of hierarchical structure, some form of power that might have been able to coordinate action over an area as large as the city, but has now fallen to the enemy. Once the pods have taken over however, the positions, in all versions of the story, are reversed. Miles and Becky are very much an embryonic nuclear family, and under normal circumstances they would stand for small "c" conservative values. While this is still perhaps what they aspire to, their consuming goal becomes escape and the destruction of the soulless conformity of the pods, and to this end they resort to murder and arson. Thus, in spite of the fact that their tendencies would normally be toward slotting into a well-established signifying regime, they enter into conflict with another such regime, ultimately, as we have seen, setting it to flight.

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[83] We should remember that the presence of the military does not necessarily mean the presence of the war machine (at least, not in its "natural" nomadic state). This is the war machine co-opted by the State machine, and now utterly in the service of striation.

There are two things one should note here. The first is that the social positions occupied by the scapegoat are not necessarily esoteric or at all difficult to find. One might well discover that one is already in the scapegoat's situation. In that case, a recognition of that position is necessary, as is its defense. The second point is that a constant monitoring of one's position is necessary. Just as one needs to resist the regime through the championing of (or through being) the scapegoat, one must also be vigilant that one does not in turn become representative of a new and oppressive regime.

This last danger is very real. In fact, construction of a new system along the scapegoat's line of flight is one of the basic principles behind the creation of the other facializing organization: the postsignifying regime.

III. "SURELY YOU REALIZED WHO HIRED YOU, SIR": THE SHINING AND THE DOUBLE BETRAYAL OF THE POSTSIGNIFYING REGIME

In the signifying regime, the white wall was the medium on which circles of signifying chains were constructed. The face, its gaze interpreted by the priests, controlled the formation of, and passage between, these chains. A line of flight needed to be either stamped out or coded negatively.

With the postsignifying regime, we have, instead of the white wall, the black hole. And where before the thrust was toward the creation and control of signifiance, now the effort is put toward matching up mental reality with the dominant reality. This regime is authoritarian instead of despotic, passional instead of paranoid. Instead of being told what to think and believe and feel, we are made to feel a certain way. We are molded. We need not feel the confusion and paranoia of the undefined signification, because here it is our fears and desires that are funnelled down the appropriate path. Deleuze and Guattari also call this regime the regime of subjectification, and that is exactly what is going on: this is the regime that transforms us into subjects. We are subjects in the sense that we are subjected to the face, and subjects in the sense of being defined. It is not meaning that is being controlled here, but our responses to it.

The postsignifying regime takes its cue from that which the signifying regime rejects. Subjectification begins when "a sign or packet of signs detaches from the irradiating circular network and sets to work on its own account, starts running a straight line, as though swept into a narrow open passage" (ATP 121; emphasis theirs). In other words, the postsignifying regime seems to be building itself up on the line of flight taken by the scapegoat of the signifying regime. Where in signification the scapegoat and its line represented everything that could not be coded and contained and must be either destroyed or cast out, "here, it seems that the line receives a positive sign, as though it were effectively occupied and followed by a people who find in it their reason for being or destiny" (ATP 121). A co-opting of the scapegoat's line of flight takes place. It is effectively seized by the black hole's gravitational pull. The line is no longer truly a line of flight, because a new form of control has been established over it. The line of flight from the signifying regime was escaping coding and signification, but here it is coded right away, becoming no longer an escape but the means of creation of a new regime.

In this new regime,

> [f]aciality undergoes a profound transformation. The god averts his face, which must be seen by no one; and the subject, gripped by a veritable fear of the god, averts his or her face in turn. The averted faces, in profile, replace the frontal view of the radiant face. (ATP 123)

The above is a logical consequence of basing the regime on a group of signs that have detached themselves from signification. Direct connection to the knowable signified is no longer possible or desirable. We cannot see the face, nor do we want to. The face still exists, however, and flight from it generates a new form of anxiety. As long as the face looked straight at us, we knew what it wanted (and obeyed or fought in consequence). Now the face is averted. What is it up to? In fear, we look away too. The regime is one of passions because, while we no longer seek a precise signifier-signified connection, our emotions are directed. Obsessions develop as attempts are made to match up emotional reality with the dominant, exterior reality without knowing why the latter reality is what it is, only that we must somehow deal with it.

Some kind of intermediary between the created subjects and the face is still necessary. We need someone to direct our passions. In the place of the priest, the prophet is "the main figure in this [postsignifying] assemblage" (ATP 123). The prophet, like the priest of the signifying regime, acts as a sort of liaison between the source of authority and the people.[84] Unlike the priest, the prophet has an element of betrayal in his/her character. There was deception with the priest, but it was not the god that was deceiving or being deceived. Now, however, we are in

> the regime of betrayal, universal betrayal, in which the true man never ceases to betray God just as God betrays man, with the wrath of God defining the new positivity. . . . Even the prophet, unlike the seer-priest, is fundamentally a traitor and thus fulfils God's order better than anyone who remained faithful could. (ATP 123)

The betrayal must occur for subjectification to establish itself. Saying that the line of flight has "a positive sign," and that the wrath of God is "a new positivity" are not the same thing as saying that there is a positive line of flight (as we think of it in terms of the war machine). On the contrary, as horror shows again and again, the line of flight could easily be a line of abolition. And this is still an authoritarian regime, after all. No, the positivity here is entirely from the point of view of the regime itself: the line of flight is necessary to the creation of the regime, however horrific the construction might turn out to be.

In order to illustrate how this betrayal works, how the prophet fulfills his functions and how a postsignifying regime might work, I would like to turn to Stephen King's The Shining.

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[84] It should be re-emphasized that this source of authority, whatever the regime, is not by any means verifiably extant. It is simply that the regime itself presupposes this source by virtue of its structure and functioning. It is a question of faith.

Jack Torrance thinks he was hired by Stuart Ullman to be the caretaker of the Overlook Hotel during the winter months. He is wrong. Jack, reason crumbling and pushed closer and closer to murderous violence, converses with the ghost of Delbert Grady, the former caretaker. Both Grady and Lloyd, the phantom bartender, keep referring to "the manager" and what he expects of Jack. It soon becomes apparent that "the manager" is not Ullman:

> Jack gulped at his drink. His head was swirling. "Mr. Ullman—"
>
> "I know no one by that name, sir."
>
> "But he—"
>
> "The manager," Grady said. "The hotel, sir. Surely you realize who hired you, sir."
>
> "No," he said thickly. "No, I—"
>
> "I believe you must take it up further with your son, Mr. Torrance, sir. He understands everything, although he hasn't enlightened you." (The Shining 349; emphasis his)

Jack is trying to put a face to the manager. The exercise is futile, because there is no face, at least in human terms. The hotel is the manager. But even when Grady states this quite clearly, Jack denies it. Even when completely possessed by the hotel, and launched on a rampage to kill his wife and child, Jack still imagines an organization with a human face running things, an organization that he can join, "possibly to rise . . . all the way to the position of manager, in time" (380). This is the desperate, fractured rationalization of a man in the grip of total insanity. It is the same kind of reasoning that he uses to justify the murders he intends to commit. He needs some kind of logical construct (however dubious) that will allow him to avoid facing the truth about his actions, and about his situation. He refuses to believe that the game is being controlled by a sentient hotel. He averts his face from the hotel, even as he does its bidding.

The Overlook Hotel treats Jack in a similar manner. Through the phantoms of Lloyd and Delbert Grady, it upbraids him for his failure to live up to his responsibilities, and implies great rewards if Jack will only follow orders. It gives Jack to understand that by killing Wendy and Danny he will be proving himself worthy of the Overlook's attention, that he is what the Overlook wants. The Overlook goads him to action by threatening to turn away, but in fact it already has. Jack is not the Overlook's target; he is merely a useful tool whose weaknesses make him easily exploitable. The Overlook really wants Danny, whose psychic ability (the eponymous shining) will, if absorbed, make the Overlook sentient on a permanent basis, and not just when a psychically sensitive person is on the grounds.

We have a very different mechanism of control here from what we saw in The Body Snatchers. There the approach was direct. There was a strict interpretation emanating from a precise and known manifestation of the face. In The Shining, with a double turning away, a double betrayal, we have the postsignifying regime.

Jack is the Overlook's prophet, the last of many. He carries out the hotel's agenda even though he would do anything not to hurt his family, and even though the Overlook has no intention of fulfilling its promises to him. This agenda is just as destructive as one would expect from a positivity predicated on "the wrath of God." The Overlook is the God of this narrative, its wrath the destruction rained down on the characters, but also what defines the Overlook's existence (not to mention the world of the novel). There is nothing Jack wants more than to protect his family, but it is even as he struggles against the hotel that he succumbs more deeply to it and carries out its tasks. At the same time, Jack views Delbert Grady, who killed himself and his family, as a traitor who failed in his responsibilities as a caretaker. Of course, Grady is now completely in the service of the Overlook, just as are all the other victims, none of which could be said to have embraced their servitude willingly.

The Overlook constructs its kingdom with those who, one way or another, do not fit in with (and are often fleeing from), American society at large. Their defining characteristics of their flight, be they financial, political, sexual, or whatever, are what the Overlook uses to draw them in. For the Overlook, these lines of flight are positive, and the basis of its regime. So, for example, Jack is an alcoholic, a fact that the Overlook uses to bring him down. It is alcohol which cost him his previous jobs, and almost destroyed his marriage. The Overlook magically presents him with the temptation that will push him over the edge. Danny, as another example, is a powerful psychic, and his precognitive insights put him very much at odds with the rest of the world, but make him absolutely vital to the Overlook (the source of his difference from the rest of the world is the key to maintaining the Overlook's sentience). The lines of flight are positive only from the perspective of the face, and the establishment of the postsignifying regime. By capturing the lines of flight, the face makes them negative for the subjects following the lines. They are the weaknesses that permit capture, enslavement, and destruction.

The black hole that Deleuze and Guattari identify with subjectification underlines still further the dark side of the "positive" line of flight: "precisely because the sign breaks its relation of signifiance with other signs and sets off racing down a positive line of flight, it attains an absolute deterritorialization expressed in the black hole of consciousness and passion" (ATP 133; emphasis theirs). Where before the outcome was absolute paranoia, now the subject disappears in passional obsession. The closer one comes to an astronomical black hole, the more space-time is warped, and the more light is bent. Beyond the event horizon, not even light can escape the black hole's gravitational pull. Just before plunging in, particles, subjected to extreme pressure and friction, emit a death cry of X-rays. The Deleuzoguattarian black hole functions in much the same way. In Jack's case, his job as caretaker represents his last chance at fulfilling the role of the providing father and husband he clearly thinks he should be, and, by extension, his last chance at self-respect. Pushed, shoved and manipulated by the Overlook, he disappears into the job. He becomes obsessed with meeting his "responsibilities." The actions he is willing to take to live up to the Overlook's expectations become more and more extreme, up to and including attempting to kill the family he sought to preserve by taking this job. The job, originally a means to an end, achieves such overwhelming, transcendental importance for Jack, that it becomes not only an end in itself, but the only end. The

Overlook creates a black hole for Jack. Through the course of the novel, we seem him get closer and closer to the event horizon, and finally, releasing the X-rays, he goes on a murderous rampage. This rampage, which he justifies as an attempt to "discipline" a family that is getting in the way of his responsibilities, represents the ultimate expression of the twisted logic of his obsession.

Fighting the postsignifying incarnation of faciality is a much less straightforward proposition than combatting the signifying regime's face. The signifying regime helpfully draws up the battle lines itself, through its use of the scapegoat. But with the postsignifying regime, each line of flight can serve as the basis for a new regime, recuperated as soon as it takes off. We see this at the end of The Shining. Dick Halloran has come to help Danny against the Overlook. Dick, Wendy and Danny flee just as the hotel explodes. Dick goes into an equipment shed to get some blankets. The shed, the only part of the Overlook still standing, almost succeeds in convincing Dick to kill Danny and Wendy, and so starting the game all over again. The line of flight nevertheless still provides some possible means of resistance:

> subjectification imposes on the light of flight a segmentarity that is forever repudiating that line, and upon absolute deterritorialization a point of abolition that is forever blocking that deterritorialization or diverting it. The reason for this is simple: forms of expression and regimes of signs are still strata . . . subjectification is no less a stratum than signifiance. (ATP 134; emphasis theirs)

The postsignifying regime might use the line of flight and its deterritorializing impulses in a foundational way (using them to create new regimes), but it must alter them or impose limits. It cannot accommodate the unpredictability and the flux of the true line of flight. The postsignifying regime is finally just as rigid (stratified) an organization as the signifying regime. Thus, it takes the line and breaks it up into segments, each one now fixed in place, serving a specific function. The regime is hypocritical: its line of flight is no longer really a line of flight. The "positive" use of deterritorialization leads to abolition—a destructive point that puts an end to deterritorialization except in the most negative sense. The postsignifying regime uses the black hole in a way parallel to the signifying regime's use of the scapegoat. Where the latter uses the scapegoat as the means of expelling unwanted elements from the system, the former uses the black hole to draw them to their destruction.

Insisting on the line of flight and on deterritorialization, avoiding the break-up into segmentarity, is thus still a strategy to counter postsignifying facialization. In The Shining, Danny does not let the Overlook control the nature of his gift. He keeps to his own path.[85] He uses his psychic abilities against the Overlook, dismissing the illusions it shows him, summoning Dick's aid, and ultimately discerning the hotel's weakness (it forgets about the weak boiler it needs Jack to attend, precipitating the explosion). He does not fall for any of the emotional games the hotel plays with him. If Danny were to believe in the reality of the illusions, the Overlook would achieve its purpose of making Danny's

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[85] In Stanley Kubrick's film of the novel, Danny's successful line of flight is literal, as he leads his mad father into a hedge maze, and so turns the hotel's space against itself.

mental reality coincide with its version of reality (and the illusions would become empirically real). So where with the signifying regime resistance was a question of identifying that which was being expelled and championing it, here one must recognize how we are being tugged into the black hole, how our line of flight is being segmented.

The reason why the line of flight is so useful in combatting both regimes is that it is itself more representative of a third type of regime: the countersignifying regime. I will conclude this chapter by examining this last form of regime, and how it can help us combat the full expression of faciality, which combines the signifying and the postsignifying regimes.

IV. COUNTERING THE FACE

In spite of their differences, the two signifying and the postsignifying regimes "still form a de facto mix, and it is at the level of this mixture that they assert their imperialism, in other words, their common endeavor to crush all other semiotics" (ATP 182; emphasis theirs). When the mix is successful, faciality creates its most powerful face yet, which nails the signifiers to the white wall while sucking passion into the black hole. This is the face that most effectively creates the binary, hierarchical grid, as it controls both significance (what kind of face is this before me?) and passion (do I like it? fear it? loathe it?). This is the face that Deleuze and Guattari call the "horror." As the paradigmatic instance of this face, they point to "the year zero of Christ and the historical development of the White Man—it is because that is when the mixture ceased to be a splicing or an intertwining, becoming a total interpenetration in which each element suffuses the other like drops of red-black wine in white water" (ATP 182). The interpenetration is possible because while the projects of the regimes have their points of difference, they are by no means incompatible, and can support one another. One regime or the other might be dominant in the mix in a given context, but the goals of control and stability of signification and subjectification remain the same. The regimes are allies in their stratification. Chaos and polyvocality are dangerous and must be suppressed. Against this power grab, we have the countersignifying regime.

Deleuze and Guattari discuss the countersignifying regime only very briefly. This regime, we will recall, is the regime of the war machine. Here, signs are in the form of non-signifying numbers. The numbers serve as a means of internal organization (thus justifying the appelation "regime"—we are not dealing with a formless, random chaos of signs), but not as a means of segmenting, and they do not interfere with movement. To the contrary, a numerical sign here "marks a mobile and plural distribution" which "operates more by breaks, transitions, migration, and accumulation than by combining units" (ATP 118). The breaks should not be confused with segmentarity—what we have here is much more in keeping with the type of movement and growth we saw with the rhizome. In the countersignifying regime, "the imperial despotic line of flight is replaced by a line of abolition that turns back against the great empires, cuts across them and destroys them, or else conquers them and intergrates with them to form a mixed semiotic"

(ATP 118). The term "abolition" here is not the same abolition we saw with the line of flight in the postsignifying regime. There, the line of flight went to its own destruction. Here it works toward the abolition of stratified, facialized, regimes.

I feel that Deleuze and Guattari's discussion of the countersignifying regime is so brief for two reasons. Firstly, their interest is more in the facializing properties of the signifying and postsignifying regimes. The countersignifying regime, it appears, does not have a face. Secondly, by identifying the countersignifying regime with the war machine, a much more fully developed concept, they show us where we should look to see in more detail how resistance against the face can occur. We will recall that the war machine is a form of expression whose corresponding substance of expression is smooth space. Faciality is a substance of expression that, with its stratified and hierarchical regimes, is much more in line with striated space. The war machine is thus a form of expression incompatible with faciality. The concept of faciality becomes, if one operates from the perspective of the war machine, a visible articulation of that which must be fought against. Horror fiction renders faciality even more visible, be it in the masks of Halloween or Les yeux sans visage, or in the suffocating, willed evil of Invasion of the Body Snatchers and The Shining.[86] Horror fiction essentially raises the face, now a target, high, the better to centre it in the war machine's cross-hairs. Exposed, known, the face is vulnerable to defacialization.

The first step, however, in defacialization, is knowing one's own face: "Only on your face and at the bottom of your black hole and upon your white wall will you be able to set faciality traits free like birds" (ATP 189). Know the face intimately in order to see exactly how to take it apart, or turn it to new uses contrary to the one it was set up to do. Here is where the countersignifying regime's line of abolition comes into play, but the force must be directed. If we do not know the nature of the enemy, if we do not understand how much each regime is working to make up a given face, then our efforts might play into the face's plans. When Christiane revolts at the end of Les yeux sans visage and destroys Genessier's tyranny, she does so not by turning to the authorities (which, we saw, were too implicated in the same system to be of any use), but by releasing the dogs on which Genessier has been experimenting (and with which she has been bonding). The dogs literally eat Genessier's face. Until their release, the dogs are the most caged, helpless and tortured of Genessier's victims. Christiane's connection with the dogs is her recognition of the fact that what Genessier is imposing on her is no different from the experiments he performs on animals. Christiane thus turns the fullest expression of Genessier's faciliazing oppression back at him. The dogs' attack is the line of abolition that destroys Genessier's empire, leaving Christiane free to wander off into the night, surrounded by the newly freed doves.

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[86] And these examples are merely that—examples. They can be multiplied.

Again, Christiane's solution is drastic. Horror fiction abounds with similarly drastic solutions. Its narratives are filled with violent death. We do not want to take the defacializing strategies on display literally. But such extreme depictions are excellent means of showing up faciality in all its brutality, and of the need to take radical steps to combat it. Horror helps us know the face so we can take it apart. Furthermore, the bizarre imagery and fantastic narratives of horror fiction can help as well. Brian Massumi describes faciality as that which organizes systems of binary opposition, and is the means of contact between them. The weakness in this system is that "[c]ommunication between levels also creates the possibility of a collapse of levels. Hallucination returns the oppositional systems to their plane of contact in faciality—but in a disfunctional way that sees only the equivalences and erases the differences" (Massumi 173). This is not the same thing as the waves of sameness that we saw earlier, which led to racism. There, sameness was imposed, wiping out differences. Here, the hallucination sees equivalence between different faces (radically so, in the case of horror fiction). A connection impossible by the terms of the system is created, and the grid unravels. Even as horror fiction creates bizarre monsters, some so alien to us that the question of an opposition seems silly, it also collapses the differences by showing our connections to the monsters (the love King Kong has for Anne Darrow) or by making us the monsters (Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the Wolfman). In The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1886), it is significant that the face that is transformed (and finally lost) belongs to Dr. Jekyll—he who would be situated very close to the centre of the grid. As Hyde's personality takes over more and more, Jekyll becomes equated with the brutality of Hyde. The face's ties with what it pretends to expel or repress are exposed, and the binary collapses.

If one is successful in taking apart the face, defacialization

> frees something like probe-heads (têtes chercheuses, guidance devices)

> that dismantle the strata in their wake, break through the walls of signifiance, pour out of the holes of subjectivity, fell trees in favor of veritable rhizomes, and steer the flows down lines of positive deterritorialization or creative flight. (ATP 190)

Bits and pieces of the face acquire new directions, new speed, and link up with other structures to create new combinations. Space becomes smooth once again. The probe-heads, though less randomly destructive, are not unlike shrapnel in that they are all the more disruptive of the system for once having been part of the face. A monstrous depiction of the face (be it a literal face, or a horrific manifestation of a facialized regime), horribly distorted but nonetheless recognizable, is an example of a probe-head. The probe-head's effect, as outlined above, would seem to be yet another form of war machine,[87] as it shatters comforting illusions and rigid structures, setting the stage for new, rhizomatic connections.

To break away from the face is to engage in becoming. Defacialization "requires all the resources of art, and art of the highest kind. . . . For it is through writing that you become animal, it is through color that you become imperceptible" (ATP 187). Art is the means, not the end, and it is to be used in order to trigger the deterritorializations that in turn "never reterritorialize on art, but instead sweep it away with them toward the realms of the asignifying, the asubjective, the faceless" (ATP 187). With the probe-heads unleashed, "cutting edges of deterritorialization become operative and lines of deterritorialization positive and absolute, forming strange new becomings, new polyvocalities" (ATP 191). The Outsider, we saw, achieved these strange new becomings, existing and thriving beyond the pale of human society. We have examined the power of faciality, seen why it must be resisted, and some means of doing so. But becoming does seem to be key to an escape from the face.

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[87] Deleuze and Guattari also tell us that defacialization "is a question of speed, even if the movement is in place" (ATP 187). We are thus back in the realm of the war machine and its weapons.

It is time to examine that key, and see if we can turn it.

CHAPTER SIX

"ABYSSES OF BLACKNESS AND ALIENAGE": BECOMING AND THE REVOLT AGAINST FACIALITY

> Some frightful influence, I felt, was seeking gradually to drag me out of the sane world of wholesome life into unnamable abysses of blackness and alienage; and the process told heavily on me. My health and appearance grew steadily worse, till finally I was forced to give up my position and adopt the static, secluded life of an invalid. Some odd nervous affliction had me in its grip, and I found myself at times almost unable to shut my eyes.
>
> It was then that I began to study the mirror with mounting alarm.
>
> —H.P. Lovecraft, "The Shadow Over Innsmouth"

Horror fiction teems with transformations. Kindly, handsome doctors quaff potions and become hideous, murderous madmen. Sweet, young, virginal women become voracious vampires. Sweet, young, virginal men become predatory werewolves. Misguided scientists turn into flies, cosmetics tycoons turn into wasps, insurance clerks turn into fish, and hillbillies turn into Elder Gods.[88] Most of these transformations are monstrous, changing the character into an interstitial being. But just because the changes are monstrous doesn't mean they are necessarily evil (though they frequently are) or even undesired. In the passage quoted above, the narrator of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" reacts with horror to his slow change into a Deep One. But that passage is in the past tense. When we get to the end of the story, and catch up with the narrator's present, we discover that his attitude has changed as much as his shape: "The tense extremes of horror are lessening, and I feel queerly drawn toward the unknown sea-depths instead of fearing them. I hear and do strange things in sleep, and awake with a kind of exaltation instead of terror" [367]. The "unnamable abysses of blackness and alienage" (366) become "wonder and glory" (367). The "sane world of wholesome life" has become the oppressive society that imprisoned his cousin in an asylum and encourages suicide in response to the change ("No, I shall not shoot myself—I cannot be made to shoot myself!" (367)). From curse, the transformation has become a liberation. Whether we regard the ending of the story as hopeful or dreadful is up to us.

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[88] In, respectively, George Langelaan's "The Fly" (1957, and its film versions in 1958 and 1986), The Wasp Woman (1959, remade 1996), and Lovecraft's "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" (1931) and "The Dunwich Horror" (1928).

Desired or not, benign or malignant, the act of creating monsters disrupts categorization and gridding. The creature is interstitial, and its actions conflict with, or destroy, the social order in which it erupts. By bringing forth monsters, transformation imposes a sleep of reason. It is the enemy of striation, a champion of smooth space, a weapon in the war machine's arsenal. For the faciality machine, it must be anathema. What is the face to make of features that do not remain fixed, that shift and slide out of categories, that refuse to fit the grid? No sooner has a slot been created for the creature than it changes again, mercurial.

For Deleuze and Guattari, becoming is one of the most important and necessary means of resistance against the face and the tyranny of majoritarian structures. In illustrating and demonstrating the concept of becoming, they have recourse to the transforming characters of horror fiction. Vampires, werewolves, demons and sorcerers populate Plateau 10 ("1730: Becoming-Intense, Becoming-Animal, Becoming-Imperceptible . . ."). Lovecraft's Randolph Carter (from "Through the Gates of the Silver Key") re-appears too, in mid-transformation. The plateau's very first example of becoming is taken from horror: the becoming-rat of Willard (1971). And the plateau's year comes from the fact that from "1730 to 1735, all we hear about are vampires" (ATP 237).[89]

Why does horror fiction lend itself to the illustration of becoming? What relation does the concept of becoming have to the transformations depicted in horror fiction? What does horror fiction have to say about becoming, and how can it help us deploy becoming against the face? These are the questions I wish to address in this chapter. Becoming is a difficult concept, and there are arguments that it is not as liberatory as Deleuze and Guattari maintain it is. The ambivalences and skepticism of horror fiction make it an excellent medium for exploring becoming and seeing just how far one wants to go with it, or what exactly one might want to make of it. Horror will be my filter, helping me work out how I want to deploy the concept of becoming. I will first examine what becoming is and how it works. I will then turn to what Deleuze and Guattari indicate as being the most important form of becoming—becoming-woman. I will look first at the becoming-woman of women (through the prism of the lesbian vampire film), then at the becoming-woman of men (as depicted in the possession narrative and the fiction of Clive Barker).

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[89] The word "vampire" first appears in print in English in 1734.

I. "OF COURSE THERE ARE WEREWOLVES AND VAMPIRES, WE SAY THIS WITH ALL OUR HEART": HORROR FICTION AND THE NATURE OF BECOMING

Why do Deleuze and Guattari find horror fiction so useful for illustrating the concept of becoming? The short answer is that by tying becoming to the physical transformation in horror, they emphasize the reality of becoming. This is important. Becoming is not a metaphor. It is an event that really does take place. Deleuze and Guattari insist upon the reality of becoming because they want us to be able to engage in it. Becoming is thus to be as real to us as physical transformation is for the characters of horror fiction. Of course, the actual physical transformation from, say, man to wolf is impossible. Yet there is something of the fictional transformation that can be real. The tie between becoming and horror fiction is double: we, the audience, must see ourselves in the place of the story's character, thus seeing how real and profound the change can be (and thus the importance of the power of the horror affect—becoming is not necessarily horrifying, but the affect's disruptive capability makes us more open to transformation);

and we must find the element that is present in the fictional depiction that is also directly applicable to our situation.

A) BECOMING

First though, what is becoming? Let us recall the definition first touched on in Chapter One:

> Starting from the forms one has, the subject one is, the organs one has, or the functions one fulfills, becoming is to extract particles between which one establishes the relations of movement and rest, speed and slowness that are closest to what one is becoming, and through which one becomes. . . . We could also put it this way: Becoming is to emit particles that take on certain relations of movement and rest because they enter a particular zone of proximity. Or, it is to emit particles that enter that zone because they take on those relations. (ATP 272–3; emphasis theirs)

The zone of proximity consists of the region where the boundary between what one is and what one is becoming has become indiscernible. Becoming takes place in a block, i.e. there is always us, and the thing we are becoming, which also becomes. An alliance forms between us and something Deleuze and Guattari call the anomalous. The anomalous is "a phenomenon of bordering" (ATP 245). It is not necessarily an exceptional individual, a mouse or a whale or a wolf that is somehow superior to the others (though it can be). It is the member of the pack that somehow can detach itself from the pack in order to join with us. But it is also that which defines the multiplicity by establishing its limits—beyond this line, we enter a different multiplicity. So the anomalous defines what we are becoming, but also sets up the zone of proximity.

The result is not, however, a coming-together in synthesis of oneself and that which one is becoming. There is no created third element, and though that which one is becoming also becomes, it does not necessarily become us. Becoming is not dialectical. Rosi Braidotti writes:

> Deleuze's notion of becoming is adapted from Nietzsche, and is deeply anti Hegelian. Becoming is neither the dynamic confrontation of opposites, nor the unfolding of an essence in a teleologically ordained process leading to a synthesising identity. The Deleuzian becoming is the affirmation of the positivity of difference, meant as a multiple and constant process of transformation. ("Becomings" 44)

Because becoming is a process, and never ends, it is already challenging faciality, which wants static, binary results to construct its grid. In the sense of constant process, of asymptotically heading for a never reached point, of never actually attaining a complete and final state, the Deleuzoguattarian becoming resembles both Heidegger's Dasein and Sartre's Being-for-itself. It differs from these concepts, however, in the absence of teleology (death has no need to enter into a given formation of becoming, and becoming operates in a spatial, rather than temporal, dimension) and in its opening-up to nonhuman permutations (becoming-wolf, becoming-molecular, etc.). The positivity of difference is another distinguishing mark. The difference is not something that becoming seeks to eradicate, zone of indiscernability notwithstanding. It is rather a necessary condition for one to speak of becoming at all. There is no quest to actually be what one is becoming (i.e. the current state of being is not shaped by a forward-projection to a future state where one has reached the goal). The becoming-wolf of a man, for instance, is not only an instance of non-human becoming, but it also does not involve a complete denial of the initial state (man). Thus, in most horror-film portrayals of the werewolf, the monster is not a true wolf, but a hybrid. (Even in the rare case where the human transforms into the actual animal, as in Cat People [1942], the animal behaves in ways that clearly indicate that the concerns of the human are still present. In Cat People, Irena Dubrovna [Simone Simon] turns into a cat when jealous.)

One emits particles because one is a multiplicity, and becoming is a molecular rather than a molar process.[90] Even if one has not reached the point of becoming-molecular, "all becomings are already molecular" (ATP 272). A molar becoming is a contradiction in terms. A molar becoming-rat, for instance, would involve the actual change from human to rat, and so we would be looking at an impossibly literal representation of fictional transformation. In order to evade the impossible, we would have to resort to metaphor again, comparing distinct molar beings: the human is like (but isn't) a rat. A molar becoming would also mean no zone of proximity, and a punctual change. One moment human, the next rat. At the molecular level, however, we can talk about the reality of the human becoming-rat, and we are not in contradiction with the fictional transformation (as we shall see below). Furthermore, molarity implies being (in the sense of a totality, and of a state instead of a process), rather than becoming. So the change would take place, and the process would be complete. End of story. Becoming, on the other hand, has "neither beginning nor end, departure nor arrival, origin nor destination. . . . A becoming is always in the middle; one can only get it by the middle" (ATP 293).[91] Becoming must continue its process indefinitely. If it stops, it fails and is captured by a re-established molarity.

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[90] Molarity, according to Ronald Bogue, involves an "aggregate level of organization" (Deleuze 93). It operates at the macro level. Molar politics, for example, involve political parties and other large movements of collected individuals. Molecular politics, or micropolitics, operate at the local, individual level. Recognizing oneself as a molecular multiplicity is to acknowledge that one is not a unified whole.

B) HORROR'S BECOMING

What useful connections can we draw between the transformations in horror fiction and becoming? They are related, but they are also not the same. The transformations in horror are fictional, after all, and impossible. They do not happen. As the audience, we know this. Becoming, on the other hand, is real. Granted, "the human being does not 'really' become an animal" but "the becoming-animal of the human being is real, even if the animal the human being becomes is not; and the becoming-other of the animal is real, even if that something other it becomes is not" (ATP 238). It would seem then, that, according to Deleuze and Guattari, while to be a werewolf is not possible, and a werewolf does not exist, the process of becoming-werewolf can be very real.

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[91] This would appear to contradict the instruction to start with the form one has. But this is merely one of the points the becoming passes between. The becoming itself is taking place in the zone of proximity (where one must send one's particles in order to get caught up in the becoming process) and does not take its start at our form.

How is this possible? The particular nature of the transformations in horror fiction show us how. Let us consider the transformations from the point of view of a character in a horror story. In the world of the story, the changes are, of course, perfectly real. They are also, at one level, molar, because of the complete bodily transformation. But they are still becomings because the person who transforms does not enter a new, finished, state of being. There is always the memory of what came before, the agony over the change, or the mixture of human and the non-human in the physical form. The physical change might be over (though it usually is not), but the mental one continues. David Cronenberg's remake of The Fly (1986), for instance, presents the becoming-fly of Seth Brundle (Jeff Goldblum) as a continuing journey from a human with some fly characteristics, to a mix (where Brundle hopes to be the first "insect politician," bridging the gap between species) to a fly with some human characteristics.

The non-molar, molecular aspects of the horror transformations, the elements that actually constitute becomings, are the elements that are common to both fictional and actual worlds. Here, Deleuze and Guattari make the bridge between the worlds, notably using the creatures of horror fiction as the means to that end:

> Man does not become wolf, or vampire, as if he changed molar species;

> the vampire and werewolf are becomings of man, in other words, proximities between molecules in composition, relations of movement and rest, speed and slowness between emitted particles. Of course there are werewolves and vampires, we say this with all our heart; but do not look for a resemblance or analogy to the animal, for this is becoming-animal in action, the production of the molecular animal (whereas the "real" animal is trapped in its molar form and subjectivity). (ATP 275)

There are three points to be made here, two of which are re-iterations. One: again, becoming is not, in the real world, a physical transformation from one state to another (that would be the impossible molar becoming discussed earlier). Two: again (and again), becoming is molecular. Three: werewolves and vampires are real. How? Because in the "real" world, the terms "vampire" and "werewolf" do not describe states but processes. There is no such thing as a molar vampire any more than there is a molar becoming, but there is a molecular vampire. If these creatures are "becomings of man," that would mean that "werewolf" should be read as "becoming-wolf." "Vampire" is no less a becoming even if there is no obvious term to make up the second half of "becoming-___." The vampire is an example of a becoming where the other term, the thing that one is becoming, does not exist. Nevertheless, the becoming is still real.

Fantastic becomings are possible because the Deleuzoguattarian body is not a physical entity. Rosi Braidotti summarizes this body as a

> complex interplay of highly constructed social and symbolic forces. The

> body is not an essence, let alone a biological substance. It is a play of forces, a surface of intensities: pure simulacra without originals. . . . The embodied subject is a term in a process of intersecting forces (affects), spatiotemporal variables that are characterized by their mobility, changeability, and transitory nature. ("Nomadism" 163)

As an example of these intersecting forces, Deleuze and Guattari describe Little Hans' perception of the horse. The horse does not exist in isolation, as an object with a horse shape, but as "an element or individual in a machinic assemblage: draft horse-omnibus-street. It is defined by a list of active and passive affects in the context of the individuated assemblage it is part of" (ATP 257). So if we change the surface of the street, or tighten the reins on the horse, or remove its blinkers, or knock a wheel off the omnibus, we will have altered the machinic assemblage. Without the blinkers, the horse is more likely to be frightened. It will be more open to possibly destructive affects that previously were shut out of this system. In turn, now that the possibility of bolting, for instance, has been added to the mix, the range of the horse's active affects have increased. This range might not necessarily have increased for the better, but the perspective that takes this possible change into account is useful in that it both acknowledges the manifold ways in which the horse body connects with its surroundings of physicality and force, and underlines these connections as being inseparable from an understanding of the horse as more than an isolated organic construct.

A bodily becoming is thus not a question of shaping bones, but of shaping forces.

If "[a]ffects are becomings" (ATP 256), and the body is made up of intersecting affects, then the body is always already involved in a multiplicity of becomings. But other forces, those of molarity, always threaten to bring these becomings to a halt, and to freeze the embodied subject in a particular configuration, to facialize the body into the White Male grid. If one wishes to avoid (or reverse) facialization and break away from the grid, one must engage actively in becomings-other, thus challenging the face's ability to keep one in an assigned slot. Depending on where exactly on the grid one is being placed, certain forms of becoming will be more immediately useful in defacializing than others. Any becoming that fights facialization, however, will of necessity be a becoming-minoritarian. Any other form of becoming would consist in an enthusiastic embrace of the White Male face.

In order to deploy a becoming effectively, it is important to have as complete as possible an understanding of a given body before seeking to trigger (or rather encourage) a given type of becoming:

> We know nothing about a body until we know what it can do, in other words, what its affects are, how they can or cannot enter into composition with other affects, with the affects of another body, either to destroy that body or to be destroyed by it, either to exchange actions and passions with it or to join with it in composing a more powerful body. (ATP 257)

By examining bodies on the basis of their affects rather than their physical characteristics, we cut across normal means of gridding and individuation. Thus a "racehorse is more different from a workhorse than a workhorse from an ox" (ATP 257). All other elements being equal, substituting an ox for a horse pulling the omnibus might change the nature of that bodily assemblage less than removing the blinkers from the horse. Knowing as many variables (affects) as possible is crucial.

Horror fiction's stock and trade is the affect. In the terms of the argument above, horror fiction seeks to alter our bodies by adding the affect of horror to our collection of affects. It wants to panic the unblinkered horse. The bodily transformations it portrays are invariably accompanied by an equally dramatic affectual change on the part of the characters who undergo the change. Fear and horror are among those affects, underscoring both how profound the change is, and the fact that defacialization is scary: faciality may be oppressive, but it also offers the comfort and security of consistency and order. To defacialize is to operate without a safety net. Furthermore, the horror becomings that the audience witnesses represent just how far-reaching the transformations can be—these changes are much more than a shift in attitude or habits.

Not all becomings in horror fiction are the same. Each change has its own consequences. Along with horror, then, there are also those affects that are both specific to, and defining of, the particular becoming taking place. Seth Brundle and Lawrence Talbot both experience horror as they respectively become-fly and become-wolf.[92] But not only is the pattern of the two changes different (Seth's becoming-fly is a progressive, cumulative process, while Lawrence switches back and forth between wolf and man), but the affective elements received from the animals is different. Seth wants to breed and eat, but is nothing like the night stalker and hunter that Lawrence becomes. And we, the audience, are invited to react to correspondingly different visions of horror. Even if we do not actually engage in becoming-wolf or becoming-fly ourselves, we can come very close, depending on how closely we imaginatively connect with Seth and Lawrence. If becomings are "[m]ovements . . . pure relations of speed and slowness, pure affects" (ATP 281), then establishing these relations of speed and slowness between emitted particles consists in creating circumstances where the affects acting on us and those acting on what one is becoming are the same. The affective nature of becoming is so crucial that we encounter such horror stories as Thomas Tessier's The Nightwalker (1979), a werewolf novel where there is no physical transformation. Over the course our immersion in the horror narrative, we can potentially be caught up in the same becomings as the characters. The literal depiction of the change (Seth climbs walls, Lawrence sprouts fur and fangs) drives home the nature of the becoming—there is no way of mistaking what is going on, no way of not recognizing the kind of becoming we are experiencing.

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[92] Talbot, played by Lon Chaney Jr., is the hero of The Wolf Man (1941).

Both Seth and Lawrence's becomings end tragically. These affects, it seems, are incompatible with the bodies with which they begin the interaction. The new bodies may be physically stronger, but are not better suited to the contexts in which they exist. Because of the drive to create horror, the destructive becoming is very common to horror fiction. It is a reminder, even as it explicitly illustrates a possible escape from faciality, that such escapes are not easy, and are fraught with peril. To defacialize is to run a very real risk of destruction. The face, by controlling signification, creates the context in which one navigates, and if one no longer meshes with the grid, the stress can be enough to produce madness. It seems to me that, by virtue of invoking horror fiction as one of the principal means of illustrating becoming, Deleuze and Guattari are reminding us that becoming is risky. If one is going to use the vampire, the werewolf or Lovecraft as examples of becoming, then one must expect the darkness inherent to them to come along for the ride.

Just because the stories end badly does not mean, however, that the depicted becoming is a terrible thing through and through. It could be that somewhere along the line, the process goes wrong. It could be that the forces of faciality marshalled against the becoming are simply too strong. But there is the possibility of the horror fiction providing access to a positive becoming, one that does not come to a sudden halt in madness or death, and that does seem to stand up to the face.

For Deleuze and Guattari, the most important of all becomings is becoming-woman. It is there that I shall now turn to examine some specific strategies for using becoming against faciality. But the process of becoming-woman cannot be the same for both sexes, since the point of departure for the journey is different. The purposes to which horror's becoming-woman can be put to will differ correspondingly.

II. "YOU EXIST IN BOTH MY FANTASY AND MY REAL LIFE": VAMPYROS LESBOS, THE BECOMING-WOMAN OF WOMEN AND THE UNRAVELLING OF THE MALE GAZE

In Chapter Five, we saw that one method of opposing the face is to take the negatively coded line of flight and make it positive. In other words, one champions and exalts the very elements the regime deems noxious, seeks to banish, or at best denigrates. This is the particular mode of resistance that I believe the becoming-woman of women offers as it appears in horror fiction. Horror presents the intriguing possibility of hoisting the system with its own petard. The potential subversion of faciality is all the greater if one accepts the paramount role Deleuze and Guattari assign to becoming-woman.

The importance of becoming-woman, particularly the becoming-woman of women, comes from the very nature of the faciality regime. With the White Male Face at the centre of the grid, men find themselves in a majoritarian status. Deleuze and Guattari write that "[i]t is perhaps the special situation of women in relation to the man-standard that accounts for the fact that becomings, being minoritarian, always pass through a becoming-woman" (291). There is no becoming-man because "man is majoritarian par excellence, whereas all becomings are minoritarian; all becoming is a becoming-minoritarian" (ATP 291). A becoming-man, which would already be the oxymoronic molar becoming, would simply be a reaffirmation of the dominant status quo. Impossible by the terms of the definition, and pointless by any other measure. Given this male standard, the most immediately created minority is female, and thus the primary need for liberation, and thus logically the first place for resistance. Any supposedly subversive or liberatory strategy that ignores the conditions that exist for women, and does not in some way share in their needs and their struggle, is necessarily going to be of limited success and value (at best). This is why Deleuze and Guattari claim that becoming-woman "is the key to all other becomings" (ATP 277). If the other becomings do not pass through becoming-woman, they are incomplete.

It is entirely *possible* for one to engage in becoming-animal (or anything else) directly, without passing through a becoming-woman, but it is not necessarily *desirable* that this should happen. Becoming-woman is the most important form of becoming, even if it is not actually necessary to trigger all the other forms. Particularly when the initial subject is male, we have to ask ourselves if the becoming-other is accomplishing anything worthwhile. In examining becomings, Deleuze and Guattari tell us that "[c]ase by case, we can tell whether the line [of flight] is consistent, in other words, whether the heterogeneities effectively function in a multiplicity of symbiosis, whether the multiplicities are effectively transformed through the becomings of passage" (ATP 250). We cannot make general rules, we must examine each situation on its own, and on its own terms. It is not impossible that a becoming of the male that does not pass through a becoming-woman produces a productive line of flight. But careful scrutiny is required.

The becoming-woman of women, it must be clearly understood, is only one strategy among many in combatting the face. For all that molarity is generally regarded with suspicion by Deleuze and Guattari, it is no more a universal evil than the tree. Deleuze and Guattari state that "[i]t is, of course, indispensable for women to conduct a molar politics, with a view to winning back their own organism, their own history, their own subjectivity" (276). My emphasis here is on the molecular becoming-woman, partly because it is not my place to suggest what a molar definition of woman should be (that is for women to decide),[93] but also because it is at the molecular level that I think horror fiction presents the most interesting possibilities. I feel that horror fiction's possible interventions at the molar level are much more limited, and quite possibly undesirable.[94]

While doubtful of the particular strategies Deleuze and Guattari describe for becoming-woman (strategies that could lead to the co-opting of women's struggles to the service of a male project),[95] Dianne Chisholm still argues that "it is certain that feminism must create an avant garde of its own" (223; emphasis hers), leaving open the possibility of a becoming-woman in the service of this project. Ideally, that is the form becoming-woman should take: one where women make the first move, and the move has nothing to do with the dictates of a male project. I propose, then, the following use of becoming-woman: that it be considered as a molecular process, defined by women, which escapes control of the majority, and in so doing can work with, rather than against, the formation of a molar identity for women.

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[93] Since the molar woman is a male construction, and can therefore be assumed not to exist (except through coerced creation), and since it is possible for the term one is becoming not to exist, then we are left with the conclusion that not only are women to escape their molar construction by playing with that molar construction, but also that they do not yet exist as women. This is hardly a palatable (or, for that matter, tenable) position. What I would prefer is to recognize the molar woman as both an oppressive and powerful construction, still pandemically widespread, still doing incalculable harm, and desperately in need of dismantling (as an integral part of the patriarchal regime). Thus, it is not that women do not exist, but that they are being prevented from living as if they do, and so the construction of their own molar definition of woman is also an emphatic reminder of their own existence (emphasis on "own").

[94] Undesirable both politically and artistically. If one attempts to produce art that has effects on the molar level, the result, it seems to me, would be didactic agit-prop at best. The one example that springs to mind of artistically successful molar art is Triumph of the Will. We don't need another.

This is not to say that art should not be politically engaged. I mean simply that I am deeply suspicious of any work, whatever its intentions might be, that is designed to shape large movements.

Rosi Braidotti, who is also leery of the risks becoming-woman presents, suggests one of the ways in which becoming-woman can productively work against the patriarchal molar definition of woman: "[a] great number of contemporary feminist performers offer perfect examples of counterrepresentations of affirmations of denaturalized, deessentialized bodies, which they turn into fields of alternative signification" ("Nomadism" 170). Horror fiction, with its many transformed and alien bodies, can be the site of very similar operations. We have already seen how the interstitial monster, as a war machine, can break the rules of striated space. As a general rule, any sort of becoming in horror (not just becoming-woman) can present the opportunity that Braidotti describes. Of course, the bloody rampages and tragic ends that are so common to horror fiction mean that each case must be examined on its own. Affirmations of these unnatural (denaturalized) bodies are not automatic, but neither does destruction necessarily imply denigration, given how frequently it is an unsympathetic "normal" world that attacks the monster first. In the case of becoming-woman, one of horror fiction's most effective strategies consists first in denaturalizing elements of the molar woman, and then affirming these elements in opposition to molarity.

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[95] I will discuss these difficulties a bit further on (page 270).

How does this process work? The man-standard, the faciality machine, creates the molar construction of woman as it is experienced in patriarchal society. This is the male definition of woman, the categorical set that the dominant, majoritarian force expects women to conform to. It is the collection of stereotypes and clichés with which we are all-too-familiar. Brian Massumi writes that becoming-woman

> involves carrying the indeterminacy, movement, and paradox of the female stereotype past the point at which it is recuperable by the socius as it presently functions, over the limit beyond which lack of definition becomes the positive power to select a trajectory (the leap from the realm of possibility into the virtual—breaking away). This necessarily involves a redefinition of the category by and for those it traditionally targets: "fickleness" translated into a political refusal on the part of women to remain fixed within the confines of the home or other constrictive arenas of work . . . "flightiness" made to soar to heights of versatility in artistic creation. . . . From a dismissive category to increased degrees of collective freedom; from value judgment to revaluation. (Massumi 87–8)

Massumi describes this process as something that can be enacted by "bodies of either biological sex" (87), with the male strategies thus ranging from transvestism to transsexualism to adopting (in either gay or straight scenarios) the clichéd roles assigned to women in relationships.[96] Overall, there seems to be a rather ironic process at work, since all of the appropriation is coming from the molar construction of woman.[97] Becoming-woman thus means becoming what one would not want to be in order to transform it into something other than it wants to be and thus escape from being forced into being something that others want one to be. Becoming-woman uses the molar definition of woman against itself.[98] I feel that some of the clearest instances of this process at work in horror fiction are to be found in stories and films concerning the lesbian vampire. The work that I would like to examine in this context is Jesùs Franco's film Vampyros Lesbos (1970).

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[96] The physical act of transvestism alone does not constitute becoming—by itself, it is merely imitation. But imitation does not rule out becoming, as long as there is action on the affective level as well.

[97] This being the case, Massumi is right to wonder why Deleuze and Guattari do not provide for "the possibility of a similarly revolutionary becoming-man that would push the masculine stereotype beyond its threshold of recuperation (following, for example, strategies of the kind employed by some segments of the gay and lesbian S/M communities who theatricalize 'masculinity' in order to take it to a deconstructive extreme)" (89). The masculine ideal set up by faciality, is, after all an inhuman construct that any real person is doomed to fall short of. Molar man cannot really exist (though one has to admit that there are plenty of frighteningly close approximations). A monolithic gender identity being discounted, men must therefore form some sort of minority (though still clearly in a position of majority with relation to all other minorities) with respect to their own unattainable ideal, and some sort of becoming, perhaps limited, but nonetheless real, should be possible after all.

[98] This symbiotic relationship between the molecular becoming and the molar definition will change as the struggle for a molar re-definition progresses. Eventually, as women establish their own molar woman, becoming no longer need be a struggle against the male molar definition, but can be a non-parodic move toward a female-directed project.

I choose Vampyros Lesbos because of its disreputable roots (it is very much a product of the exploitation world of filmmaking) and its male creator and target audience. Let there be no mistake here: the explosion of lesbian vampire films that occurred at the beginning of the 70s was not, as far as I can determine, the result of any conscious efforts of sexual radicalism (unless we think in the vaguest and most generous terms possible), but rather the result of filmmakers taking advantage of relaxing censorship to tap a known market quantity. These are films made by and for heterosexual males. The sex scenes of Vampyros Lesbos are the result of a male gaze,[99] and are created for the pleasure of the same. And this is precisely why I feel we should examine the film. There are other films that might, on the surface, be more useful to the project at hand, films consciously created for the purpose of furthering a feminist agenda. One such is Isiling Mack-Nataf's The Mark of Lilith (1986), whose plot Pam Keesey describes as follows: "Lilia, a white bisexual vampire, meets up with a black lesbian researcher whose perspectives jolt her out of a blindness caused by patriarchy" (Keesey 239). However, judging by the description, I would venture to guess that this would in fact be an example of a vampire film that is not a horror film (there seems to be no attempt to raise the horror affect here—no trace of the horror rhizome). Furthermore, I have been unable to track this film down, which suggests to me an extremely limited distribution. The Mark of Lilith is an exception. There are proportionately very, very few horror films directed by women.

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[99] And Franco's most especially. The ubiquity of lesbianism in his films points not so much to an interest as an obsession.

Horror-film audiences are much more likely to stumble across something like Vampyros Lesbos. My feeling is that if my suggestions for the liberatory applications of the becoming-woman in horror fiction have any validity at all, they must be applicable to a wide variety of films, and not just an exceptional few. Furthermore, Vampyros Lesbos, as a product of male-oriented system, can demonstrate how such products can be turned against the very system they apparently support.

A disorienting, fragmentary collection of scenes and almost random montage, insisting that we look at the totally irrelevant (a Labrador frolicking in the waves) as well as at the crucial (a drop of blood on white curtains), Vampyros Lesbos tells the story of the transformation of Lynda Westinghouse. Lynda is beset by strange, erotic dreams of a mysterious woman. Dr. Steiner (Paul Muller), her psychiatrist, recommends that she take a lover. Sent by her office to an island off the coast of Turkey, Lynda discovers not only both the location and the woman of her dreams, but that those dreams were in fact fragmentary precognitions. Nadine (Soledad Miranda), a vampire, seduces her, and gradually initiates her into the world of vampirism. Meanwhile, the various men in the plot—from Lynda's boyfriend Omar (Victor Feldman) to Dr. Steiner to the vampire-obsessed Dr. Seward (Dennis Price) to the misogynist wife-killer Memeth (Franco)—struggle fruitlessly to re-establish their control over the women.

The block of becoming in Vampyros Lesbos is the one formed by Lynda and Nadine. We recall that that which one becomes also engages in becoming. We see two forms of becoming-woman in the film. One is Lynda's trajectory toward Nadine (where becoming-woman is equated with becoming-vampire). The other is Nadine's becoming-woman, which is very much the form of becoming-woman described by Massumi above (page 262). Nadine's becoming is the more straightforward of the two, and I shall look at it first.

Like almost every other female vampire, Nadine is also the vamp. We first see her performing in a nightclub. Her clothes (when she is wearing any at all) consist of diaphanous lingerie and high heels—typical male fantasy accessories. And while Nadine is obviously presented in this way for the enjoyment of the male viewer, on the narrative level, her vamping is for Lynda, not for Omar. Nadine is, as Massumi suggests, taking a feminine stereotype about as far as it can go, but divorcing it from the structure it is supposed to support. The hundreds of men in the strip club where she performs can watch and desire all they want, but they are locked out of the circuit of desire that is running from Nadine to Lynda and back again. Why Omar has brought Lynda to the club is unclear (perhaps as some misguided attempt at seduction), but whatever his motivations, whatever his desires, his action backfires, giving instead the opportunity to Nadine to act on her desire. Thus, Nadine takes the stereotypical seduction elements from the facialized, molar definition of woman, and embodies them, but in a way that transforms these elements. The way in which those elements now function (toward the seduction of Lynda) not only takes them away from male control, but reverses their thrust back at the face. Lynda enjoys the show all right, but in precisely the opposite way that Omar could have intended. Nadine becomes, from the point of view of faciality, a scapegoat: the elements she embodies are now coded in precisely the opposite way that the face would intend, and the representatives of the facialized order (Omar, Steiner, Seward) seek her destruction.

At the end of the film, Lynda frees Nadine of vampirism by drinking her blood. Omar and Steiner, two steps behind, arrive to find Lynda, but all evidence that Nadine ever existed, with the exception of a red scarf, is gone. The disappearance of Nadine's body leaves us with the interesting possibility that the entire film is really Lynda's fantasy (though a mysteriously contagious one at that, since Omar seems to share it). Exactly where reality ends and dream begins is not clear, and this helps propel Lynda's becoming-woman, in that whether or not events happened is not as important as the effect they had on Lynda. The film opens with Lynda and Omar in a strip club, watching Nadine. We then move immediately into Lynda's dream. Since she doesn't recognize Nadine as being in both the club and the dream, we already have a slippage, and the film presents the possibility that the nightclub scene is a much more direct representation of Lynda's desire than we might have originally thought. Omar returns to the club toward the end of the film, where he apparently witnesses Nadine vampirize another dancer (who might actually be a mannequin). But here we get the impression that Nadine is in two places at once. "It wasn't a dream. We really lived it," is his final voice-over. But Lynda gets the last word: "No. I've had nightmares and I know reality. There's no difference between them. But you and I, Countess . . . we know the truth. You exist in both my fantasy and my real life." These lines of dialogue, the last in the film, are crucial. On the one hand, we see that Omar needs to believe that Nadine was real, that the woman who stole his girlfriend was a supernatural agent, and that now that the vampire is no more, Lynda will return to the norm of their relationship. The thunderstruck look on Lynda's face in the first strip club scene is certainly not the sort of consequence Omar had in mind when he took her there. She has taken his fantasy, made it her own, and cut him out of it. Her reply makes it clear that the question of distinguishing between dream and reality is moot. Whether (or to what degree) Nadine existed in the "real" world is irrelevant, because the affects she has caused in Lynda are real. Lynda may be beside Omar as the film ends, but her voice-over suggests that this might well be only for as long as it takes for the boat to ferry them back to Istanbul.

Lynda's approach to vampirism is real whether or not Nadine exists. And vampirism in this case appears to be synonymous with becoming-woman. Or, more precisely, becoming-woman is also becoming-vampire. This is because the strategies that Lynda adopts (i.e. the ways in which she emits particles that are synchronized with Nadine's) that help her escape male control and establish her own identity as a woman are caught up by the vampire=vamp=woman equation that Nadine has set up in her own becoming. Nadine's courting of Lynda is a combination of sexual seduction and initiation into the vampire life. So, for instance, lovemaking alternates with the ceremonial drinking of aristocratic vampire blood from a crystal goblet. The only real act of vampirism that Lynda commits is on Nadine herself. Afterwards, Nadine's body vanishes. She is no longer needed to facilitate Lynda's becoming. Interestingly, there is no hint after that one incident that Lynda has joined the ranks of the undead. Instead, we see a woman who is both aware and in control of the different paths her sexuality can take. Her decisions and journeys are now completely independent of those that Omar (as male lover) or Dr. Steiner (as voice of male authority) might wish to impose. The import of Lynda's act of bloodsucking, then, would seem to be that she has entered another phase of becoming-woman. Nadine disappears because Lynda is now in an equivalent position.[100] Lynda can now, if she chooses, and if she finds it necessary, engage in the kind of becoming-woman that Nadine had been launched on (one where male conceptions of woman are wrested from male control). In any case, she can become-woman in the service of her own definition of molar woman. This is something that would not have been possible earlier, in that her resistance to the White Man Face could only take the form of restlessness and disturbing dreams. Only her unconscious was in rebellion then. Now she more consciously feels the restraints, and revolts against them. Her act of vampirism becomes symbolic of her new self-assertion.

The bond between Lynda and Nadine is very much in line with the use to which Deleuze and Guattari put the vampire. Their interest is in the way the vampire propagates, not in the actual act of bloodsucking. They write: "The vampire does not filiate, it infects. The difference is that contagion, epidemic, involves terms that are entirely heterogeneous: for example, a human being, an animal, and a bacterium, a virus, a molecule, a microorganism" (ATP 241–42). The important point about vampirism is not anemia but contagion. The vampirised individual becomes vampire in turn. And the nature of that vampirism can be quite varied, since in the case of Vampyros Lesbos the contagion is not blood-sucking but sexual self-determination. Deleuze and Guattari emphasize the heterogeneity of the pair of terms in vampirism, and we see this in Lynda and Nadine. They are both women, but they are (initially) utterly different with respect to their positions vis-à-vis the face. Lynda is still a victim of facialization, in standardized relationships with men as lovers and authority figures. Nadine, on the other hand, is feared by the face (in the form of Dr. Seward) since she cannot be controlled, and transforms attempts to define her to her own ends (thus paradoxically escaping definition).

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[100] Equivalent, that is, with respect to Lynda's particular situation as a 20th-century businesswoman, which is not the same as being a centuries-old Romanian aristocrat.

The becoming-woman that I see as occurring in Vampyros Lesbos is successful as long as one remembers that the creation of a new, female-determined molar woman (the woman engaged in molar politics) is part-and-parcel of the project. With this in mind, then, I think it becomes possible to deal with the dangers that feminist scholars have pointed out exist in the Deleuzoguattarian becoming-woman. While Deleuze and Guattari do insist on the necessity of molar politics for women, they qualify this position by saying that "it is dangerous to confine oneself to such a subject, which does not function without drying up a spring or stopping a flow" (276). Rosi Braidotti is troubled by what she sees as a "Yes, but . . . " approach to women's molar politics and subjectivity on the part of Deleuze and Guattari, with mere lip service being paid to everything but the becoming. Furthermore, this threat of dried-up springs and stopped flows (which is followed immediately by a mention of "the driest of women" [276]) strikes me as a good example of the "surprisingly stereotyped genderizations and images of women" that trouble Alice Jardine (47). What we must do is change the "Yes, but . . ." to a "Yes, and . . ." Deleuze and Guattari emphasize the importance of not committing oneself entirely to molar politics and forgetting the molecular. What we must remember is that the reverse is no better. Both aspects are indispensible and, as I mentioned earlier, if I have focussed on molecular becoming here, it is because that is where horror fiction works best. Nevertheless, the becoming-woman I have found in Vampyros Lesbos is valid only if the importance of molarity is kept present. That is, Nadine's pushing of seductive stereotypes is constructive only if it is considered as a strategy toward undermining the male molar definition of women, and for the purpose of aiding in the construction a female definition (the precise nature of which, of course, it is not my place to decide).

The other worrisome point that the dual emphasis on the molar and molecular should be able to help with is the idea that women should become first. According to Deleuze and Guattari, this is because

> only a minority is capable of serving as the active medium of becoming, but under such conditions that it ceases to be a definable aggregate in relation to the majority. Becoming-Jewish, becoming-woman, etc., therefore imply two simultaneous movements, one by which a term (the subject) is withdrawn from the majority, and another by which a term (the medium or agent) rises up from the minority. (ATP 291)

It stands to reason that it is the minority that should decide on the path of its becoming, since anything else would be kowtowing to the majority's will, and we are right back where we started. Also encouraging is the move to be no longer "a definable aggregate in relation to the majority." In other words, the minority breaks out of the facializing grid. While it may be striving to create its own molar definition of itself, it also retains the fluidity of process, avoiding stagnation and recapture by the grid. By remaining in process, the minority is, from the point of view of the grid, mercurial, perhaps unknowable, and certainly difficult to reterritorialize.

But the call for women to become-women first (and Jews to become-Jewish, etc.), the withdrawal from the majority, and the idea of continuous process all carry their own set of problems. Alice Jardine writes:

> to the extent that women must "become woman" first (in order for men, in D + G's words, to "follow her example"), might that not mean that she must also be the first to disappear? Is it not possible that the process of "becoming woman" is but a new variation of an old allegory for the process of women becoming obsolete? There would remain only her simulacrum: a female figure caught in a whirling sea of male configurations. A silent, mutable, head-less, desire-less, spatial surface necessary only for His metamorphosis? (54; emphasis hers)

The answer to Jardine's questions must be "no" if becoming-woman is to be embraced as a valid response to the face. Otherwise it becomes akin to the line of flight in the postsignifying regime, serving not as a real escape but as the foundation of a new but still facialized system. Deleuze and Guattari certainly do open up the grim possibilities that Jardine describes, particularly if we view becoming-woman as the first necessary step in a teleologically oriented process that culminates in becoming-imperceptible.[101] We can avoid these dangers if we remember that becomings are rhizomatic,[102] and if we hang on to the molar. If the becomings are not inexorably linked one to another, but connect rhizomatically, then becoming-woman, just as it no longer absolutely must be gone through to access all other transformations, also no longer must itself lead to the other becomings. Becoming-woman need not be a stepping stone to becoming-imperceptible. It need not be a stepping stone at all. If there are links, not only can they be to any sort of becoming, but they can be strategic—temporary alliances that serve the needs of the transforming embodied subject (as is the case with becoming-vampire and becoming-woman in Vampyros Lesbos). Furthermore, by simultaneously engaging in the complementary molar project, the possibility of women disappearing is, I think, shut down.

Nevertheless, there is still a valid case to be made that putting the onus on women to become first is unfair. According to Brian Massumi,

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[101] "If becoming-woman is the first quantum, or molecular segment, with the becomings-animal that link up with it coming next, what are they all rushing toward? Without a doubt, toward becoming-imperceptible. The imperceptible is the immanent end of becoming, its cosmic formula" (ATP 279).

[102] "The error we must guard against is to believe that there is a kind of logical order to this string, these crossings and transformations. It is already going too far to postulate an order descending from the animal to the vegetable, then to molecules, to particles" (ATP 250). Here teleology is shunned.

> [i]t is "real" men, molar men, who should consent to "go first." I.e., self destruct. De-form themselves. Dissociate their bodies and desires from the apparatus of overcoding that has up to now defined them, and forced complementary definitions on others in their name. It is only when they cease to be that they will be able to become. Given the privileges that the existing social order accords them, it is unlikely that molar men will embrace this mission of self-excision with immediate enthusiasm. Their suicide may have to be assisted. Women and sexual minorities "should" not go first—but neither should they wait. (Massumi 89)

For the most part, I agree with Massumi. Placing the onus on women and other minorities to become first, that men may follow, appears as more than a little unjust. There is no reason why the majority should be left happily to enjoy its privilege until such time as the minorities, already by definition in a position of circumscribed power, take action. However, as Massumi says, the "suicide" of molar men may have to be assisted. (Why change when you have no incentive to do so? The law of inertia favours molarity.) And one of the ways in which that suicide can be assisted is through the becoming of the minorities. Aggregates detached from the grid, transformed beyond definition, threaten that grid, and the status quo becomes more difficult to maintain. This is one reason, at least, why minorities should not have to wait. Another, of course, is that they might well have to wait forever otherwise.

There is one more compelling reason why women should become-women first: the alternative is unthinkable. If there is to be a becoming-woman, its nature must remain in the control of women. If men were to engage in becoming-woman on their own, without the process having first been defined by women, then they would be becoming-woman according to their own definition of woman. All we would have is the majority continuing on its merry way, making up whatever it pleases, and now fooling itself into believing that it is engaged in some sort of revolutionary (but contained) activity, that it has joined the other minorities, and is sharing their oppression, feeling their pain, and partaking of their liberation. Utter nonsense. So Deleuze and Guattari are right in saying that women must have the first move in the realm of becoming-woman, but only as long as that first move is not defined by men.

The becoming-woman of man is not the same thing as the becoming-woman of woman. We recall that the becoming block takes into account the point at which one finds oneself at the start of the process, and that is obviously not going to be the same point for a majority as for a minority. So man does not simply follow the path laid out by woman. His becoming-woman is, as Massumi suggests, more along the lines of an assisted suicide, as we shall now see.

III. "TOPPLE THE TYRANNY OF THE REAL": "THE MADONNA" AND THE BECOMING-WOMAN OF MAN

Clive Barker's story "The Madonna" is, along with such films as Fear No Evil (1981) and Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde (1971), one of a select number of stories which feature the transformation of men into women. Given the emphasis that Deleuze and Guattari place on the physical change that occurs in fiction as a correlate to actual becoming, I think it fair to start looking here for a becoming-woman of man. Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde, while not uninteresting, falls into the usual stereotypes, with the repressed Dr. Jekyll (Ralph Bates) turning into the sexually voracious Hyde (Martine Beswick). In Fear No Evil, the transformation is played for shock and functions as punishment, as the most violently macho character suddenly develops breasts. His reaction is one of utter horror, and while the film celebrates this destruction of molar masculinity, it doesn't explore the incident in any depth (and incident is exactly what it is—a brief scene leading to the death of the character, and not at all central to the developing action), and the scene remains open to the reading that the punishment for excessive macho strength is the last word in weakness, i.e. femininity.

Barker's story deals with this last possibility, but clearly presents that interpretation as itself a weakness. "The Madonna" tells of two men, Ezra Garvey (a shady businessman) and Jerry Coloqhoun (a consummate failure in all ventures from business to relationships), and of their separate encounters with the mysterious women who inhabit the derelict Leopold Road Pools. Garvey is a man whose "greed for [the] proximity [of women] knew few bounds; they were precious creatures whose company he was willing to spend small fortunes to secure" (46). He is also a man whose imagination "was an impoverished faculty" (49). Powerful, violent, controlling, he is the molar male par excellence, the white face at the centre of the grid. When, at the centre of the spiral layout of the Pools, he sees a young woman suckling a strange tentacled creature, he reacts with violence, killing the infant. Subsequently, he finds himself transforming into a woman. He does not take it well: "He was not himself! His body had been taken from him while he slept and this changeling left in its place. The horror of it shattered his self-esteem, and left his sanity teetering" (69). Forced out of his majority, but unable to think in anything other than molar terms, Garvey commits suicide.

Coloqhoun too becomes a woman. But his encounter with the women is very different. Beaten bloody by Garvey's hoods, he seeks refuge in the Pools, where he encounters both women and the Madonna, a creature Lovecraftian in appearance but not malevolent, perpetually giving virgin birth[103] to a multitude of polymorphous children (one is described as "something between a squid and shorn lamb" [66]). Coloqhoun reacts with wonder instead of fear (for him, the locus of horror is the violence represented by Garvey). Where do these children go? he wonders. "To the water. To the sea. Into dreams" (66) is the reply. Once more, as is so often the case in horror fiction, the line between reality and dreams is erased.

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[103] "She needs no husband. . . . She could make children from a shower of rain if she so desired" (66).

Coloqhoun is primed for his transformation. Even before it happens, he has become "aware of his body as he had seldom been before: as a trap. Its fragility was a trap; its shape, its size, its very gender was a trap. And there was no flying out of it; he was shackled to, or in, this wretchedness" (64; emphasis Barker's). Coloqhoun feels the need to escape molarity. He wants out of the trap, and so when his body does change, he discovers that flight is possible. He reacts first with acceptance ("He accepted this fait accompli as a baby accepts its condition, having no sense of what good or bad it might bring" [72]), then with a growing sense of wonder and joy: "There were miracles in the world! Forces that could turn flesh inside out without drawing blood; that could topple the tyranny of the real and make play in its rubble" (73). The tyranny of the real is the regime of the face and its striated space. The face decides, through its control of signification, what is real and what is acceptable. Coloqhoun has broken (or, rather, has been pushed) through all the rules, and finds himself now part of a process that could potentially destroy the face and the grid, creating a new, smooth space (the rubble). So when he thinks that it is "the finest failure of his life that he would not even hold on to his own sex" (72), the emphasis here is on "finest"—his failure is really a victory by default. It is even less of a loss since Coloqhoun consistently failed to live up to the face's expectations of masculinity. Now he sees those expectations as oppressions from which he is freed.

The becoming for him is also clearly a process: his metamorphosis into a woman is not a conclusion, but the start of a new phase in his existence, one where his eyes are suddenly opened to new wonders. He has no idea what the ultimate end of his journey will be, or even if there is an end. There is a real sense, given the nonhuman femininity of the Madonna, and the open-ended conclusion, that Coloqhoun's change is perhaps only just beginning. At the end of the story, Coloqhoun returns to the Pools, which he finds deserted. But a whirlpool forms in a pool, and he plunges in, fully embracing his journey of change:

> There was light ahead. How far it lay, he couldn't calculate, but what did it matter? If he drowned before he reached that place, and ended this journey dead, so what? Death was no more certain than the dream of masculinity he'd lived these years. Terms of description fit only to be turned up and over and inside out. The earth was bright, wasn't it, and probably full of stars. He opened his mouth and shouted into the whirlpool, as the light grew and grew, an anthem in praise of paradox. (74–5)

The shift from man to woman has provided a salutary shock, and he is open to the possibility of infinite change. And though, like Garvey, Coloqhoun didn't choose to make the transformation (his "suicide" was assisted, as Massumi posits), his position within the molar structure was already more tenuous. The Leopold Road Pools deal represented his last attempt to break into the power structure of which he was supposed to be part. Because of his failures, Coloqhoun had much less invested in the molar order, and when he is pushed out onto his line of flight, he continues the flight on his own, and gladly.

Instead of fighting to remain in the old order, he plunges into his transformation to see where it will lead. Here, the becoming-woman really does act as a gateway to all other becomings. It is not, however, that it inevitably leads to other, somehow more complete becomings. Coloqhoun might very well continue in his becoming-woman, and not shift to any others. The possibility, however, has been created, because of the link between the woman, the Madonna, and the multiplicity of forms (all of them accepted) of the children. Should, for whatever reason, a different becoming become desirable, it can now take place.

Barker's story thus gives us two possible visions of becoming. The same mechanism of change, on the physical level, is at work in both men, but they have opposite reactions. Garvey's horror makes the transformation into a horror. He blocks his becoming-woman, and the result is a line of abolition. His situation is the more typical one in horror fiction, where the subject of the change refuses to surrender molarity.[104] In fact, Garvey's refusal is so complete that his transformation is really limited to the physical, and is not a becoming at all, since he psychologically refuses to give up his molarity. The split between body and psyche is such that destruction is inevitable.[105]

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[104] This can be the case even when the change is voluntary, as in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, where both of Jekyll's identities fit within the male grid. Hyde's behaviour finally becomes so extreme that he begins to take off on his own (negative) line of flight, bringing about the end of both himself and Jekyll.

[105] Barker also illustrates the dangers of molarity in "In the Hills, the Cities." Here, the inhabitants of two towns form themselves into collective giants. When one person in the flank of Podujevo dies, the entire giant collapses, killing the entire population of the town, and driving the collective identity of Popolac insane.

Coloqhoun's transformation, on the other hand, is a becoming, because the purely physical change is really a catalyst to the even greater and more far reaching psychological one. Garvey refuses to see his body as a surface of intersecting forces. For him, his body is a physical unit, completely isolatable, and the revelation that he is wrong is insupportable. Coloqhoun, when presented with the same revelation, experiences liberation. Much as the narrator of the "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" moves beyond the fear of losing his humanity, so Coloqhoun, for whom the horror has largely resided in his masculinity, embraces his transformation (even while those around him recoil).

Barker's story shows us the becoming-woman of its characters, and suggests how this process in the male is desirable and necessary. The other version of this story has both the physical transformation and the psychical transformation it brings about, but in different characters. The becoming-woman of man here is again triggered by a physical change, but not his own.

In her "Opening Up" chapter of Men, Women and Chain Saws, Carol Clover discusses the supernatural-possession horror film (The Exorcist [1973], Witchboard [1985], etc.), and shows how the standard narrative in these films involves a male character being forced to move away from the standard construction of masculinity, and to adopt/accept constructions of femininity as part of himself. This happens not because he himself is possessed, but because a woman close to him is. On the one hand, this seems to involve a complete inversion of the facialized grid: "hers is the standard or canonical body and his the variant, the one subject to redefinition. In the possession film, man is consistently and repeatedly construed as a not-woman" (112; emphasis hers). Of course, reversing the grid is not repudiating it, but it does provide a certain degree of destabilization. A bigger problem with this strategy is that there is still resistance actually to admitting that the new characteristics the male adopts might be coded as feminine, and therefore

> the boundaries of the feminine are correspondingly displaced into territories of distaff excess. Crudely put, for a space to be created where men can weep without being labeled feminine, women must be relocated to a space where they will be made to wail uncontrollably; for men to be able to relinquish emotional rigidity, control, women must be relocated to a space in which they will undergo a flamboyant psychotic break; and so on. (105)

This relocation of the woman, Clover further points out, is "[s]o remorseless, in fact, and so depressingly familiar that the whole project borders on the ridiculous" (105–06).[106] The suggestion is that the feminine caricature is so over the top (and requires supernatural agency to bring it about) that it is hard to mistake it for anything but caricature. Still, this is not the kind of exaggeration that we saw earlier, with Massumi, that constitutes a legitimate strategy of becoming-woman. Furthermore, in the narrative arc of these films, the possessed woman moves on a narrative yo-yo, going from "normal" to caricature and back again. The woman in these films experiences no permanent change.

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[106] Clover does point out that in cases where the male is possessed (as in Poltergeist II [1986]), he too becomes a caricature, this time an extreme of macho clichés. Jack's transformation, in The Shining, into the demonic, punishing father (brandishing a roque mallet and yelling "You've done something wrong and I want you to come and take your medicine like a man" [The Shining 423]) would be another example.

On the one hand, then, what we are seeing here is the dark side of the male becoming-woman, and of the paradoxes surrounding the need for women to "go first." The male engages in a necessary form of becoming, yes, but the terms of the change are still under male control, if the woman has to be shoved out of the way first. This is "going first" in the sense of disappearance—precisely what Jardine warned against. "The Madonna," by contrast, has the women lead the way: the definition of becoming-woman is in their hands, though it is a definition that Barker wisely does not attempt himself.

Nevertheless, the problems above notwithstanding, the possession narrative does illustrate that the reality of becoming does not depend entirely on a physical transformation on the part of the individual who is becoming. Horrific metamorphoses have a strong illustrative usefulness, but they are not the only way horror fiction shows becoming. They are also not the only way horror fiction can trigger becoming.

We can see how the last case can come about if we look at the slasher film as it is examined by Clover. This allows us to ask what happens when we step outside the fictional world and examine the male audience. Here, horror does not need to deal narratively with transformation in order to trigger potential becomings-woman in male readers and viewers.

Once again, let me return to the extremity of torture at the climax to The Texas Chain Saw Massacre. If becoming involves a matching up of affects, then this extremity triggers a very particular becoming-woman in the male viewer. There is already a degree of cross-gender identification, since the primarily male audiences are invited to place their hopes and sympathies with a female character. Going further, the virtual war machine of the film attempts to do to the audiences what the fictional war machine is doing to Sally. It wants to make their eyes and Sally's mirror images of each other. While a complete equation of affects is, of course, impossible (the audiences are not really being threatened with gruesome death), The Texas Chain Saw Massacre goes as far as it can towards instilling the same movement and speed to those affects. It paints an extreme portrait of male violence against women, and uses that extremity to make the male audiences feel not victimizer, but victim. Again, I do not for a moment intend to state that what the male experiences in the comfort of a movie theatre can be equated with what women experience as actual victims, but rather that there is a step towards an affective, imaginative sympathy that is possible with horror fictions using this particular scenario. The male masochism that feeds on this kind of story can thus, perhaps, become a kind of opening up.

I would like to end by highlighting once again the difference between male and female becomings-woman. In looking at the becoming-woman of woman, horror fiction's strengths are, I think, in the portrayal (and thus, perhaps, suggestion) of willed, conscious strategies against faciality. With the becoming-woman of man, I have emphasized the assisted suicide, be it a fictional representation or the actual destabilization brought about in the audience by the work. There has been very little work done on the female audiences of horror fiction,[107] which is, generally speaking, not the implied audience for most horror films (the majority of the audiences still assumed, by producers and critics, to be male).[108] Nevertheless, I would speculate that, whereas the male identification with female victims in horror film leads to the virtual victimization described above, for the female audience member, said victimization would not be news. The Final Girl's triumph in most slasher films, however, might suggest the possibility of escaping that victimization. The nature of the becoming-woman of woman, then, would be the reverse of the affective shock of becoming-woman of man. The role of the critic here, as I envisage it, is to help make sure that the shock of the becoming-woman of man is not the end of the process, producing a horrified recoil from the alterity of woman. Rather, by highlighting the elements in horror fiction that open up a line of flight instead of abolition, the critic can push the male viewer down the path followed by Coloqhoun, rather than that where Garvey shrieks and dies.

This then, I would like to think, is the double-edged weapon that becoming in particular, and horror fiction in general, can represent: if you are part of the majority, your supports will be knocked out from under you; if you are minoritarian, the material is there to make your own supports. But even in the latter case, horror fiction is never utopian. The becomings are fraught with dangers. These are dark tales, and there are always tygers in the woods.

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[107] And very little done on either gender for horror fiction in print.

[108] The reverse, I would venture to guess, is true for most vampire novels. Recently, there has also been some notice paid to the large female audiences attending the Scream films.

But sometimes, the risk is worth it. The abysses of blackness and alienage that the characters go through in their transformative journeys are often the necessary pains of a new freedom. Alienation from the face is no bad thing.

CONCLUSION

WAILING ON THE LOST HIGHWAY

At the end of any horror story, the survivors (if there are any) are faced with a world where many of their long-cherished assumptions are no longer valid. The question they then face is what happens next? Do they set about re-establishing the status quo, or have they in fact learned something, and do they continue on the nomadic lines the crisis set them on?

I feel that I must now answer similar questions. Where has this study taken me? Throughout this thesis, I have had tried to keep a double goal in mind. I wanted to provide a definition of horror fiction that could account for the myriad forms that fiction has taken on, and that could explain how and why it changed. And I wanted that definition to incorporate concepts that would show how horror fiction can undermine oppressive structures, i.e. fascism, racism, phallocentrism. I see the role of the horror critic, in this context, as facilitating the audience's access to the aspects of horror fiction that attack these structures. Furthermore, I hope that the Deleuzoguattarian concepts I have presented prove to be of value not only to the consumers but also to the creators of horror fiction. Thus, as I have attempted to indicate, a rhizomatic approach to horror frees one from genre-imposed restrictions on what forms a horror story can take. The face, already so often the manifestation of evil and repression in horror fiction, can be even more pointedly attacked through a strategic deployment of the war machine, and the escape potential of becomings can be further emphasized.

In exploring the concepts that I feel are most applicable to horror fiction, I tried to use, as case studies, texts that lent themselves particularly well to the illustration of both what each concept was, and how it functioned. While I do believe that certain texts deploy certain concepts more thoroughly than they do others, I also believe that the concepts I have studied here are important to horror fiction as a whole. So, for instance, while I used The Shining to illustrate the postsignifying regime of faciality, one sees also (as in all horror fiction) the presence of the war machines. The virtual war machine, as ever, is the assemblage of disconcertingly terrifying strategies of the novel. The fictional war machine, the monster, is the Overlook Hotel. It destroys Jack Torrance's plans for a new, ordered life, and is itself an physically smooth space where anything can be lurking around any corner. Jack, desperately trying to apply rules and order, ultimately spins down a line of abolition. Danny, on the other hand, as I mentioned earlier, constantly adapts to the changing circumstances at the hotel. He becomes a nomad, always on the move,[109] never sticking to any mode of survival once it becomes clear that that technique is no longer valid. Thus, Danny can, at first, banish the strange and violent visions the Overlook shows him by concentrating hard on the fact that they are not real. But when the spectral manifestations do become real, Danny accepts this, and does not stand in their way pretending otherwise.

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[109] This aspect is particularly clear in Stanley Kubrick's film version. Jack spends most of the film in one room, and succumbs to the hotel. Danny is forever roaming about, exploring, getting to know the space of the Overlook. At the end, he successfully lures his father into a hedge maze and traps him there.

To emphasize this multiple presence of concepts, I would like to conclude this thesis by examining director David Lynch's Lost Highway (1996). Called by Lynch a "21st-century noir horror film" (Puchalski 34), Lost Highway has baffled many viewers. I would like to show how a Deleuzoguattarian approach, using the concepts I claim manifest themselves throughout horror fiction, can help illuminate this difficult work. I would also like to show how Lost Highway is all the more effective at frightening and disturbing its audience because of the high degree in which these concepts are operating in this film.

Even more disorienting than Vampyros Lesbos, Lost Highway is a film that one experiences rather than follows. Its story is hard to describe. We initially finds ourselves in the company of Fred Madison (Bill Pullman) and his wife Renée (Patricia Arquette). Fred is becoming jealous of Renée, suspecting that she is having an affair. One night, Renée is butchered. Fred is arrested, tried and convicted. In prison, he suffers from increasingly violent headaches. One night, they reach their climax. Reality appears to tear. In the morning, Fred has vanished. In his place, in his cell, is a youth named Pete Dayton (Balthazzar Getty), who has no memory of how he arrived there.

The narrative suddenly shifts to Pete, and it is almost as if we were watching a different film. The Fred Madison section is oppressively dark (literally), with much of the action set in a dim, surreal apartment. Now there is a sense of expansion: we get many more daylight and exterior scenes. A completely different plot gets going, one that the audience would be familiar with from countless noirs. Pete is the naive young man caught up in an affair with femme fatale Alice Wakefield (Arquette again), the lover of gangster Mr. Eddy/Dick Laurent (Robert Loggia). But as this plot climaxes in the expected murders, identities dissolve (is Alice Renée's sister? is she Renée? are Fred and Pete the same person?), reality collapses, and time loops. The film ends with Fred pulling away from his house (having first buzzed the intercom and muttered "Dick Laurent is dead"—the cryptic message that he himself is hearing inside at the start of the film). Pursued by the police, he drives down a deserted night highway, metamorphosing, and screaming.

What is going on here? It is as if the plots from two different noirs collided and self-destructed. The result is unnerving, and potentially incomprehensible. Co-writer Barry Gifford explains that the second half of the film is taking place in Fred's head, that he is suffering from a psychogenic fugue, unable to deal with the enormity of the crime he has committed. While the film does, in its broad lines, fit with Gifford's explanation, many of the details seem to go beyond this scenario.[110] Lynch, while not denying Gifford's reading, does not encourage it either: "Barry may have his idea of what the film means . . . and I may have my own idea, and they may be two different things . . . . I love things that leave room to dream and are open to various interpretations" (Szebin and Biodrowski 37). Lynch certainly has succeeded in leaving the film open. Each person I have spoken to has a different opinion as to what the film is about. The openness of Lost

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[110] There is, for instance, the question of the mysterious video tapes that arrive on the doorstep of the Madisons' house. Each new tape shows more. First of the interior of the house (but from impossible angles), then of the Madisons in bed, and finally of the murder. Fred is not the only person who sees this tape.

Highway, its refusal to be clearly about one thing, to have a clear, precise and limited set of interpretations, to have a story that can be followed in linear terms, is one of two main reasons why I feel it is a quintessentially Deleuzoguattarian horror film. The other is its paradoxical unity: however confusing Lost Highway becomes, it never ceases to be menacing and eerie. In fact, the confusion adds to the menace. Lost Highway is out to raise the horror affect, and the audiences experience that affect all the more because the film knocks all of their narrative supports out from under them. Anything can happen; strange, phantasmagorical images pop up at any time. The audiences cannot rule out the possibility of any horror, because the film has made it abundantly clear that any rule, any narrative segmentation, exists only to be shattered.

Lost Highway is a perfect manifestation of the horror rhizome in action. The film is rhizomatic by virtue of the innumerable ways in which we can enter the film, and by virtue of the film's rejection of interpretation. It is the type of work that Deleuze and Guattari identify in Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature as rhizomatic by virtue of "the principle of multiple entrances [that] prevents the introduction of the enemy, the Signifier and those attempts to interpret a work that is actually only open to experimentation" (3). But it is also identifiably a product of the growth of the horror rhizome. Lost Highway grabs the disparate plots from different noirs, sets them into collision, and further distorts them through the deployment of surreal images (a shack exploding in reverse, for instance) and supernatural elements (the Mystery Man [Robert Blake] who can be in two places at once). Lost Highway shows the rhizome's acquisitive, mutative nature in action.

The composition is heterogeneous, but the result is not a barely-held-together patchwork. We get, not a thriller falling apart at the seams, but a horror film venturing into new territory. We cannot call expected conventions to our aid. We have no idea what is going to happen next, and are consequently all the more nervous. Thus, the disorienting effect of the incompatible thriller plots serves to further the film's purpose and identity as horror fiction.

This same unusual construction underlines the roles of the war machine and the refrain in Lost Highway. As a war machine, Lost Highway creates and travels a smooth space, dragging the audiences along with it. Recognizing what the film is doing, realizing that it is forcing us to become nomadic, will help us escape the confusion the film might create (though not, happily, from the fear). If we try to read the film as a thriller, then of course the result is incomprehensible. There is no way that the two halves of the film can be made to join coherently (and never mind the conclusion) in a linear, rationalist, striated world. Gifford's explanation, while plausible, is not one that the audiences are likely to be able to figure out for themselves (it is not a story that the film invites; it is merely one that it does not violently contradict). Lost Highway requires that we be open to the completely impossible event. We might want to go so far as to accept everything the film shows us at face value, as really happening. Should we choose to do so, we would be operating in a smooth space indeed, where rules, if any, are mysterious and changeable, and time is irrelevant. In any event, Lost Highway creates a smooth space not only through shock and horror (though it does so effectively—the murder of Renée, for instance, seen only in an almost subliminal flash, is all the more disturbing for its half-seen hints), but through the distortions of the noir narratives. The two stories are so recognizable in their type (the Othello husband and the Desdemona victim-wife, the in-over-his-head youth and the femme fatale), their conventions so well-known to us, that we very much want and expect to be able to follow their stories. We are seduced by the illusion of a striated narrative space. The illusion explodes in our face. Attempting to force some kind of rationalist logic on the self-destructing narratives will only lead to more bafflement. It simply will not work. We cannot construct a striated space that will contain both the radical shifts that the narrative takes and the surreal details (which are not necessarily any less crucial than any of the major plot developments) that continually leap up in our path.

If, however, we accept what we are seeing as a smooth cinematic space, and that our journey should be nomadic, then we are in much better shape. We no longer try to force the film to fit some kind of predetermined story outline, and do not expect to follow a clearly defined narrative arc, with an established beginning and end, and the journey being only the means to get to that end. Because of the time loop, there is no clear beginning or end to the film's narrative. Our approach to Lost Highway must be haptic, taking each step of the journey as valid and important in its own right. Every scene opens up new directions for us, down which our interpretations can run and mutate. The collapse of the noir narratives frees us from the need to make everything fit into a coherent package. There is a proliferation of meaning.

To accept Lost Highway as a smooth narrative space (and we do not have much choice in the matter) is to embrace every strange thing that Lynch throws our way. Viewing Argento's Suspiria has been described as "taking a deep delicious bite out of Snow White's poisoned apple; one doesn't follow the movie so much as one falls in a weightless cartwheel through the center of it, with chills rushing out at you . . . from unexpected corners and colors in all directions" (Timpone 68). Watching Lost Highway nomadically is much the same, and can be just as exhilarating. There is perhaps an even greater sense of the disintegration of striated space than in Suspiria. In Suspiria, we know right away that we are in the realm of the supernatural, and can accordingly adjust more quickly. One would, in fact, likely be prepared for this even before sitting down to watch the film. In the case of Lost Highway, one would certainly be expecting the unusual simply by virtue of its being a film by David Lynch. However, because Lynch so clearly sets up "realist" narratives before exploding them, he fools us into thinking we are watching a film that might be extremely stylized, but one that nonetheless we will be able to understand as a thriller. The result is that we actually feel the jolt of striated narrative space disintegrating.

Lynch's war machine is so successful because he makes full use of the type 4 refrain. One of the functions of the type 4 refrain is to produce deterritorialization by taking elements that would normally serve a territorializing role and twisting them until they snap, propelling us out of the territory. This is what produces such a disorienting (and deterritorializing) jolt in Lost Highway. Leaving aside, for the moment, the bizarre visuals that permeate the two noir stories in the film (particularly the Fred Madison segment), these stories could, separately, appear as type 2 refrains. The suspicious police, the shady and decadent rich, the vicious yet avuncular mobster, the sexual obsessions and the sensuous women who are not what they seem are all elements of the noir formula. They are not, however, traditional aspects of formulaic horror fiction. Yanked out of their normal terrain, these characters take us with them into unexpected story permutations. Lynch's unnerving visual sensibilities, which constantly hint at forces dark and unknown waiting around corners, down corridors or underneath surfaces, undermine the formula, and we uneasily realize that this film is just paying lip service to thriller conventions, a wolf in Grandma's clothing. The two narratives, which by themselves might have survived these distortions, are yoked together with violence. In violent contradiction of one another, they destroy each other. With them goes any trace of formula. The narrative is all the more deterritorialized because we thought we knew what to expect, and now have no expectations left to guide us through. We are left with a horror film that has used the thriller to its own ends, and because it is a new type of horror film, the shocks could come from anywhere.

Faciality too takes some heavy damage in Lost Highway. Narratively, we are in the realm of the war machine's countersignifying regime. The frustration and confusion a number of viewers of the film have expressed is to be expected, since we have lost any guarantee of the meaning (stable or not) of anything we see. We do not even know if anything is real of not. This condition, a demolition of the face's grid, is exacerbated by the constantly shifting identities in the film. If we do not know who Alice and Renée really are (sisters? the same person? one real and the other not? dead or alive?), they cannot be slotted by the face into a specific position on the grid. They are too slippery. Even though both Alice and Renée are recognizable male-created female stereotypes (femme fatale and Desdemona), and are perhaps entirely created by Fred/Pete, they are not, in the film, compatible stereotypes. The male characters need Alice/Renée to be one thing or the other, not both. The image of Patricia Arquette becomes the impossible object that appears at two different positions on the grid simultaneously. The two roles contradict each other, and cancel each other out. At the climax, the last thing Alice says to Pete before both of them disappear and any trace of thriller narrative dissolves is "You'll never have me." She will not be confined to any constructed role. And when she utters these words, she might as well be addressing the face. Her disturbing effect extends beyond Pete/Fred, since we see the police (the forces of law and signification) staring in bafflement at a picture of Renée (a picture which once also showed Alice) and realizing that they are out of their depth.

Then, of course, there is the case of Fred Madison and Pete Dayton, who may or may not be the same person. The film seems to postulate that they are both different and the same, given their simultaneous existence independent of each other, and their fusion at the end. Here faciality breaks down at the literal level of the face: the wrong one keeps turning up. Fred's should be the one in the death row cell, and it is Pete's that appears. Pete makes love to Alice, but it is Fred who gets up afterward, and who guns down Mr.

Eddy/Dick Laurent. Where with Renée/Alice, we have the same face turning up in different places, here we have different faces turning up in the same place. Both situations are impossible from the perspective of the linear and hierarchical grid constructed by the face. They are the equivalent of the forbidden mathematical situation of different values appearing at the same x-y coordinates (or vice versa). Lost Highway presents us with the impossible, but forces us to accept it even though we cannot fit what we are seeing into a system of facialized signification. We too achieve some degree of liberation from the face, whether we want it or not. We can succumb to confusion, but there is no point in pouting: faciality simply will not help us here. Or we can embrace the chaos and lack of any fixed meaning. Unpinned from the wall, free of the gravity of the black hole, we are on our way to a becoming-nomad.

Finally, then, Lost Highway works with two kinds of becoming. It portrays one and triggers another. The former is a failure, the latter (I believe) a success. Barry Gifford suggests that Fred Madison attempts to create a new self in Pete Dayton. Even if we do not run with Gifford's psychogenic fugue, we are still left with the two transformations (Fred to Pete and Pete to Fred) and the intersection of their lives. The result is disaster, and this is because the becoming is a becoming-male. Fred does not really move from his molar, majoritarian position. His transformation is really just an attempt to shift ground and escape his predicament, while still hanging on to his advantages as a man. Pete is nothing more than a younger, but still molar, male. His relationships with women are not qualitatively different from those of Fred, a fact that is borne out in the (re)appearance of

Renée/Alice. Fred regards Renée as a threat (at one point, she transforms into a monster), and yet in reality she is the victim of his psychotic jealousy. Alice plays the more typical role of femme fatale for Pete. Nonetheless, for all his supposed "innocence," he abandons his current girlfriend with barely a qualm. Fred/Pete is still obsessed with Renée/Alice. Perhaps this time he will be able to control her. Her response: "You will never have me." The transformation is no real journey. Fred is trapped in a time loop. Our last vision of him is of his face blurring and changing. But he is screaming now, and he is not actually changing into anything. The lesson here is in the danger of a false becoming. If the transformation is not real, if it is merely a shifting of ground for the purpose of maintaining the privilege of majority even when such a position is no longer tenable, then the result can be uncontrolled defacialization. Disintegration.

On the other hand, Lost Highway encourages us, the audience, to engage in a much more successful becoming: becoming-nomad. In everything that I have discussed so far about Lost Highway, I have emphasized the way in which the film pushes us toward a different way of watching, one that does not depend on formal narrative expectations, all of which are invalid here. We must become-nomadic or the film will continue to make no sense. Lost Highway creates a smooth space. If we become-nomadic, navigating this space can be a liberating, exhilarating experience, a cinematic journey unbound by convention, uncircumscribed by conclusions, constantly turning down unexpected paths. We should embrace the fearful disorientation that Lost Highway creates in us. We should accept the horror affect as it demolishes rigid forms of thought and emotion. Fred cannot accept the paths he finds himself on. He cannot accept the loss of male privilege, and he cannot accept that attempts to classify women in one form or another (forms he decides) must fail. We can.

I would like to see more works like Lost Highway. By this I do not mean works that imitate its storyline or its specific details. That would imply precisely the kind of reterritorialization that Lost Highway struggles against. No, what I would call for are works that recognize that the more we push and twist conventional narrative forms, the more we realize that horror fiction really can be about anything at all, that the beast really does have a million eyes, a million ways of acting, the more vital and subversive that fiction can become. I would like to see this fiction unleashed at its full, with the all the force of the war machine bearing down on oppressive striations. In the best-case event of worst-case fiction, the assaults of horror fiction can help threaten the regimes that limit one's action and creation. Should this happen, one might yet hear, coming from the face, the high-pitched sound of horror:

Screaming.

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